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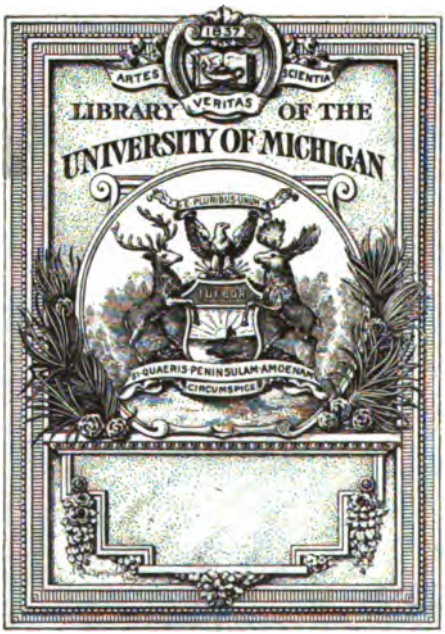
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MESSIAH PULPIT

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NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. I. OCTOBER 9, 1896 No. 1

THE MODERN MINISTER

GEO. H. ELLIS
141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON
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1896

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NOTE.

In beginning my work in New York, I wish to say to the old readers of *Unity Pulpit* that the *Messiah Pulpit* may sometimes traverse fields already passed over in my Boston work. If so, it will not be forgetfulness or careless repetition. I shall not allow the shadow of the past to frighten me, but shall do the work which seems now to be needed. I trust, however, that no more repetition will be found than may rightly serve to make truth clearer or give it the needed emphasis.

M. J. S.

THE MODERN MINISTER.

My theme this morning is the "Modern Minister"; and, as my Scripture starting-point, I take from the fourth chapter of Luke the 18th and 19th verses: —

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

The man who has learned the great truth that the method of God with his world is the method of evolution, of growth, of slow and steady advance, has learned also not to look with contempt upon the past. He may not desire to return to the past. Indeed, he surely will not; but he has recognized the fact that, had the past not been what it was, the present could not be what it is. The present is the outgrowth of all that has gone before. And so he who truly reverences the present must also reverence the past as being equally the handiwork of the divine Creator and Lord of all. A rose expanding in beauty and fragrance on its stem, if it could be conscious and comprehend what it is and whence it came, could by no possibility look with disparagement upon the stalk or the root or the soil out of which that root has sprung. But for the soil and the root and the stalk, rough and coarse and ugly though they may be, the beauty of the rose itself could never have been.

In the light of this idea I wish you to note any apparent criticism or disparagement of the past in what I shall say this morning. I wish to refer to the ministry of the past, its ideals, its methods, its aims, not by way of ridicule, not in

any spirit of contempt, but merely that I may define that ministry, that we may understand the past, and, understanding the past, may be in a condition to understand the present, of which we are a part, and in the midst of which is our mission and our life-work. Jesus, as he visited his home in Nazareth, and went into the synagogue, and, as any Jew was at liberty to do, stood up to read the Scripture of the day and make his comments upon it, found that that Scripture was in part the words of Isaiah, which I have taken here, as reported in Luke, for my text. He announced his mission to be, since the spirit of the Lord had come upon him, since he had been anointed of the Father to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, liberty to them that were bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

Now, whatever changes of thought may have passed over the world since the time when Jesus uttered these words in Nazareth, whatever new conceptions may have come into the human mind concerning the nature of the universe, of God, of man, of man's relation to God, the spirit of that message, the spirit of that mission, must remain forever unchanged. Indeed, I take great comfort in reflecting upon what I believe to be one of the deepest truths of the world: that religion in its essence, in its aim, has in all ages, under every sky, by whatever name, been essentially and substantially one, that religion in all ages must be one. In other words, if you study the oldest fetich worshipper, you will find that what he is trying to do is to reconcile himself and those for whom he ministers with his God. He is trying to get into right relations with God, of course conceiving God very crudely, in a very barbaric way, conceiving man very crudely; but he is trying to bring God and man together.

And so you may take any period in the development of the religious life of the world, from the farthest date in the past until to-day, and you will find that what the minister of that particular time has been engaged in has been the

effort to bring God and man together. And no matter what progress may be made in the future, under whatever names the work of the future may be accomplished, this one central thought, one idea, one purpose, must remain. It runs like a thread of light, binding together the lowest barbarism and the highest and most completely developed civilization. So, whatever I may say in criticism of some ideas, some methods of the ministry of the past, you will understand me as recognizing this profound unity of purpose and aim which binds the past and the present and the future in one.

In order, then, to understand the minister of the past, his work, his methods, his ways, we need for a moment, imaginatively and as best we may, to transport ourselves into the universe of the past, to call up for a little that thought of the world, of God, of man, which made the universe out of which the popular theology of the world has sprung. What is that? We need go back only a short time to find that all the people of the world were in substantial agreement,— all the people of the civilized Christian world, as we are accustomed to call it,— were in substantial agreement as to their thoughts of the universe, of God, of man, of human need and human destiny. This universe was a very small affair, not nearly so large as we know our present solar system to be; and, as the minister looked out over this little world, he thought of it as fallen, sin-cursed, lying under the wrath of God, doomed to endless misery, unless the souls of men and women were in his particular way brought into new and better and higher relations with God. The race had fallen; and all men were doomed to eternal torture unless they were saved after the particular method which had been prescribed, as the minister believed, by means of a supernatural revelation of divine truth.

The one work, then, of the minister of the past was to save human souls,— not as we mean sometimes in a similar use of language to-day, saving them here, saving them now, saving them from evil thoughts, from evil purposes, from evil ways, building them up into noble character. It was to

save the souls of men in the next world. I well remember my own childhood training, in which this was the dominant, the controlling idea. I felt that the time would some day come, must come, when I should be brought into such a relation with God that I should feel sure that at death the gate of the Celestial City would open and admit me to its eternal felicity. This was the one thing the minister lived for. He did not overlook the conditions of human joy and human sorrow and human need here; but the one thing he cared for chiefly was to save the soul in the next world.

To put this in a very concrete and plain fashion, let me recall to your mind what many of you must remember, the words of the famous evangelist Moody, uttered a few years ago in the city of Boston, and in what other city I do not know. He said: "There is no use in trying to build up a perfect civilization here on earth: this old world is a wreck, bound to sink. The most any of us can do is to try to get off as many of the crew and passengers as possible, and let her go." This was his conception of the condition of the world and of humanity; and this was his idea of the mission aud work of the Christian ministry.

Now, the means by which the minister wrought were, of course, manifold. I can only stop to recall, by way of illustration, two or three of them. The old-time minister believed that he had an infallible deposit of divine truth, supernatural truth, committed to his keeping,—truth that he could not have discovered unaided, truth that must have been handed down direct from heaven. He believed not that he was to think and study freely, and seek for truth: he had the truth. His mission only was to proclaim it, to expound it according to certain fixed canons of interpretation from which he did not feel himself permitted to depart.

Then the minister, in certain branches of the church, believed not only that he had this divine revelation, which it was his duty to expound from Sunday to Sunday to his people, but he believed that there had been committed to

his hands certain sacraments, certain rites and ceremonies, that possessed nothing less than a miraculous power, a power, it was believed sometimes, over the nature, the disposition, the attitude of God towards his world; at other times a power that was supposed to be confined to the disposition and attitude of man towards God. But the work of the minister, by means of his sacraments, his preaching, his prayers, was to save lost souls in another world.

Now, friends, the modern minister of the kind that I have in mind this morning cannot engage in that particular kind of work. He cannot use those particular methods, because his conception of the universe, his thought of God, his thought of man, of the conditions and needs of the human race have undergone a complete revolution and change so great that, borrowing the words of the Scripture, he may say that the old heaven and the old earth are passed away, and all things have become new. We no longer believe in that little, contracted world, sin-cursed, in which all men lay under the wrath of God, and in which it was the chief, the supreme duty of the minister to do what he could to save a soul here and a soul there. We do not believe,— I speak reverently, simply, modestly, for myself,— we do not believe in any wrath of God: we believe in the universal, the tender, the divine love of God. We do not believe in any fall of man. Indeed, friends, we know — it is no longer a question for those who are willing to face the truth and see it as it is — we know that this human race has never fallen. Instead of looking back to a perfect condition of things six thousand years ago, an Eden out of which our first parents were driven, we go past the six thousand years date to sixty, a hundred, two hundred, perhaps three hundred thousand years; and we find our first ancestor not a perfect man in a perfect garden, but just emerging from the condition of animalism.

The Adam we believe in was then just climbing for the first time upon his feet, just looking upon his new-found hands, beginning to change his meaningless animal cry into

a voice, beginning, with that curiosity which has been the parent of all study and all advance, to look upon the heavens and the earth with question, with criticism, to wonder what all this meant, what power was back of it all, to wonder over his own nature, its possibilities, its destiny. So that the corner-stone of the theology which the modern minister must stand upon and preach is not the fall of man, it is the ascent of man. From that far-off time, by faltering steps, with many tears and heartaches, through blood and struggle and sorrow, this human race of ours has been climbing slowly up the ages until we have come to this present hour, when we exultantly exclaim, Now are we sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that we are going on to be like Him. Man is not lost, never has been lost, does not need to be saved, in the theological sense of those terms. What man needs is to be educated, not in that shallow sense of the word which would interpret it as using man as a receptacle into which to pour information, but that grander, deeper meaning which includes the idea that man, all his faculties and powers, are to be trained, unfolded, led out, until he is taught to climb up out of the animal into heart and brain, to become king of himself, king of his conditions, looking the sweet heavens in the face with loving trust in the love of the infinite Father. There never has been a time from the far-off beginning until now when God has not clasped his human child in infinite tenderness to his infinite heart,—weak, ignorant, erring, fallible, barbaric, cruel, whatever you will, always the child of God, never separated from God by any gulf, but led, lifted, guided.

This is the condition of things that the modern minister sees, as with the clear light of intelligence he looks out over the modern world. We do not deny what is called sin, we do not deny misery and heartache and sorrow, we do not deny temptation and ruin and tears; but we interpret the evils that afflict mankind not as the result of a fall, not as the result of an incursion of evil from without defacing and

blighting a perfect world, but as the remnants of the old animality not yet outgrown. We interpret these things as just so much of the snake, the tiger, the wolf, the bear, that we have inherited from that far-off animal past, and that are not yet sloughed quite away. They are the things out of which, against which, we are to struggle and fight as in the olden days, but with different thoughts in our hearts, different ideals, different purposes, different inspirations.

I wish now to outline, as briefly as I can consistently with clearness, two or three main things which, as I conceive it, the modern minister is to attempt to do as the leader, the companion, the helper, of his people. In the first place it is the duty of the minister to be, I conceive it, first of all, a teacher,— a teacher of truth, a truth-seeker. He is to lead and inspire his people in finding ever more and more of God's truth. You note the contrast between this and the old idea. Reverently and tenderly do I treat this sacred book. I never loved it so much as now. I never found in it so much of help and inspiration as now. But I recognize that it has naturally sprung out of the human heart and human brain, containing the errors, the faults, that go along with all that is human, beginning in barbarism, climbing to the height of an Isaiah and of Jesus. But I recognize that it contains only a part of God's word. It is not God's word in its entirety; for God did not cease speaking to his children two thousand years ago. Not a day has dawned but has brought the world new light. Not a day has dawned but God's child, looking upward with open heart and listening ear, could catch some sweet, loving whisper of the loving purpose and the divine love.

We rejoice, then, in all the truth that has been known and held in the past; but we claim the right to recognize new truth as it comes to the world. The right, did I say? It is the duty of the minister to keep his heart and his mind open to every new incoming of divine truth.

Did you ever stop to think how really new a thing this is? It is only within a hundred years, only in a few countries,

that a man could dare to be a free seeker of God's truth on the peril of his life. Instead of its having been a duty to be a free seeker of truth in the past, it has been the one great sin which men have been tried, tortured, and imprisoned, and burned for committing. We believe, then, that it is the minister's duty to inspire and lead his people in searching for new truth. I do not mean by this that all new truth is equally important,— the truth of astronomy, the truth of geology, chemistry. These things are intensely interesting; but they are not necessarily important for the pulpit. They may illustrate divine truth, the truth by which men live and grow; but the thing which the minister is to seek and help his people to find is that truth which may help create and develop a nobler and higher life, that truth which touches character, that truth which concerns the service of our fellow-men.

The minister, then, is to be a truth-seeker, looking in every direction for his truth, and remembering that whatever is truth is a message of God, whether it be in the Bible or out of the Bible, whether it be called Christian or Buddhist or Pagan or whatever, if it is truth, it is God's truth, just as we recognize to-day that all light has its source in the sun,— whether it is the light of the gem, polished after it is dug out of the ground, whether it is the light of burning coal in your grate, whether it is gas light or electric light, light reflected from the moon, all light finds its ultimate source in the sun, is sunlight. So all truth, whether we call it scientific truth or artistic truth or Pagan truth or Christian truth, all truth is of God, and is part of his message to the world.

We are, then, to be free and earnest seekers for truth, for that truth which may help us lead nobler, sweeter, finer lives.

There is another thing that in some special way the modern minister is to stand for. He is to represent and hold up before his people the ideal of worship. I am aware that there are some persons in the modern world who have the feeling that worship is outgrown, that it isn't quite manly,

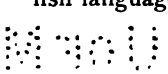
that there is something demeaning, cringing, humiliating, about worship; and yet, if you stop and think of it, friends, analyze it, and find what worship means, you will be compelled to recognize the fact that the possibility of it is the noblest attribute of man. What do we mean by worship? Analyze it a little, and see. It is essentially admiration. He who admires something that he conceives of as being above and beyond his personal attainment, he is a worshipper.

The artist sitting in rapt admiration in the presence of one of the great works of the painters of the past, his soul filled with an ideal that haunts his vision, but which he is unable to master the power to create, he is a worshipper. The man who is touched by some lofty word, touched by the example of some noble, self-sacrificing deed, he is a worshipper; and he who worships, whether it is the beauty of a picture, the beauty of a noble face, the beauty of a noble deed, or whatever it may be, he who stands all hushed beneath the wide night sky of stars, he who stands humble and subdued in the presence of the mountains, he who hears the infinite whispering as the waves of the mighty ocean lap upon the shore, he who is touched by any high, fine, sweet, noble thing is a worshipper of God, because all these are only in their degree a manifestation of just so much of the strength, the majesty, the power, the beauty, of the goodness of God. If you could find anywhere on the face of this earth a race of beings incapable of worship, you would find a race incapable of growth, incapable of progress. Did you ever stop to think that man is the only animal on earth haunted by the ideal? We sometimes speak of this fact, that man is incapable of attaining satisfaction, as though it were a calamity, as though it were a charge against the goodness or the wisdom of God; and yet the man who has attained satisfaction in any direction has in that direction ceased to grow, lost the possibility of growth.

Do you remember,— I do not recall whether I spoke of

this when I addressed you last in this place,— do you remember the story of Thorwaldsen? When he had finished his great statue of Christ, he said to a friend, "I shall never do any great work again." And when the friend asked him what he meant, and prophesied still greater things for him in the future, he said, "No, I shall never do any great work again, because I can execute as well as I can think." He knew perfectly well that that did not mean that his thought was perfect, but that he had lost his ideal. He had attained all he could think, and consequently had reached the utmost limit of his genius. Thank God, friends, every day of your lives that you are not satisfied, never were satisfied, never can be satisfied; that there is always something ahead of you to worship; that there is always an ideal unattained and unattainable, flitting before your very utmost of progress and challenging to some new and higher endeavor. It is the business of the minister, recognizing the truth of evolution, that man is growing through the ages,— it is his business to hold up before him always these higher and more magnificent ideals,— an ideal of personal character finer than he has ever lived; an ideal of family life sweeter and truer than has ever been realized; an ideal of municipal life, of the duty of municipal citizenship, grander than the most illustrious man has attained; an ideal of citizenship in State and nation truer and nobler than those that have been embodied by the grandest of the fathers. It is the business, I say, of the modern minister, whether he has attained it or not, to hold up the sweetest and grandest and noblest ideals of which he can dream, and help his people to be haunted and made restless by these, until they struggle and strive to become nobler and stronger men, truer and tenderer women, than have ever been known in all the past.

And, then, it is the duty of the modern minister to be the leader and inspirer of his people in the work of human help and service. The noblest word, it seems to me, in the English language, is just this word "help." The noblest man on



earth to-day is the man who helps most. Look down the history of the past, and from the beginning note the magnificent characters that in every department of life have illustrated the possibilities of this decried human race of ours, and who are they? Are they not those who have helped their fellow-men, no matter in what department, no matter in what direction? The great always have been those who have served. No truer word was ever uttered than that of Jesus when he would teach his disciples the true lesson of their discipleship, and he said, The great among the Gentiles, among the nations, have been supposed to be they who have exercised lordship over their fellows; but it shall not be so among you. He that would be great among you, let him be your minister,—that is, your servant; for God himself is great, God is God, because he pours out the infinite fulness of his life, moment by moment, and century by century, in the service not only of the great, the distinguished, the noble, but of the meanest and poorest creatures that live. God is God because he is the universal and infinite servant; and they who will be divine must learn to be the servants of their fellows, do something by which to make the world sweeter, finer, brighter, a little better, than it has been in the past.

And the minister will direct his service towards that which is the highest and finest thing in human nature. We serve our fellow-men when we feed them if they are hungry, when we give them clothes if they are naked, when we give them the materials for fire when they are cold, when we furnish them shelter from winds and storm. But, if this be all, we are serving the animal. The work of the ministry is to serve the man; and the man is not the man until he has climbed up out of the animal into heart and brain and soul. If you help men on the lower levels of their life, it is well. But you help them best in the truest, noblest, and most successful way, when you help them to become men, when you help them up higher. I take it this is what the Scripture passage may well be interpreted to mean when it says,

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added." And, if all these things are not added, then we have the best, the highest, noblest, when we are wrought over into the likeness of the divine.

In this modern world, then, in which is our field and our life-work, we are to seek for God's truth wherever we may find it,— that truth which bears specially on life; and we are to try to incorporate it into our own lives and the society of which we are a part. We are to stand ever in the attitude of worship, recognizing the ideal of something finer and sweeter than the world has yet attained; and we are to help each other to the attainment of those finer, higher, sweeter things; and then we are to consecrate ourselves — the finest and highest things in us — to the service of that which is highest and finest in our fellow-men. And so we are to prepare for the coming of the acceptable year of the Lord.

I said at the outset that the purpose of the religious teachers and workers of the world in every nation and every age and under every name has been substantially the same,— that they were all trying to find God. Do you not see, friends, that just these three simple things which I have outlined are the method, the true method, the only method, by which we can find God? The truth-seeker is the God-seeker. The worshipper is the God-worshipper. The pursuer of the ideal is running a race the goal of which is the arms of the infinite Father; and in the work of serving our fellow-men, serving the highest that is in them, we are incorporating into ourselves, into our own characters, that which is divinest, and so are becoming like God, inevitably becoming his children.

To do these three things, then, is to attain all these magnificent results that Jesus had in mind as he spoke in that synagogue in Nazareth. It is to preach the gospel of good news to the poor, it is to heal the broken-hearted, it is to

preach deliverance to the captives, it is to open the eyes of those who do not see, it is to set at liberty them that are bruised. We do not make it the avowed and chief object of life to seek the salvation of the individual soul. Rather do we believe that the man who selfishly seeks to be quite certain that his own soul is saved is taking the very directest method possible to lose that soul. Do you remember the story of Wilberforce, who, when he was engaged in his great humanitarian work, was approached by one of these inquisitive soul-savers, and was asked if he felt quite sure that his soul was saved? Wilberforce waked up from the unselfish work in which he was engaged, startled for a moment, and then replied, "Why, do you know, my friend, I had entirely forgotten as to whether I had any soul?"

The man who can forget that he has a soul because he is so absorbed in the work of lifting up his fellow-men and bringing them nearer to God is so close to the divine that the image of the Father is being wrought out in him more and more and day by day. Saving the soul is developing the soul into the likeness of God; and we become like God by thinking and working and consecrating ourselves like God. And by working in this way we gradually outgrow the evils that have burdened and afflicted mankind; and, though we may not be thinking of it, we shall suddenly wake up by and by, and find that the kingdom of God, for which we have prayed from our childhood up, is already here, has come without observation, has come because, as God's children, we have consecrated ourselves to the service of God.

We do not lay special emphasis on saving the soul in the next world, though, if I had time, friends, I could outline for you what I believe to be very important work in the way of preparation for the next world. Enough this morning to recognize the fact that, if we bring ourselves by divine service into right relations with our Father here,— if we are saved from selfishness, if we are saved from cruelty,

if we are saved from impurity, if we are saved from wrong, — we are wrought over into the likeness of the divine, we are saved here. And since it is one God and one law everywhere, and since God is in every world the same as he is here, and in every other possible life the same as he is here, if we are in right relations with God now and here, we are ready for a journey to any other world, to any other condition, and we shall find the same Father of love, and the possibility of the same service there as here.

Into this modern ministry I am called, into this modern ministry you are called. The minister is in possession of no divine secrets that are not open to any human soul; and it is as much your duty as it is mine to seek God's truth, to pursue the divine ideal, to engage in the ministry of human helpfulness and service. It is as much your duty as it is mine; for the hand of the Father has been reached down out of heaven, and has touched with consecration every one of you, and laid upon every soul this high command, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

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SACRIFICE, THE LAW OF LIFE.

My subject this morning is "Sacrifice, the Law of Life"; and, as the Scripture starting-point, I will take from the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth verses: —

"And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The popular idea is to-day, I take it, and has been for perhaps many centuries, that being good is at the expense of being happy; that, if one wishes to be a follower of God, to consecrate his life to religion, he must sacrifice almost all those things which are desirable from the point of view of the natural man. We have had it sung to us in hymns that this world is a "fleeting show, for man's delusion given": he must have as little as possible to do with it. It is a Vanity Fair through which, indeed, he must pass, but must turn away from the tempting allurements of all those things that delight the eye or would gladden the heart. This world is a vale of tears. We must pass weepingly through it, but not expect to find here the material for happiness: this must be expected as the result of a life of self-denial, of hardship, of suffering. The candidate for the Church is expected not only to renounce the flesh and the devil, but the world as well, the world standing for all those things that are desirable and attractive. And God has been pictured to us for many ages as a being who delights in sacrifices and suffering on the part of his children. This is not only true of the Christian God, not only true of the Hebrew God, Jehovah, it is true of the gods of nearly all the nations

of the earth. These celestial beings have been represented as jealous of human happiness. Indeed, you will find tales told in the old Latin and Greek literatures of people who, if they were happy, were anxious to hide the fact, lest the jealous deity should discover it, and should dash the cup of sweetness before they were able to bring it to their thirsty lips. And yet the highest and finest souls in all the ages past taught us a nobler and deeper lesson than this. We find this idea, indeed, in the old sacred literature that makes up this sacred Book. But we find also the opposite, the higher and nobler teaching, concerning the character, the attitude of God towards his children. The old prophet Micah told the Hebrews that God was tired of their sacrifices; that he did not wish their multitudes of calves and goats; that he did not wish their rivers of oil or wine; that what he wanted of man was that he should do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with him.

If a man leads a true and natural life, finds out the laws of God and obeys them, he will of necessity lead a happy and blessed and successful life. As we, then, study the conditions of existence all around us on every hand, we are compelled to come to this conclusion: that, if we are miserable, it is not because God wishes us to be. Wherever you find pain, wherever you find suffering of any kind, there you find one of God's laws broken,—always, every time. If men and women could only learn to understand all of God's laws, every department of human life, and could learn humbly and simply to obey those laws, they would have learned and would have attained to the conditions of perfect happiness here on earth. If I can find out and obey all the laws of my body, then I have perfect physical health; and physical health must bring in its train perfect happiness so far as it goes. There are people every one of whose nerves are healthy, whose senses are keen, whose faculties are so attuned to their physical environment on every hand that simply to breathe is joy, simply to look upon the light

of day is ecstasy. And this is only one part of it. If a person can find out and obey the laws of the mind perfectly, then the possession of truth is his. If a man can find and obey perfectly the laws of his affectional nature, of the heart, as we figuratively say, then all the pleasures of happy association with his family and friendship's delights are his; and, if he can learn that he is a soul, and that, being a soul, he is a child of the Infinite Soul,—that is, the heart and life of the universe,—then there is that highest of all joys that comes with the recognition of our kingship over everything that is lower and that may pass away with the using.

Knowledge of and obedience to the laws of God bring happiness. Are we not, then, justified in saying that it is no part of God's wish that we should sacrifice in the sense of being miserable? And yet sacrifice is the law of life. The law of the good life, the law of the bad life just as well. I wish, then, this morning, if I may, in the presence of these emblems* that stand as symbolic of what we are accustomed to regard as the grandest sacrifice in all the world, to show you that sacrifice is not something unnatural, not something that even by the selfish life we could escape, not something that of necessity is coupled with unhappiness. It is the law of life, the law of success, the law of growth, the law of manhood, the law of heaven. It is the condition of all things that we desire. Let me see, then, if I can make this simple law apparent to you,—not by treating it exhaustively in any field, but rather by suggesting some typical illustrations in those few fields that our time will permit us to enter.

If I may play with a fancy for a moment, and yet a fancy which is justified by the pretensions of some of the most famous philosophers of the world, I may say that sacrifice lies at the very root of existence itself. Schopenhauer, you know, tells us that non-existence is better than

*The Communion Table stood in front of the pulpit, prepared for the service which Mr. Collyer was to conduct after the sermon.

existence; and, if it were possible for us to bring it about, he would advise us to commit universal suicide. Now, then, if that be true, mere simple existence is at the cost of the sacrifice of this imagined peace and quiet and Nirvana of non-existence. Then, again, the moment that we have something in existence, you must recognize the fact that it is what it is by virtue of the fact that it is not something else. Something else is sacrificed in order that it may be just this particular thing. A mountain, for example, is not the sea. The sea is not the mountain; and, if the mountain is to be the mountain, then it must give up the glory of the valley, the plain, the ocean. If a little globule of protoplasm could be conscious and could choose, it might be, as it developed, either a simple grass-blade or a head of wheat. The law of sacrifice, you see, is universal. It cannot be both together. If it is wheat, it cannot be the grass-blade; and, if it is the grass-blade, it cannot be the wheat. Sacrifice, as paying for what we have and what we are, is the condition of individual existence from the lowest type even unto the highest throughout the universe.

When we come to man, he, by virtue of being a man, gives up the glory, the sweetness, the grace, the beauty of womanhood, all the joy that thrills and throbs in the heart of the mother. The mother, by virtue of her womanhood, gives up all that it means to be a man. We cannot exist without recognizing this law of sacrifice. The fact that we buy what we are, what we have, means that we pay for it by the surrender of that which is inconsistent with it. Civilization is purchased at the price of sacrifice. We love, during our short vacation periods, to get back for a little time as near to the condition of primitive savagery as is possible. We love to throw off the trappings, the burdens, the cares, of our civilized lives, and get back to the woods, to lie on the ground under the trees, to lead for a little while the irresponsible life that has about it no trouble, that has about it no question of right or wrong, that is simply rest-

fulness and freedom from care. The savage races of the world to-day, if they are to become civilized, must pay for it a price of such effort, of such surrender of all that appeals to them as happiness, as desirable, as makes it almost impossible for us to start them on the road towards the civilization for which they have so little care. You see, then, that whatever we have, whatever we are, we have it, we become it, at the price of the surrender of certain things which are inconsistent with it, which it is necessary for us to give up in order that we may attain the particular thing that we desire. You take the boy who is about to start out on his career: he is entering college or he has gone into business. Is there any sacrifice for him to make? Yes, indeed, there is sacrifice at every turn; but is that sacrifice inconsistent with his happiness, with his welfare? Is God asking of him something very hard and very unreasonable? Is he not rather simply, in the most natural way in the world, paying the price of certain things that he desires by giving up certain things which are inconsistent with them? For example, I have in mind a young man who, some years ago, in Boston, instead of spending all his time and money in playing billiards,— mark you, I say nothing in the world against billiards (it is a game that I am very fond of): I am simply raising the question as to whether you can do two things at the same time that are inconsistent,— instead of spending his time in such ways, he devoted his energies to learning to speak and write French. He sacrificed his amusements for the knowledge and command of this language; and the time came very soon when one of the partners, who had intended to go abroad for the service of the house, found that he could not go, and he looked about for some one to send, and found this studious young man who had mastered the knowledge he needed. And he was sent, and it was the beginning of one of the most successful business careers in the city. His sacrifice had been the giving up of something in one direction for the attainment of something in another direction.

Take a young man in college. I have a boy who is so proud of his muscle, of his physical condition, that he could not be hired at any price or by any temptation to do that which would interfere with the perfect physical training which he is trying to attain. He sacrifices everything in the way of eating, drinking, amusements, indulgences of every kind that would tend to interfere with his perfect physical development. Here is the law of sacrifice in its most perfect, most natural, form. He gives up a thousand things that he would like to do, without whining and whimpering over them. He doesn't consider that God is cruel and unkind because he cannot break his laws and be in perfect physical condition at the same time. He simply recognizes the conditions of being what he desires to become; and he makes the sacrifice.

If a man would be perfect, if he would climb from the lowest condition of animality up into the highest condition of spiritual attainment, what must he do? He must be something more than an animal. He may be an animal, a perfect animal, if he chooses; but he must be something more than that, not devoting himself entirely to gratifying the tastes and the wishes and the desires of his body. He must climb up into the intellectual; and he must sacrifice just so much of animal indulgences as is necessary in order that he may develop himself as an intellectual being. But, if he wishes to be a man, he must go beyond the intellectual; and so he must be willing to sacrifice something of this intellectuality, because there is something higher in a man than brains. A man who is selfish — who is simply a dilettante — may be one of the poorest specimens of humanity on the face of the earth; yet he may be otherwise clean. A man may be intellectually hard and selfish, just as he may be physically so, throwing himself away by leading a purely bookish life. He must sacrifice just so much of his intellectual indulgence as is necessary in order that he may lead an affectional life,— a life of service for his fellow-

men. But he must not indulge his affections in any weak, any selfish way. He must climb up into the heights spiritual that lead to God; and he must sacrifice whatever is inconsistent with this. Nothing else will do. This is the essential principle with which we are dealing. Jesus says, If your right hand becomes a stumbling-block, if it stands in the way of the development of your higher life, cut it off, and cast it from you. He doesn't tell you to cut it off unless it stands in your way. In other words, it is a matter of the growth, the development, the attainment, of a noble manhood. Stand ready to sacrifice, to trample under foot, anything that hinders the attainment of this. That is the divine law of sacrifice.

But, mind you, Jesus does not say that there is any virtue whatever in making one's self miserable for the sake of self-torture. I have known people who, for a few days or a few weeks in the course of the year, would lay themselves out to make themselves just as uncomfortable as they could. They go without eating certain things that they are fond of or they practise certain rigid observances. They do this or that or one of a thousand things, not because they recognize that they are necessary to the development of the Christly character, but simply because they are laboring under the delusion that God is somehow going to be pleased by as much as they make themselves uncomfortable. There are people who wear hair shirts or publicly whip themselves. They torment themselves in this way with the idea that, if they are only miserable enough in this world, they will be happy in the next. But God has not made it a part of our human duty to inflict upon ourselves any unnecessary torment. We must simply resign manfully, nobly resign, those things that stand in the way of our becoming the noblest and highest possible types of men and women. There is no good in your sacrificing a thing for the sake of sacrificing it. There is all good in your sacrificing anything, however dear to you, that stands in the way of

your becoming the kind of man or the kind of woman that you ought to be. There is the centre and secret of the law of sacrifice right in that.

But now I wish to note one point that is very frequently forgotten. There are persons who have a notion that, as I said at the outset, being good is at the cost of pleasure, but that being bad is not. They talk about the man who leads a self-indulgent life as leading an easy life, and even speak as though it were a very beautiful thing to go wrong, but that there is a very hard, uphill road for the persons who wish to climb to the heights of manhood and womanhood. Now, friends, there is no more silly, lamentable delusion on the face of the earth than that; and there is not a truer word in the Bible than that which says that the way of the transgressor is hard. It doesn't say that the end of the way is hard, that they are going to have a grand good time while they are about it. It doesn't say anything of the kind. It says that the way is hard; and it is hard, the hardest way that any man or woman is ever called upon to travel. Look over your city. Who are the ones that are miserable, full of sorrow and suffering, the ones who are in distress of every kind? They are the ones who, through the fault of themselves or somebody else, are law-breakers. Wherever you find misery or sorrow or suffering of any kind, there you find law-breaking; and, wherever you find law-keeping, there, to just the extent of the law-keeping, you find happiness, peace, blessedness, of every kind.

The man, then, who wishes to become a bad man,—think for a minute what he has to pay. He has to pay for a while, at any rate, the loss of his own self-respect. That is not a very small price. He may get over it by and by, and lose all sense of self-respect; but you and I who look at him from the outside are perfectly sure of the fact that that is only a step lower down still, and that because he has ceased to suffer is only the worse for him. A person who is very ill, and reaches the point where he ceases to suffer, the

doctor knows perfectly well is reaching a very hopeless condition. So long as there is a possibility of pain, it means that there is life there, and he may recuperate. So, when a person has lost all sense of self-respect, he has lost one of the principal sources of hope for recovery. You take any man that you recognize as being a bad man,— I am not going to establish the standard,— any man that, from your own point of view, is a bad man; and you know perfectly well that he has paid for that badness a tremendous price,— a price that you would not be willing to pay. Anywhere you choose to seek for a character like this on the face of the earth, you will find that the man who has given himself over to evil, who is leading, as they say, the self-indulgent life in contrast with this other poor fellow who is sacrificing for the sake of being good,— you will find, I say, that he is sacrificing infinitely more than the noble, true, faithful man who is paying the price of being noble and true and faithful. You do not, then, escape this law of sacrifice merely because you say, "Go to, I will lead a life of self-indulgence: I will do as I please." Do as you please, in that sense, and you give up the possibility of every high and noble thing that is in you. Lowell has some words in that beautiful poem of his, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," in which he expresses this truth; but he expresses it at the same time by denying its corresponding truth. And, while I agree with him in the first part of his statement, I do not agree with him in the last part. He says,— you remember the words, they are so familiar, they have been quoted so often: —

> "At the devil's booth are all things sold,
> Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
> For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
> Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
> 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
> No price is set on the lavish summer;
> June may be had by the poorest comer."

I agree with Lowell, I say, in the first part of these lines. At the devil's booth all things are sold. If you buy an ounce of dross, you have to pay an ounce of gold for it.

Thousands of people for a cap and bells, for amusement, for self-indulgence, for anything, for this or that, one of a thousand things, pay honor, pay high and fine taste, pay health, pay social position, pay respect of their fellow-men, pay friendships, pay the love of wife, pay the reverence of their children. But this law holds in the case of goodness just as in the case of badness; and so it isn't true that heaven is given away, it isn't true that God may be had for the asking, it isn't true that June may be had by the poorest comer. June,—so far as money is concerned, a man may be in rags, and yet take all the glory of June in his arms. But doesn't it occur to you that John Burroughs gets a little more of June than the rest of us do? Isn't it a fact that Henry D. Thoreau knows more about June than the man who simply has taken a day from the pressure of his business and has run into the country? And John Burroughs and Henry D. Thoreau have paid years of consecration, of thought, of patient study of the lives of the little flowers and the rocks and birds. They have paid years of labor, of self-culture. They have bought the right to take June and all that it means into their brains and into their hearts and into their lives. And so, if you wish the joy of God, you must pay for it. It isn't true, as some popular evangelist will say to you, that you may come with the last dregs and remnants of a wasted life, and take all of God and heaven into your soul in five minutes.

I used to imagine, when I was a little boy, that, if I got into heaven just before the gates were closed, I should be all right. You know how shallow and foolish the idea is. You can get just as much of God and heaven as you are capable of understanding and feeling, and no more; and this understanding and feeling of heaven you have got to pay for by self-consecration, development, devotion to God

and your fellow-men. You lead a selfish life; and then, though all the gates of all the heavens be open to you, you can enter into just so much as you have first got into your own soul,— no more. You can enter into a hall where a concert is being given; but, if you know nothing of music, are you in the concert? You can enter an art gallery; but, if you do not know one of the works of the old masters, you are upon the outside of the domain of art. Whatever you wish to have in this world you must pay for, you must sacrifice for. A man wants wealth: there are a good many people, politicians and political economists of the present time, who seem to have forgotten entirely that gold and silver are commodities, just as much as eggs or potatoes. If you wish to be rich, if you wish to have gold or silver, remember that you must pay for it; and it is quite possible for a man to have to pay for it at the price of a sacrifice all out of proportion to its value. I haven't a word to say against wealth. I only wish I had a little more money myself. Wealth is a magnificent thing, if it is in the hands of a magnificent man. It is one of the meanest things on God's earth, if it is in the hands of a mean man.

Wealth, like everything else in this world, is simply possible power. It can be used for good or it can be used for evil. It depends entirely upon the man who has it as to how it shall be used. But a man may pay altogether too large a price for wealth. I have known men who began poor, who determined that at the cost of no matter what they would be rich; and they have succeeded. But they have paid for it a price that I would not be willing to pay. They have paid for it the price of individual culture and development. They have paid for it the price of friendships, they have paid for it the price of a home life, they have paid for it the price of expanding heart and generous mind. There is danger along this line that you cannot too carefully guard against. The man who begins simply by grasping everything he can lay his hands on gets in

the habit of grasping, until it is very hard for him to give it up. He pays the price of his sweetness and fineness and manhood. I had a friend, a railway president,— he has passed on into the invisible now,— who said to me one day, pointing to a man who was acting as local baggage master at a way station, "I would give everything I have in the world if I could go home to-night and sleep as that man is going to." He had succeeded in business; but he had sacrificed a good deal for his success. He had paid a very heavy price for his money. I have in mind one case which is typical and illustrative. I know an American millionaire who was going around the world in his own private yacht. His course had brought him into the neighborhood of Greece. Indeed, they were approaching Piræus, the port of Athens. The captain of his yacht was a well-read, cultured, intelligent, noble man; and, hoping that they were to come into the neighborhood of these wonderful lands so celebrated in olden times, he had been reading up for weeks and months in preparation for it. As they neared the Piræus, the millionaire and his friends were playing whist in the cabin. Mark you, I have no objection to whist, only you can pay too big a price for a knowledge of whist. As they came near the port, the millionaire came on deck, and said, "Captain, where are we?" The captain said, "We are approaching the port of Athens." "Oh, yes, Greece. Well," he said, "I notice that we are nearly out of coal. I suppose we may as well call here and coal up as anywhere. So we will land, if you please." They landed to coal up. But it was discouraging to the well-read captain, who had hoped to be able to explore the wonders of the old city; for the millionaire took a drive around the town, and, not liking the looks of it, ordered them away at once. Now, I think, paying the possibility of appreciating Athens — its history, its literature, its art, all its wonders — is paying altogether too large a price for the privilege of being even a millionaire. I have no objections to the millions;

but, friends, let us remember that even money must be paid for. We may sacrifice in order to attain it more than it is really worth.

I must now come,— for there is no time to keep you longer on the road,— I must come to consider for a moment that real sacrifice which stands as the type of all grand sacrifices in all the ages, and to hint to you what I regard as the fundamental principle underlying it,— how very human, how perfectly simple and natural it all is. If I believed that Jesus was God, the Almighty God of this universe, then I should be compelled to feel that that scene on the hill-top outside of Jerusalem on that Friday afternoon was spectacular, theatrical, unreal. Why should God, even if he came down here and suffered for a little while in a human body, to save the world which he himself loved and created,— why should he shrink from a moment's pain? Why should we regard it as a great thing that he should be willing to put himself for an hour in the hands of a mob? And is it possible that God, or the second person in any impossible Trinity, should go through the spectacular unreality of crying out in his last hour, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I believe, friends, that Jesus felt forsaken, and that those words were real on his parched and thirsty lips. For the time he wondered whether all the price he was paying for faithfulness to his convictions was to be of any value, whether God had not forgotten him, whether all his own life of devotion had not been thrown away; and so he felt, as he swooned into unconsciousness, that perhaps God, after all, had forgotten him, that he was not his tender, loving, watchful Father, and that all his dream of that perfect coming kingdom was an illusion.

If we trace this human, natural life of Jesus all the way, when he was a little boy up there in the hills in Nazareth, when he was faithful and obedient to father and mother, when he was studious at his school, and learned his lessons well, while he grew in favor with God and man; as he came

to the baptism of John, and then, when John was beheaded, took up the work of the kingdom of heaven; if we can believe that his life was perfectly human and natural all the way, that he defied public opinion, that he tried to be faithful in spite of everything, turned his back on his own family and friends, who, it seems, for a time had no faith in him; if we can believe that it was a Galilean peasant, a child of God, one of the grandest and noblest of all his race, simply a man,— remember, if we can believe that, then the sacrifice becomes so natural, so human, so magnificent, that it can be a source of courage and help and cheer to us, can make our way easier; and, if Jesus, after living like this, could have his moments of darkness, and wonder whether God had forsaken him, then you and I can pluck up courage to walk, even though it is dark, and to be faithful and true, whether we can see the desired outcome or not.

I believe, then, that this sacrifice of Jesus, grand as it was, is as natural, as simple, as much in accord with the laws of God and of nature as any sacrifice that you and I can ever be called upon to perform. He was simply one of those magnificent souls who could not be untrue to himself. He could face death, if you please; but he could not face his own self-contempt. He could go out into the darkness; but he must go feeling that God was there, and that, if he reached up his hand in that darkness, he could take hold of the hand of his Father, and be led and guided and helped.

These sacrifices, then, these great sacrifices that mark the ages, are perfectly natural; and let me say, in closing, that they grow out of one thing that you and I ought specially to guard against. Why is it that there must be these constantly repeated tragedies in the history of the world? Why must a man like Jesus suffer? Why must there be men like Garrison and Phillips? Why must there be martyrs like Lincoln? Why must some man, in some department of life, pay the price of great suffering? It is just as true in art or literature. If I had time, I could illustrate from Millet, the

painter, or Wordsworth, the poet. Why is it that in every department of life men must bear the troubles of their time? It springs out of the fact that you and I, the great mass of the people, do not learn the lesson that this world is constantly teaching, do not learn the lesson that there never comes a time in the history of human advance when we are through. We get attached to our particular set of ideas. Perhaps we are liberals. We think perhaps that Channing had reached the utmost limit of theological advance. Perhaps we think it was Parker. No matter who it may be, we come to a time when we are not willing to think any more, not willing to take another step in advance; and yet the world must move on if the kingdom of God is not here, and is ever to come. And so we become obstructionists, we stand in the way. We forbid this man to take a step beyond the point that we have reached, we forbid that man to speak the word that we have not become accustomed to; and so there comes the tragedy, the struggle between the conservative and the radical. I have nothing to say against conservatism. It is as natural as radicalism. But both are necessary; and both combined mean steady growth,— that growth which keeps all the good of the past, and which is ready to take all the good of the future.

When the time comes, then, when you and I and all men are as ready to listen to the voice of God to-day as we are to believe that he spoke two thousand years ago, then these great sacrifices, of which Jesus was a type, will become matters of history only. They need not be but for the unwillingness of men to grow and advance. Then the law of natural sacrifice, the giving up of that which stands in the way of the highest and finest and noblest things in us, will reign supreme; and that will mean growth from the lower to the higher forever. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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What meaneth this Noise?

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

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WHAT MEANETH THIS NOISE?

"What meaneth this noise?"— 1 SAM. iv. 6.

I LOVE to believe we are all of one mind who meet here this morning, touching the great question we must answer very soon, of the men we would elect to guard the honor of the nation, and who will stand true to the great and most sacred trust, so that, when quietness folds her wings about us once more, we shall say, The voice of the people was the voice of God.

But, while the storm still beats about us, and our halls and squares are crowded with those who listen to the arguments and appeals as they seldom listen to those we make from the pulpits, there is this worth still in the heart of it, that the manhood of the nation is aroused to consider the questions in debate as it has not been aroused for a whole generation; so that the very air quivers with the strong emotion born of the time, and the duty instant and imperious to meet and master those who would make havoc of the honor and good faith of these United States.

Nor must we doubt for a moment that this storm of revolt from the dishonor and disgrace we must meet and master, is one of the noblest proofs we can find of the abounding life of the nation in its wholeness, of its purpose to maintain the republic in all honor and integrity, and to walk honestly, as the Scripture says, toward them that are without, who are watching the issue for good or evil with a deep concern. While we may be sure again that if we could sink into mere sloth and fail to be so aroused, the great and proud days of the republic would be numbered,

and the doom of the old monarch be written on the walls of the Capitol, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Let us be glad, then, for the storm which sets our best and choicest manhood aglow, and for this eager spirit and temper all over the land which has turned us away for the time from all minor questions to this question of the honor and integrity of the government we must all help to maintain. Because this, to my own mind, is the first and the great factor in the sum which comes home now to the heart of every true citizen as the time draws near to elect those who will be true to the sacred trust over which the souls of men like Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln still stand guard, when we all say with our good President Hayes, "He serves his party best who serves his country best," and make good that truth.

It is a great and noble thing, I repeat, for the best manhood we have to our name to be set on fire to so great and good a purpose; and so when we hear men say it interferes so badly with their business I can think of only one answer: Let it interfere and welcome, when we must attend to the business of the republic. There is no perpetual motion for a government like this of ours; and in a time like this, we may well mind the answer Burke made to the man who said in Parliament, England will stand strong and sure to the day of judgment: "Gentlemen of the Commons, it is the day of *no* judgment we have the gravest reason just now to fear," and so have we. And he stands among the wisest men of the ancient world who said, "An educated man is to an ignorant as the living to the dead." So we may be glad for this again, that since the midsummer we have been keeping school (shall we say?) and, as I am fain to believe, learning our lessons and laying them well to heart, touching these things that hold the honor of the republic and our own in the answer we must give; learning by the living words and the pens of many masters who are able to teach us to

the finest and fairest purpose, so that when the great school closes for the season, on a day we know of, we may trust in the honest heart-beat of the manhood our good President used to call the plain people,— the people on the land and in the workshops he trusted as his own right hand; the plain people of the fine old strain, whose fathers bought our noble inheritance with their most precious blood; and then with these our fellow-citizens, who came here as I came, to find space in which they could grow to the stature and strength of the true American citizen in the sunshine of our freedom. We have been learning in the great school this summer the pregnant lesson that, when unfit men are elected to these great and sacred places, it involves a prior unfitness in those who elect them, so that we will not be lured away by the shining baubles and bubbles of those we may hear whose speech is false and hollow.

> "Though their tongues drop manna
> And can make the worse appear the better reason."

And glad again you must be, as I am, to notice that, in this confusion of tongues which has filled the land through these months, all other questions have been counted of a small moment in contrast with this we must answer of the nation's honor and integrity and its supremacy over mob rule and lawlessness, in the deep conviction that to those whose God is honor, disgrace; and especially this we must fight, this disgrace alone is sin; while honesty is not alone the best policy but the best, though for the time it may seem to be the worst to some. And these are always the best honor and honesty, let the worst be what it may.

This must have been the lesson our common manhood has been learning through all the turmoil and strife, while the question has been waiting for its answer, Who are the men we must elect to these great and most sacred trusts against the hordes who would seize and hold them soon or late for mere plunder and the disgrace of the Common-

wealth of the United States,— men who will not be the things circumstances have made them, or the wheels in a machine whose motive power is the plunder of the Commonwealth, but men to whom a sterling honor and integrity is as the breath of their life? And so, if it be true that every man has his price, this is the only price for which we can secure them honor and integrity in word and deed.

Once more may we not be glad for this, that in the great debate and through all the confusion, the search-light has been thrown so steadily on the standards of honor and integrity the republic must maintain in fellowship with that of the great nations in the Old World as well as with our own, which must suffer the sorest loss if this thing could be done, as well as the disgrace? It was suggested once to a king of the Goths when he was at his wit's end for the means to maintain the kingdom, that he should tamper with the money of the realm and make that which was worth, say only the half, pass for the whole; but he said, "No, by the honor of the gods! my image shall never be stamped on so base a lie, though the kingdom go to the dogs." And I must have told you of a time many years ago, when some of our bonds — State bonds I think — were held in doubt over there in London, and a committee was chosen to see our minister there, Mr. Everett, to find out their true worth. The Committee returned and said, "The bonds are good as gold, Mr. Everett says, and we could see a hundred cents on the dollar in his face."

This may well be the most potent for good or evil of all the questions we must answer on the day of our election. Shall the image we stamp on the symbol and pledge of our honesty and honor as a nation, with its circle of stars, become a by-word and a hissing in this world, and the superscription, "In God we trust," become a branded lie? So that, when we go over sea to the motherlands and the fatherlands, the fair lines they read in his face who was once the nation's man shall seem to be changed on yours

and mine to defaulter; for, in such a case, dearly as I love my motherland, and love to return, I should never go again. But I am sure if I am spared, I shall go, proud still that I am a citizen of the United States.

Once more this must be the fiat of the nation, because we have surely found our way to these standards of true worth, of which the best we use are now so perfect, that when you would weigh fine gold or the chemist's powder,—of which a grain more or less may mean life or death,—the standard is so fine that a hair from your head will turn the scale.

And in the great marts of business there is no trouble among true men about the grades of wheat or bread-stuffs, cotton or iron, or whatever we may deal in, down to a pin. These must all be rated at their true worth; and when I would pass something I vend of a lower grade for the higher, I am myself degraded, and lose my rank and number.

Is it not true again that the whole movement of our life is based on honest time? And when a man in the last century turned out a chronometer, which went round the world and did not lose quite a second, it made him immortal, and established the standard of the truest and the best. They had been looking for a man who could make a time-piece as true as the sun and stars, and here he was, and had come to stay, and to be the true time-keeper for all time.

Everywhere we turn for the things we use, you find these standards, and rest on them as you rest on the honesty and integrity of your golden eagle fresh from the mint.

And this law of the standard is as essential for your rogue as it is for your honest and true man; because your burglar, when he would storm your bank safe, must have chisel and drill so perfect that it would seem you can construct no safe that he cannot break through and steal your treasure. And so lustre is shed from the very fires of the pit on this primal quality which lies at the heart of the best we can do in the world's business, done in all honesty and honor, and for the Commonwealth.

Here, then, is the manhood that will be true to the standards in this contest for the honor of the republic in the image and superscription we stamp on our treasure, and send it forth to meet and match the best there is in the world besides, and pay our honest obligations at home or over the seas. And here is the reason why the search-light of the truth has lain so steadily on the great burning question through these months: that the ignorant should be instructed, and the wavering won to see what we must do to be saved from the dishonor abroad and at home, and the misery, if these dreamers, to use no harsher term, could have their way and will of us,— a manhood within the nation, upright and downright, steadfast and true, Godward and manward,— manward, and therefore Godward,— when that awful option of the ballot lies in the nation's hand; a manhood that will be as fine gold in the grain or the minted eagle, and will say, once for all, on that day, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, we will stand by these things as we stand by the standard of the nation no man dare trail in the mire and escape scot free."

And well was the alarm sounded and the cry heard, "Every man to his post!" when that wild clamor was heard which threatened not alone the honor, but, shall we not say, the life of this republic we all hold so dear,—this republic which sprang from the manhood far away back in time which said: "We will be free men with a land of our own and a government in which each man shall have a voice and a vote. And we will count life itself dear only for loyalty to the great and holy trust for which we will stand ready to give it back again into the hands of the Giver as the price paid down for ransom."

Nor is this the time to recite the shameful things that have been done in the name of the Most High and the republic by those who, for greed or ambition, both God and the State, Milton says, would easily set aside. It is the

time to leave the things which are behind, and for every true man to say, "I will count for one, now, who will maintain what has been won for us at such a cost of life and of life's worth"; to say this, whether we be sons of the great old line, or, as I am proud to be, sons of the adoption; to understand this work we have to do was only well begun when Washington, bidding his old comrades in arms farewell in this city, and trying to read, had to first find his glasses, and said, "Gentlemen, I have grown almost blind in the service."

Only well begun! And now we shall be true as they were, each man bound to stand true for the integrity of the republic in this time, as the soldier and patriot stood in the times which searched them as by fire against those whose purpose it is to rule or ruin, or to rule *and* ruin if they may; to tread the white ermine of the highest court in the nation, and the peer of the highest in the world beside, under their feet, and to break down the safeguards of order in the land at the bidding of raging mobs when these break loose again.

This must not be and cannot be on that day drawing near when the folded paper we hold in our hand, I say for reasons like these I have named, will be sacred to us as the Great Declaration, and will hold your image and superscription and mine,—the pledge of the honest and loyal heart which beats in each man's breast.

Then we shall have done our part to stay this plague, and can work and wait for the time to come when there shall be no breaking out into this wildness and no breaking in to wreck what we hold most sacred for the republic and for every home within its wide domain. And, no doubt, we shall find the way, in heaven's true time, to fuse this vast and diverse manhood into one strong nation, loyal to the land as they were who live again

> "In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end in self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars."

When some one said to a grand old man of our faith over the sea, "Is it true, sir, that you do not believe in the devil?" he answered, "I believe in God; don't you?" So we must answer in a time like this so many brood over in fear of what may come to pass.

Peril there has been and may be still; but, if it be so, then this is the time to sing for the republic that grand old song of Zion,

> "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved;
> God will help her, and that right early."

We must only take counsel of our fears now, that we may be all the more faithful and true to our sacred trust; that and no more. We must be sure that this tree of our nation's life, which has grown so great and strong, and under whose branches the myriads past numbering have come to find shelter and succor, was planted in this New World of ours by no human hands alone, but by His hand also, who is great to grant as mighty to make; and that this glory of life and strength in bole and branches is no mere seeming now, as some fear. God help them! hollow as a drum in the heart, and ready to go down in the first great storm.

Heart of oak, sound at the core, that is my faith in the tree of life for which this New World was hidden so long below the far sea-line unto the appointed time. The parasites may burrow at the bark, but the heart must stay sound. And the storms may beat on this tree, but the roots are cabled in the eternal purpose, deeper than our searching; they strike down, and higher than our soaring the tree will stand, guarded and held firm.

And so well a noble woman prophesied many years ago, "The time is coming when the broad West will swarm with an active, contented and well ordered population; when the South, freed from her incubus, shall be able to do justice to her rich soil and her genius; and when the East, gathering from all the seas the wealth of the Old World,

shall be the loving helper to the regions that lie far away from the great deep, our bulwark and our minister." So it will be and must be in the fulness of time. We shall find our way through this maze; we shall not be three, but one, of one heart and one soul.

And you know how my heart dwells with the manhood, to which I am so close of kin by birth and breeding, these dreamers would lure away from the old banner of integrity and honesty; nor are we blind to some causes which would be found pointing towards this evil consequence. This is no time even to touch them, only to guard the citadel of the nation's honor and her life. Then, when that is done, we may well ask again, "What meaneth this noise?" and righting all wrongs, draw the bonds closer between what we have come to call class and class in the commonwealth of the States, until all men's good

> "Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
> And, like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
> Through all the circle of the golden year."

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ... *20 cents.*
" " " *Doz.* *$1.50*
" *Cloth,* " *Copy,* . . . . *30 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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Some Rights and Duties of American Citizenship

GEO. H. ELLIS
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SOME RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

THE subject of my sermon this morning is "Some Rights and Duties of American Citizenship"; and I take as my starting-point in Scripture from the cxxii. Psalm the sixth to the ninth verses inclusive: —

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.
"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.
"For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.
"Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

I have never believed that it was wise for ministers on Sunday to preach politics. If by politics be meant partisanship, be meant questions of polity, questions concerning which equally honest and equally intelligent men may hold different opinions, then I say I have never believed that the minister on Sunday and in church should preach politics. But principles of right and wrong underlie political action, as well as action of any and every other kind, and it is the minister's right not only, it is his sacred duty, a duty which he dare not disregard, to deal with these great principles of right and wrong in every department of human life and activity. So I claim the right not only, I bow to the duty, of discussing some of the principles that seem to me to underlie our American citizenship.

I take these verses as my text largely because it is so customary to have a text that the omission of it is noted as an eccentricity. Of course we are not to expect to find in a Bible completed nearly two thousand years ago any special reference to the kind of institutions which have

come into being within a hundred years; and yet these verses are fitting and appropriate as the starting-point of our discussion. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Jerusalem was the city which to the ancient Hebrew stood as the ideal of all good, human and divine. It stood as the so-far realization of all that was noble and true in human government. So it was the duty of every loyal Hebrew to pray for the peace of Jerusalem. And rightly did he feel that they that loved Jerusalem — that is, that looked towards these high and fine ideals for which that word stood — should in the highest and truest sense prosper; for they felt and felt rightly that prosperity was to be found only in allegiance to these high and fine principles for which that sacred word was a symbol. It is perhaps fit then that I should paraphrase these words and say, Pray for the peace of our country. They shall prosper that love thee, that consecrate themselves to the high and fine ideals which we are attempting to embody in this government of ours.

Let us look, then, for a moment at this government that we call the United States, which seems to us so full of defects, — yes, so defective that there are times when we can hardly be conscious of any pride in it. Let us note it for a moment, and see where it stands along the line of the world's growth from animal to angel. Do you ever stop to think that the organization of a government that shall combine order, individual liberty and progress, that is the possibility of growth, that this is the most difficult problem that the human race has ever undertaken to solve? Remember that this race of ours has been here on this planet (those who claim to know the most about it tell us) at least three hundred thousand years. During all that time it has been engaged on this problem of trying to organize an ideal government and state, a state that should combine social order and personal freedom; and, friends, it has found this task, with one exception, the most difficult that it has ever undertaken. This one exception has been the discovery and es-

tablishment of a true religion. Almost always either liberty has run to license, or order has run to tyranny. Every government that has ever existed has been an uneven balance between these two tendencies; and to organize one that should preserve order, protect property, assure equal rights, and at the same time permit individual freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom in business, freedom in education, freedom in religion, freedom in every department of life,— this, I say, has been so difficult a task that the nearest to it that the world has ever come has been this half-appreciated and yet magnificent government of ours. Never among any people, in any age, under any sky, has the world come so near the attainment of the ideal government as we have come here to-day. Full of faults — of course the government is full of faults. You never will have an ideal and perfect government, I believe, until you have some ideal and perfect individuals to make it out of. But we have come nearer the ideal of a true and just government than any other people on the face of the earth.

> The greatest of births of the earth's lab'ring ages,
> Sore travailed in pain of the dimly-seen plan,
> The vision of poets, the dream of her sages,—
> The State which gives order and freedom to man!
>
> Last born of the ages, O Country the dearest
> On which shines the sun as he lights the glad earth!
> Thou God, who in heaven our gratitude hearest,
> Give us grace half to prize her magnificent worth!

For what is this country of ours worth? The country is full of defects, and may be for a thousand, two thousand, perhaps ten thousand years yet; but we, I say, have come nearer to organizing the ideal government in which social order is preserved along with individual freedom than any other people on the face of the earth. And how much does this mean? One of the strangest things, friends, is to see how little people appreciate the most marvellous things that there are in all the world after they become accustomed to

them. Our fathers, our grandfathers, travelled slowly and painfully by stage-coach or horseback over the country. We have discovered lightning express trains that can run from sixty to a hundred miles an hour. Instead of being awed and oppressed with the wonder of our achievements, we only find fault if this lightning express is five minutes late. When my father was a young man down in Maine, he told me once that it was sometimes along towards spring before they were quite sure as to who was elected President of the United States. No railways, no telegraph, no telephones, no means of rapid intercommunication. Now we have discovered means by which we can talk familiarly with our friends in other cities all over the country; and, instead of getting on our knees in the presence of the marvel, as though we were in the very presence-chamber of the Divine Worker, we are ready to indulge in words of anger, if not profanity, if the line is out of order so as to keep us three minutes waiting. So accustomed, I say, do we become to the wonderful things of the world, and lose the appreciation of their wonder and their beneficence. So, take this commonplace thing which we call the government of the United States. What does it mean? It presses on us as the air presses on us. So equably distributed is its power that, unless something is wrong, we are unconscious of it; and yet what does it mean? It means the possibility of our home,— our *home*, with all the sweetness and tenderness and beauty and glory that that word embraces. Our home undisturbed, uninvaded. It took the world thousands on thousands of years to create a condition of things in which a home like that was possible. It means the possibility of conducting your business in any way you please. It means such a peace, such a reign of justice, all over this country as gives you an opportunity to carry on this business in any way you will. It means the possibility of education, the schools, the freedom of study, the freedom of discussion, liberty to pursue investigation in any direction you please

in any departments of human thought. It means freedom in religion. It means the things that make life sweet and noble and desirable. It means all the differences between barbarism and this perfectly free civilization of ours. The government stands for all this. It is for us a constant protection and shield, and yet we are as unconscious of it as we are of the light. And remember,— let me press that fact upon you once more,— remember that it took this human race of ours at least three hundred thousand years of thought, of struggle, of effort, of heartache, of tears, of consecration, to work out and establish so beneficent a result. Here, then, is this government of which we are citizens.

Now what does this government do for us as citizens? I am tempted right here (and it is dreadfully hard for me to resist the temptation) to trespass a little on that which I regard as really work-day affairs, and preach politics for a little while. What does this government owe to us? What does the sunshine owe us? What does the earth owe us? These things owe us nothing. They are universal magnificent dispensers of blessings unearned, and which in one sense we have no right to claim. There seems to be a popular conception abroad which it will be well for us to get rid of just as fast as we can, in my judgment, — that the government is a sort of entity apart from "we, the people"; that somehow there exists a governmental treasury, unlimited resources of wealth that the government if it chooses can confer upon corporations or individuals. There seems to be a feeling abroad that the government has, stored away, resources of wisdom apart from the wisdom of us, the people; that it can be wiser than any man, wiser than all of us put together; and that we have a right to look to this imaginary government, located somewhere, to solve problems for us that we cannot solve ourselves, and to discover methods of relieving us of evils that we ourselves have been unable to discover. There seems to be the feeling abroad that the

government somehow has storehouses of goodness and virtue apart from the people that compose it; that we have a right to ask the City Hall, that we have a right to ask the Capitol at Albany, that we have a right to ask Congress at Washington to be better than we are, to save us from our own evils; to create and achieve for us magnificent results of goodness that we ourselves hardly make an effort to attain. There seems, I say, to be abroad the feeling that the government is an entity separate from the people who compose it, and that it can do certain things for people, can bestow upon people certain things if only it chooses. But, friends, whatever delusion people might naturally be under in regard to a matter like this, in a country that has a monarchial form of government, it seems to me too transparent for any one to be deluded or deceived by it here in a republic. The country, the government, is we,—you and I. If we do not like the moral character of our rulers what are we to do about it? We must remember that they, whether we like it or not, are our representatives. When you look at the City Hall, or Albany, or Washington, you are simply looking in a mirror: it is your own features you are seeing there, whether you like the image or not. If there are dishonest men governing us, who placed them in their position? If there are foolish men governing us, who gave them the opportunity?

Let us remember, then, that the government, so far as its virtue is concerned, is we, ourselves. Let us remember also that the government has not one cent of money to bestow upon any corporations or any individuals except your money and my money. Your money and my money is all the money there is in the United States. And if the government turns a stream of wealth by favoritism into the coffers of a particular corporation or individual, it is your money and mine that is going into those coffers. It can give to one only by taking away from some one else. I think that one of the gravest evils that the country is suffering from at the present time is this misconception on the part of thousands of people

who ought to be wiser, as to what the government is, as to what its powers are, as to what its functions should be, as to what we have a right to look to it for. The government bestows on us what? It gives us protection of person, protection of property; it gives us equal rights, equal opportunities; and we have no right to look to it for anything else but these. I know that it is not always true that these blessings come equally, as do the sun and the dew and the air upon all citizens alike. But this is the ideal government which we should have in mind and towards which we should aim. We have no right then to look to the government for anything but equal opportunities and protection in person and property; and these we have attained here in this country in a way more wonderful than has been attained in any other part of the world or in any other period of time.

Now let us turn the matter around. What do we owe to the government? Let us remember as a fundamental principle that the government is not to support us; we are to support the government. And we owe to it what? In one sense, in the broadest and deepest sense, we owe it that for which the government stands, everything which makes life sweet and fair and desirable. Let us for a moment glance at this matter of what we owe to other men, to humanity, to the effort of man through the ages to attain the magnificent results which are illustrated in our freedom and peace to-day.

In the first place, when we look at what kind of a being man was at the outset, how small his brain power, how little his ability to think; and when we remember that humanity, by thinking, has built the brain of the modern world as really as the rower by exercising creates lung-cells,— then let us remember that we owe to humanity the brain power which sets us on high and makes us masters of ourselves and our conditions. We owe to humanity conscience,— that which enables us to distinguish between right and wrong; that which makes us able to note the difference between the low

and the high; which helps us to recoil from that which is evil, and which is the inspiration in us of all the efforts by which we climb up out of the animal into the man. We owe to humanity the creation of all the art of the world. Go back thousands of years, and you find man scratching with a sharp point of a stone upon the walls of his cave, or upon the tusk of an elephant, the outline of some figure that had caught his fancy. Here is the beginning of art, that art which as the result of the efforts of all the ages has filled the world with its beauty, transformed everything and made it not merely a matter of use.

We owe to this humanity of ours the creation of the world's literature. We owe it science; we owe to humanity the discovery and the perfection of music. All that lifts and beautifies and glorifies this commonplace life of ours we owe to the thought, the effort, the struggle, the heartache, the tears of man,— this same man who has embodied the highest result of his attempt at the creation of social order and individual liberty in the government which is the beneficent guardian of all that to-day we possess. We owe, then, to the country — to this civilization of which the country stands as our highest type and representative — everything that we are. We concede this in principle, though we attempt to evade it so many times in practice. We concede that the government has a perfect right to take from us our accumulated wealth, or such part of it as is necessary for the common good. We concede that the government has the right to interfere with our individual freedom, at certain times and under certain conditions, so far as the public welfare may demand. We concede even that the government has the right to ask of us our lives; and, in the height of our magnificent enthusiasm, when we catch a glimpse of the magnificent ideal for which the country stands, we are ready to pay the price; the price has been paid by our fathers, our brothers, our friends, and that not many years agone. We concede, then, that the government

has the right to claim whatsoever we are, whatsoever we possess, whatsoever we can do, because it stands thus for the united good of us all.

I wish now at the end to point out, in a few definite directions, some of the ways in which we ought to pay this government the debt which we owe. The words I shall use will be very simple and commonplace words, but possibly you have not thought deeply and carefully enough to catch all the meaning that ought to go along with those words. The country has a right to ask of each one of its citizens the use of the ballot; it has the right to ask of us that we vote, that we give expression to our best opinions concerning all the great questions that come up for decision. Does this seem very commonplace? I do not know how it may be in New York, but I know many men in Boston who would be ashamed to shirk what they regard as commonplace duties of business or family life who are not ashamed to neglect the duties of citizenship. I know men who for years have not taken the trouble to vote. As the result of the struggle of all the ages, they have at last been lifted to this high pinnacle of individual sovereignty, one of the rulers, one of the governors of the destinies of mankind, and they do not appreciate the fact enough to take the trouble on election day to go to the ballot-box and deposit a vote. If I had my way the man who, for two consecutive years, without adequate excuse publicly given, should neglect his duty to deposit his vote concerning any great question that comes up, should be compelled to pay at least a very heavy fine; and if it were continued for much longer, then I would have him disfranchised altogether. The man who does not appreciate the value of his citizenship is not worthy of being a citizen. I would have him degraded, and the power and the glory taken away from him.

Then we want not only the ballot,— we want in this country an educated ballot. One of the gravest dangers at the present time, it seems to me, is the illiteracy of those that

hold in their hands the destiny of our institutions. What is one to think when one sees a spectacle like this,—a lot of men who have just come to this country who are not able to speak a word of English, who cannot read the ballot which they hold in their hands, who have no more conception of the fundamental principles of our government, of what it means, the price that has been paid for it, or what it stands for, than they have of the geography of the back side of the moon? Men like these, led by a boss with not much more intelligence than they, and with perhaps not half the character, to deposit their votes and help determine the destiny of a great country like this! I have nothing to say against immigrants. We have not to go very far back before we are all of us immigrants. It is only a question of a little longer or shorter time. Only, friends, I would have no man admitted to the right of voting until he has been in this country long enough to understand the genius of our institutions; until he has at least learned to speak our common tongue; until he can read and understand the main principles of the constitution of the United States; until he is able to comprehend the difference between a republic and a monarchy; until he appreciates, at least a little, the blessings and advantages of these free institutions for which our fathers and brothers and friends have paid so high a price.

Let us demand, then, and stand by that demand until we have won it, that only intelligence shall wield the destinies of this country. Ignorance, if you stop to think of it, is even more dangerous than rascality. You may make it for the interest of a rascal to do right; but when you appeal to ignorance you are utterly and wholly lost, there is nothing there which can respond to your call or on which you can depend.

Then again, I would have an honest ballot. No penalty is too severe to be meted out to the man who dares to tamper with the honesty of the expression of opinion that gives shape to our institutions. I note in the papers recently that

there is a question as to whether one who has been flagrantly guilty in this direction is to be pardoned before his time is up. Friends, if we appreciate the meaning of wrong, we shall see that no harm done against one individual can for one moment compare with the enormity of the wrong that threatens the stability of the institutions which assure freedom, peace, and opportunity to all individuals. Let us then contend for an honest ballot.

One other kind of ballot remains to consider. I dare say it in this presence, and with the issues that are before us to-day, let us be manly enough in the last issue to demand an unpartisan ballot. I have nothing to say against parties. The existence of parties is wise and inevitable. But there are certain ranges of our political life in which partisanship is only an interference and injury; and there are certain crises in the state when he who is a man forgets that there is any such thing as party, and only remembers that he has a country to which all parties are subservient, for which they exist if they be right, and to which they must always bow.

Let me here just hint, in passing, that partisanship in the management of municipal affairs is an impertinence. Who cares whether we have Democratic sewerage or Republican street cleaning? What we want is an honest, efficient management of the city's larger housekeeping. There are crises, and we are in the presence of one to-day in our national affairs, when partisanship is not only an impertinence but a grave wrong. Parties exist for the sake of the country, not the country for the party; and sometimes there are occasions when the parties must be utterly forgotten, and we remember only that we have a country to which we owe our all.

It is not my purpose this morning to go into particulars in discussing the present situation. As I said at the outset, I have a right to deal with fundamental principles. You are intelligent enough to make your own applications. We are

in the face of grave dangers: dangers that threaten the country's fair fame; dangers that threaten her honesty; dangers that threaten her stability; dangers that threaten the legal bulwarks that guard our welfare and our peace. There never has been a time, unless in 1861, when we were threatened with such possible calamities as those we stand in the presence of to-day. Let us remember, then, the worth of this country. Let us reverence her fair fame, and let us consecrate ourselves to see to it that the things which have been gained in the past shall be kept and transmitted in peace to those that are to come after us.

In closing let me read a few verses which express and crown the ideas to which I have been trying to give utterance: —

Th 'Eternal will change not; on one sole condition
Can men or can nations win life and win peace.
The laws of life broken, in vain all petition;
Obedience only from death can release.

The star of God's promise arose o'er this nation,
And eyes dim with tears saw it gleam in the skies;
Shall it fall from its orbit of bright, brief duration?
Then where o'er the sad earth again will it rise?

The world is not old; 'tis the break of the dawning;
His serpents young Hercules crushed, in his strength;
So those that our slime of corruption is spawning,
Rousing up, our young giant will strangle at length!

Let the men who are men, who hate meanness and lying,
Be true to the vision that Washington saw,
Then the wrong that disgraces, no longer defying,
Will bow to the forces of order and law.

The fruit of the tears and the toil of past ages
We hold as in trust for the ages unborn;
Let us write the word "just" on our country's fair pages,
Lest our children reproach us with pity and scorn.

One oath let us swear, — by the God who is o'er us,
By the thousands who've lived and who've died for our land,
By Washington, Lincoln, the great gone before us,
The hope of the world, our dear country, shall stand!

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy,	. . . .	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SUFFERING

GEO. H. ELLIS
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NOTE.

As Mr. Savage was unavoidably absent from his pulpit Sunday, November 1, the publisher takes the liberty of re-printing this sermon, delivered last year in the pulpit of the Church of the Unity, Boston, and published in Unity Pulpit, No. 24, for which the demand exhausted the supply.

SUFFERING.

"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."— ROM. viii. 22.

THE question we are to consider this morning is whether the necessary suffering of the world is inconsistent with a belief in the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God. The existence of this suffering, and the amount of it, constitute one of the standing charges made against the government of the world. I wish, then, to weigh this as carefully as I may.

In order that you may see that I do not intend to blink anything, I want to set it forth in the words of others as darkly as perhaps it can be expressed. I refer you to that verse of Tennyson in "In Memoriam" in which he represents nature as "red in tooth and claw with ravin," and as shrieking against the creed of belief in the goodness of the power that governs the universe. Mr. Winwood Reade, now dead, was a very strong, clear, and effective writer. He published a book called the "Martyrdom of Man," in which he set forth at length this whole problem of human suffering. The book is very strong, but, in my judgment, very one-sided. I shall give you an extract from it: —

Pain, grief, disease, and death,— are these the inventions of a loving God? That no animal shall rise to excellence except by being fatal to the life of others, is this the law of a kind Creator? It is useless to say that pain has its benevolence, that massacre has its mercy. Why is it so ordained that bad should be the raw material of good? Pain is not the less pain because it is useful: murder is not less murder because it is conducive to development. Here is blood upon the hand still, and all

the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten it.— *Winwood Reade's Martyrdom of Man*, p. 520.

Professor Huxley now and again says almost as hard and bitter things. He does not believe, as the result of looking over the scene of human and animal suffering, that the world can be governed by what we call benevolence.

I said I do not want to blink any fact. If I understand myself, I do not want to be deceived; and I do not wish to be the cause of deceiving anybody else. If this is a cruel world, if there is no trace of goodness in its government, if it is not reasonable to believe that there is a Father in the heavens, then I certainly wish to face the facts and adjust myself to them and get along as well as I know how. But it seems to me that, in order to deal with a question like this, above all things we must first be sure of our facts. I propose to show as well as I can what the facts are.

One thing let me say. I beg of you that no one will misunderstand me in any point. I beg of you not to make any word of mine an excuse for carelessness, for lack of tender feeling in your dealing with people or with animals. I hope that no one will think me indifferent to animal suffering. I do not believe the man lives — if you will pardon the personal word — who is more sensitive to these things. Ever since I was a little boy I have been trained to carry and handle weapons. But I was not a dozen years old before I became so sensitive at the thought of inflicting suffering on other creatures that all the pleasure of shooting with these weapons — except in shooting at a target — passed away; and from that day to this I have never willingly or purposely inflicted pain, or taken away the life of a single thing that lives. I speak of this simply that you may understand my point of view, and not suppose that I am slurring any of the great dark facts of human or animal pain.

I would not have anybody make my words an excuse for ill-treating a horse. There are persons who will use a pet

horse as long as he answers the purpose for which they want him; and then, instead of putting him out to pasture or letting him spend his days in peace or putting him to a speedy and painless death, will sell him for what they can get, and let him be abused, and the remnant of his life beaten out of him. I have no tender words for anything like that. There are people supposed to be civilized who, when they leave the town for the summer, leave their cats behind to shift for themselves, or to starve, or be chased and beaten by the omnipresent small boy who finds delight in doing such things. I have no tender word for that. I have no tender words for the man who, for the sake of the style of his team, will twist and strain a horse's neck out of its proper position by an over-draw check or in any other way inflict needless suffering on the brute creation. These things I refer to in passing, only that you may understand my point of view and the spirit in which I speak.

Now let us address ourselves to an attempt at finding out what are the real facts about suffering, animal and human.

I. One of the most marked characteristics of modern times is the tremendous development of human sympathy, of human sensitiveness to suffering. Nothing like it was ever known in the history of humanity. But there is a danger that goes along with it. I would not, if I could, make it less; only, friends, if we are to deal with a problem, we need to understand the exact nature and limitations of that problem, and not waste our sympathy and our effort on imaginary evils. Let us address ourselves to and deal with real evils, put our enthusiasm into that, and do what we can to lessen the amount of pain and suffering in the world.

I believe, then, that among those who have dwelt absorbingly on these things there is an enormous exaggeration of the amount of suffering there is in the world. After the most careful study that I can give to the subject, I do not believe there is anything like the amount of suffering that

Winwood Reade or Tennyson or Huxley, or any of these men, would have us believe. Let us consider for a moment. The animal world, instead of being a scene of constant slaughter and pain, instead of being a sort of purgatory, a hell of torture, is in the main and in the long run one long scene of joy, of happiness. Take any wild animal you choose. He has no fear of death, no anticipation of death. He is free from the imaginary horrors that have haunted the human mind so long as to what may happen in that continued life beyond death. You sweep away all these things at one stroke. What, then, is the life of the wild animal? A life of free activity of every faculty and function of his being; alternating periods of sleep and rest and play and hunting for his food,— packed as full of pleasurable sensations as he is capable of holding. This is the general truth in regard to animal life.

Animals pursue each other, prey on each other, and so are put to violent deaths. I grant it. But, from all the study I can give to this matter, I believe that this is the most merciful way for them to end their brief periods of existence, if they are to end at all. We have no right to project into the sphere of animal life our own nervous capacity, our sympathy, our feelings. We have no right to suppose that they suffer everything which we suffer or should suffer, were we in their place. Suppose animals were left to die of old age or to starve; it would be infinitely more painful than the present way of dying. There is proof beyond rational question that sudden death by violence, either for men or animals, comes as near being painless as any possible way by which life can be terminated. I have in my hand an account written by Dr. Livingstone, in which he tells of his being struck down by a lion. He says that the moment the lion's paw touched him all sensation of pain and of fear even was gone. He simply looked the lion in the face, and wondered what next; and there was no conscious suffering. Mr. Whymper, the great mountain climber,

tells us that, in ascending the Matterhorn, he slipped and fell hundreds of feet, bounding from precipice to precipice, and at last fell in the snow comparatively unhurt; and he says that there was no sense of fear, no pain, only a sort of curiosity as to how the matter was to end. All the testimony that we can get in regard to matters like these assure us that the fright and the suffering are on the part of the spectators, or the people who read imaginary accounts of them in books, and that the actual participants suffer almost nothing whatever. This is known, as certainly as anything of this nature can be known, that the animal which becomes the prey of some other animal, the moment he is seized, is, in a sense, hypnotized, and that the death is comparatively painless. This only as a suggestion of what I believe to be an unquestioned fact, that the amount of suffering on the part of animals and birds and the lower lives beneath us is immensely exaggerated by those writers who wish to bring an indictment against the goodness of the world.

I do not believe, again, that there is anything like the amount of suffering that a good many of us fancy on the part of the lower races of humanity,— barbarians as we call them. It would be a terrible thing for us to be put down on that level now, and compelled to live in their conditions. But you must remember that they have not been put down: they have come up to their present level. There is no sense of degradation on their part, and their lives in the main are full of such satisfaction as they are capable of appreciating and experiencing.

Again, I do not believe there is nearly as much suffering on the part of those that we speak of, when we class them by themselves,— as the poor,— as we are apt to imagine. Here, again, let me say, you have no right to use any words of mine as a warrant for neglect, for carelessness; for there is enough suffering. Let us only find out where it is and what it is, and then address ourselves to the real problem with which we want to deal. A man who has had a thou-

sand dollars a year, if he is suddenly cut down to nine hundred, suffers from the deprivation. A man who has had six hundred a year, whose income is raised to seven hundred, feels rich. It is a matter of comparison. Those among the poor who suffer most, in my judgment, are the ones who say very little about it, but who fight out their battle alone as best they may.

As an illustration,— pardon the personal side of it,— if any person with a fine carriage and pair of horses had driven by the old farm-house in Maine where I spent my boyhood, and had seen me by the side of the road when I was seven or eight or ten years old, undoubtedly he would have regarded me with pity; but I should not have thanked him for it. I did not need any pity. I was a poor boy, generally somewhat ragged. I was not very well dressed in winter. I have waked up a good many times with quite a respectable snow-drift on my bed which had sifted in through a roof not as tight as it might be. But I asked no one's pity. I wanted no one's pity then; and I want no one's pity for it now. I had almost no books and no toys except such as I constructed by my own ingenuity; but I do not believe one boy in ten thousand has a happier boyhood than I had. We are not, then, to project ourselves into a certain set of conditions, and say, This animal, this man, woman, or child, is suffering keenly, as I should suffer, were I in their place. It may not be true at all.

I believe that we want to get rid of the super-sensitiveness which creates a world of imaginary pains, and open our eyes to the real pain of the world. I am not speaking in detail. Any one can pick holes in what I have said, because I am giving you only hints of what I believe to be true.

II. I pass to my second point. After we have got rid of the imaginary suffering of the world, there is another section that we need to get rid of. We have a right to charge as an indictment against the wisdom, power, and goodness of God only the necessary suffering of the world,— suffering that is

inevitable as the result of the universe as God created it. We have no right to charge against him needless suffering which we inflict upon ourselves, upon each other, and upon the animal world beneath us. This he is not responsible for, but we. And I submit that, when we are dealing with the universe and trying to find out the purpose and plans, the wisdom and goodness, of the Creator, we must deal only with those things for which he is rationally, rightly, and inevitably responsible.

Let us, then, glance at two or three classes of needless suffering which we can do away with at any time we please. Take, for example, the wide-spread horrors of war, the sacking of towns, the burning of cities, the shooting, the mutilation of our fellow-men, all the bloodshed that has reddened the surface of the earth from the beginning until now,— these are no necessary part of the universe, no necessary part of human life. They are preventable; and in the ultimate analysis of things, in trying to get at the nature of the world, we have no right to charge God with responsibility for them.

Take all the evils connected with human slavery, as they have been pictured by the poets and orators who have spoken or sung in behalf of human freedom,— the slave toiling under the lash, husband and wife torn apart, one of them to be sent South and the other West, children torn from the mother's arms and sent to the auction block, all these things that make up the horror of human slavery,— are these a part of the indictment made up of the sum of human suffering that we have a right to bring to the foot of the throne and ask God to account for? We are responsible for them all ourselves, and not he.

Take all the results of human anger, human envy, human jealousy, all the blows that have been struck, all the murders that have been committed, all the crimes that employ our courts and pack our jails, most of the evils that are represented in our lunatic asylums, nine-tenths of the diseases

of the world,— these things are preventable. They are the result of the wilfulness, the passion, the envy, the jealousy, the selfishness of men and women, and are no necessary part of the order of human life.

So you can go through every department of life, and select and set apart in a class by themselves all this suffering which is preventable. If we wish to deal with the real facts of the case, we must do this as preliminary to considering the ultimate problem which remains, which is the real problem.

III. I come now, after these fragmentary suggestions, to deal with the real question, the ultimate question of suffering. There is enough of it: there is an overwhelming amount of it. There is enough to constitute a great problem which needs to be seriously considered. There is enough for which we cannot hold ourselves responsible to drape the heavens, and to make our eyes so blind with tears that it is difficult for us to see our way. I would not underestimate or belittle this great ultimate fact of suffering. But now let us consider this without shutting our eyes to any essential fact or principle.

In the first place, unless your imaginations are constructed in a different way from mine, it is impossible for us to conceive the existence of pleasurable sensations without there being unpleasurable sensations also. What is the nature of this nervous system of ours, which is the instrument of our feeling? It is simply an instrument through which we are sensitive. Sensitive to what? We can be sensitive to things that we like. Must we not also in the nature of things be sensitive to things we do not like? If there is pleasure, must there not be pain? I cannot conceive the possibility that one should exist without its being accompanied by the possibility of the other. The only way to avoid it would be to have a constant succession of interferences or miracles, something to prevent our doing anything to hurt whenever we were so inclined. But even that would not prevent it; for see what the next step means.

If a man was happy all the time, and had been from the moment of his birth until now, had never seen anything but happiness,— pardon the paradox,— he would not be happy, he would not know anything about happiness, he could not possibly comprehend what happiness means. There is no possibility of our feeling pleasant sensations and being conscious that they are pleasant sensations, unless we know what unpleasant sensations are. A pleasant sensation except by contrast is unmeaning. That old orthodox dream of a heaven of perfect bliss is not quite so unreasonable as it might seem at first, because the inhabitant there would have the memory of the opposite, and so might conceive that he was happy now in contrast with that time away back millions of years when he was on this earth and was not happy. But there must have been some time a sensation, an experience, or knowledge of pain before one could be conscious that he is happy.

Then there is another point. There are some things that omnipotence is not equal to, some things that are absurd, contradictory in the nature of things. God himself could not create a race of creatures and place them on this earth, and deprive them of the possibility of suffering, and keep them here a year. Anything that is made to live in such conditions as we are in to-day is constantly threatened by physical injury. A limb may be broken or torn off, one may fall over a precipice, life may be crushed out in any one of a thousand ways, one may eat something that will poison him and so perish. We are in the midst of a play of forces that threaten injury or destruction. Suppose we had no sensitiveness to pain, that to have an arm broken or a leg pulled out, or the body crushed into a jelly, would not hurt: how long do you suppose a race of beings like that would exist? Ask any competent scientific man, and he will tell you that in a world like this a race of creatures that could not feel pain would die out in six months. So, if it is worth while,— I know there are some who question that,—

if it is worth while to be alive at all, then we must pay the possibility of suffering as the condition of life itself.

Take another step. I believe that every particle of necessary pain, inevitable pain, unpreventable pain, is a token of the love, the care, the tenderness, of the Power that put us here. If we have a sensation of pain, it is a warning given to us in the only way in which it could be given to us, unless an angel were sent to give us the news, that something is wrong. It is the warning that a law has been broken. It is God's signal mark of danger. "Private way, dangerous crossing," or in any way you choose to figure it. It is God's method of telling us that we cannot safely walk along that path. If we could perfectly keep the laws of God, we should be perfectly free from suffering. The existence of pain is simply God's kindly warning that we have gone to the extreme limit of safety in that direction, and must guard ourselves and turn to another way. Take a case of extreme illness. When the body has reached the condition where there is no longer any possibility of the sensation of pain, the doctor gives up because he knows that death is near. So long as there is a possibility of pain, so long there is hope. There is very little pain generally in dying. Death is the kindly angel who administers his own anæsthetic before he takes us through the last experience which ends our present earthly career.

Then there is one other point for us to consider. If it were possible for us to be placed in a world where we should have no sensation or experience of pain, no suffering,— just think how true this is,— there would be no possibility of our working out what we call civilization. We might improve; but there would be no possibility of our developing our own characters. What do we mean by the fact that we have created a civilization here on earth? We mean that, as the result of study and thought, we have dealt with the refractory raw materials of the world, and wrought them over into serviceable forms. This means labor, weari-

ness, a certain kind of pain. In the process we have developed ourselves intellectually, morally. It is absolutely necessary in the nature of things that we should face difficulties and obstacles, meet things that are hard to do, that we do not like, that bring us pain, that call out all the power in us. It is absolutely necessary that we should develop ourselves intellectually, and that we should devise ourselves a means for reshaping and re-creating these conditions; and in this process we shape and re-create ourselves. There is no other way by which the moral, intellectual, and spiritual nature can be developed which we are able to conceive.

As we study the progress of life on earth, we find matter in a condition that evinces no sensation whatever. Then we find the lower forms of life are simple in structure, rudimentary in their nervous systems, if they have any nervous system. Then we find those that are capable of the simplest amount of pain conceivable. As animals rise in grade, increase in complexity of structure, in intricacy of nervous development, the capacity for pleasure or pain immensely increases, keeping step with each other. But it is only as we come into the higher ranges of life that we find the keenest pain and the greatest amount of pleasure. The greatest capacity for suffering is in the higher developed, most sensitive specimens of our race. But would any one who has climbed up into the capability of tasting what the ecstasy of joy may mean, even for one instant,— would he be willing to surrender that for the sake of being less capable of suffering? I do not know what others may say, but I have experienced sensations in five minutes that I would not exchange for a year of suffering. Joys and sorrows are not to be measured by the bushel or the yard. They are to be measured by quality, by intensity, by what they mean to the person who experiences them. I have had glimpses, visions, outlooks from mountain peaks of thought and feeling for which, if necessary, I would be willing to pay the

price of a year of struggle, of darkness, of shadow, of living under cloud. The highest, noblest natures have the keenest sensitiveness to pain and the keenest possibilities of pleasure.

Could you have any high and fine development of art except on the part of those natures that shrink from anything in the shape of ugliness, deformity, defect? The finest artists are the ones that suffer over their own failures to reach their own ideal. Can you conceive of a high ideal of art except at that price? The same is true of the musician. The same is true of moral development. The brighter the light, the darker the shadow; the finer the excellence, the more keenly is felt even the slightest departure from that standard of excellence.

So I take it, as the world goes on and man is developed higher and higher, the possibility of pain will increase, not lessen; and those who have felt the joy of that which is divine will be glad to pay the price. I do not look for a time when pain will cease out of the universe. I do believe that each individual soul will be cultivated and trained into such obedience to the laws of God that the amount of pain in his own case will be reduced to a minimum, but the experience he has passed through will develop the quality of mercy and tenderness and love,— those highest and sweetest qualities in what we call human or angelic,— so that, wherever in the universe he may be, he will be seeking out those who are passing through this necessary experience, out of which they will graduate into the likeness of the divine. They will love to give the cup of cold water, the encouraging word, the hand-clasp of love and of help. And so the world will go on, passing through and graduating from the school of moral evil and of suffering, which school, however, may always exist, only no single soul need be condemned to dwell in it forever.

I wish to close with a verse from Tennyson, and to express my earnest conviction that his hope, as the result of

the careful study of the facts of animal and human life, is abundantly to be justified.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Father, as far as we can see into this mystery of suffering, we trust not only that it is inevitable, if we would love and grow at all, but that it is a process through which we may come to the highest and sweetest and divinest, and that the outcome is such as to make it abundantly worth while that we suffer in this passing moment for the sake of the glory and the gladness that are to follow. Amen.

NOTE.

The following criticism comes to me from a friend :—

Dear Mr. Savage,—I. In the sermon on Finding God, or rather in the note, you say: "The only thing materialistic scientists or any other persons *know directly and immediately is mind.* All they know of matter is as something outside of us affects or impresses mind. The entire basis, then, of the materialistic theory of the world is a pure assumption."

It seems to me this is carried so far by you that it recoils; for "all we know directly and immediately" is *not mind*, but *our own mind*, and

it is a "pure assumption" for us to imagine there is any mind in existence but our own. In other words, it seems to me that it is in every way as rational for us to believe in matter as it is for us to believe in the existence of any mind but our own; for it is an inference only for me to assume that my neighbor *has* a mind, and an inference that in some cases is not so strong as the inference that he has a body. For his body is always present to my senses, while his mind may, for various reasons, make no impression on me whatever, and in certain forms of disease may permanently disappear.

If I consider that mind is a property of matter which only appears under certain conditions, I see no more assumption in the materialistic theory than is absolutely necessary for any theory and for every theory, as the only absolute basis is "I exist"; and the very next step that anything outside of me — matter, mind, or God — exists is nothing more than an assumption.

II. I do not think it is strictly scientific for you to say in your sermon, "It is a postulate of all rational thinking that only life can produce life," etc. Huxley says, as you know, that "no man is entitled to say that anything is impossible unless it is a contradiction in terms." All we are entitled to say is that, at present, so far as we know, the condition called life has not yet appeared except as a result of changes in matter, which was already in the living condition. But I am told that chemists and biologists are at work on the subject, and do not despair of producing a living, organic being out of inorganic matter; and I, for one, do not see any insurmountable objection to their so doing.

It is not impossible for *me* to conceive of death as producing life; for it is but one condition producing another. To me it seems as if the condition called life differs only from the condition called death in the varying arrangement of atoms, and therefore their varying modes of action and reaction upon each other; and I cannot look upon life as an entity which was placed in man by special creation, as would seem to be a fair inference from certain words in your note.

III. One point more. If God *is* everything, if he is, as you say, *love*, *hope*, etc.,—"because the less does not include the greater,"— he is also malice, envy, greed, cruelty, and everything damnable and abominable which we see around us, in exactly the same line of reasoning. Is this logical or illogical? It really seems to me to follow absolutely from your premises.

I am glad to receive such comments as these, and will reply to them as well as I can. I have taken the liberty to number them, and so will refer to each in its order.

I. In raising the question as to whether other persons have or are minds, my critic switches off from the main issue. For the purposes of my argument, I do not care whether they have or not. It is a question of great interest, but it is *not* the one I raised.

The point I made and to which I still hold is this: since the only thing we directly and immediately know is mind, the student must *begin with mind* in his investigation of the universe. To drop that and start with the comparatively unknown thing called matter is to begin at the wrong end. Whether other people have minds or not does not touch this point; and this is the only question I was dealing with. One thing at a time! When this is settled, the other matter may come up.

To "consider that mind is a property of matter which only appears under certain conditions" is the very assumption of which I complain. I *know* mind exists. That it is a property of matter nobody knows. I am willing to accept it as true when it is proved true. But, if it is, it changes our definition of matter, and makes ample room for not mind only, *but God.*

One other point. My critic confuses "assumption" with "inference." The one may be perfectly legitimate when the other is not.

II. As to whether only life can produce life, it is all I care to contend for that, so far, nobody has discovered any other origin for it. It is suggestive, also, that Clifford and Haeckel, the great scientific materialists, have felt obliged to resort to "mind stuff" and "atom souls" to account for facts.

If my friend can conceive of "death as producing life," all I will say is that I cannot. But, when he defines the difference between death and life as only a difference of arrangement and action of atoms, he leaves out of account the one great central fact of all. The difference is psychic. The great distinction is one of feeling and consciousness,—so far as we can think, a world-wide difference *in kind.*

That life is an "entity which was placed in man by special creation" is *not* a fair inference from any words of mine. It is well known that I have held and preached to the contrary for years.

III. I have never said that "God *is* everything," but only that he is in and through the Universe, which is the manifestation of his life. Matthew Arnold says that in the Universe is manifest "a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." A trend, a tendency, is observable. The Universe must be in favor of the keeping of its own laws. Were these perfectly kept, what we call "evil" would cease. "Malice, envy, greed, cruelty, and everything damnable and abominable" may be conceived as a part of the process of developing finite moral beings, while not at all approved of by God himself. He may permit the conditions necessary to an end. But he is to be judged by the end. To treat the conditions as finalities is not good logic or good morals, is neither just nor fair. Judge an apple-tree by its fruits, but *not until it is ripe.* When you see a half-finished statue in the studio of a sculptor, you do not think it is a statue turning into a block of marble; you feel sure it is a piece of stone being turned into a statue.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THE NATIONAL TRIUMPH AND SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS.

My subject is "The National Triumph and some Afterthoughts": and my text you may find in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, the twenty-first verse: —

"And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

If I have anything particular to say concerning my text, it will probably be near the end of the sermon and not the beginning. Let me begin, then, by saying that, as I sat up the other night waiting, as we all waited, anxiously to hear what the country had said, the one thought that thrilled me first and foremost of all was thanksgiving to God for the new lease of life that had been vouchsafed the republic; for I considered that we had been threatened with a disaster second to none in our history, and I said, Thank God, the republic is safe!

I had occasion to say to you the other day that the most difficult thing in the history of this world has been the organizing of a government that should combine strength, power, and individual liberty. When this country was first formed, our critics — most of them not over-friendly, some of them friendly, across the sea — our critics said, It is all very fine, the rights of man, the liberty of the individual; these are beautiful and comfortable doctrines during times of peace; but let the republic be threatened by war, let some great strain come upon her, and then we shall see! So when the first gun was fired on Sumter it was almost

the unanimous opinion — whether a glad or a sad one — on the other side of the water, that our glorious country, the hope, as we had dared to believe, of mankind, had seen the beginning of the end. But we proved to the world a truth which it was hardly prepared to accept,— we proved to the world that a republic that conferred such magnificent benefits upon the private individual as to bind that private individual to the public welfare as by bands of steel,— we proved, I say, that a republic like this was the strongest government on the face of the earth. Never did a country before stand such an assault as we stood and come out of it with such a magnificent triumph. Never was there a country before that was mighty enough to be so magnanimous as we could afford to be. Always before, the traitors had been hung, or beheaded by the hundreds, sometimes by the thousands; it was not considered safe to let them live. But we proved ourselves so strong that we could treat them as brothers and friends, sending them home to their farms, their shops, their stores, their offices in peace; treating them so that after twenty-five or thirty years the great majority of those who tried to destroy the republic are as eager to-day to salute, to follow, to defend the flag as the most loyal of us all. But it was said, Yes, we proved ourselves strong in the face of physical force.

Yet we have recently had to meet a new assault, a new kind of assault more dangerous than that which carries guns and swords; an assault insidious, inviting, tempting, coming in the guise of patriotism, coming in the guise of a larger promise for man, led many a time by men who have been distinguished among us for their philanthropy and their advocacy of the rights of the poor and the down-trodden; an assault coming in the guise of virtue, as I have said, touching our honor, our honesty, pointing us an easy way, apparently, of getting rid of burdens hard to bear. And the world the other side of the sea has been looking on and saying, "Yes, the republic stood

the attack of armed men, it was strong in the midst of a civil war, but now the peace and prosperity of the country have eaten out its finer sense of virtue, its devotion to the nobler and higher ideals, and so at last the republic is doomed." And we waited, some of us with sinking hearts, to see whether the republic was really as strong morally as it was physically. And so, as I have said, when the returns came in the other night, while I felt like waving my hat in air and joining in the shouts of the people, I felt even more deep down in my heart a sense of thanksgiving that was ready to express itself with tears. The country is morally strong, the country is not to be easily deceived or led astray; and I cannot imagine, friends, in any near future a danger threatening us greater than these two through which we have come unscathed. I believe, then, that the star of hope for common humanity which rose here in the West is not to sink in a night of disaster, but is to shine on after the clouds have passed by with a brilliancy such as has never distinguished it before.

There is another point worthy of our notice. I feel all the more sure in regard to the safety and strength of this magnificent country of ours because the victory has been won by the people, not by leaders. There never has been a grand moral victory in the history of this world before that was so completely due to the common people and owed so little to leadership. Almost always, when some great cause has been won, you are able to point out some one man who has embodied that cause, who has voiced it, who has been lifted on high as leader. You never think about the crusades of the Middle Ages, when all Europe was aflame with the desire to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the degrading infidel,— you never think about that crusade but the magnificent figure of Peter the Hermit looms upon your sight. It is Peter the Hermit who sums up the crusade, who sets the people on fire with zeal, who leads them to ultimate victory. And when we talk about the great

Reformation of the sixteenth century, we know that it was Luther, more than the millions of men, who secured it. When we come to the birth of our country, there stands Washington, the ideal of all we aspired to, of all we strove after, of all we dreamed. And when we come to the rebellion of 1861, there is Lincoln,— Lincoln who first voiced the new thought; Lincoln who presided at the birth of the great party who afterward achieved the victory; Lincoln who summed up the aspirations and hopes of the people, and led them from the beginning to the end.

But where now in this last crusade for righteousness, for honor, for honesty, for hope,—where is our Peter the Hermit, where is our Luther, where is our Washington, where is our Lincoln, our Grant? We have none. Up to the time of the meeting of the Convention at St. Louis, not one conspicuous man over the country had dared to speak above a whisper. It was the people,— the great, sound, honest heart of the maligned men who were pictured to us as eager to leap upon and cheat their creditors. It was these men who spoke the compelling word. It was these men who found, and it was these men who pushed leaders to the front, and made them willing or unwilling representatives of their insistent, conquering righteous desire. This victory, then, is the victory of the common people, the farmers, the artisans, the business men of the country. And since it is so, we rest in an assurance that no conspicuous leadership could possibly bestow. If we can win without generals, then certainly we can win with them. If we can create generals and make them take their places at the front, then we have power that is able to defy all assault.

Another point: it has been the victory of patriotism and not of partisanship. No one party in this country could have achieved the triumph of which we are glad to-day. Parties are right, parties are necessary, I suppose; parties are inevitable; but, as I had occasion to tell you the other day, parties exist for the country, and not the country for

parties. There are always differences of opinion as to questions of method, of administration; but we have found out that we can trust this country of ours when we come face to face with some great moral, spiritual principle of righteousness and truth. When honor, when honesty, when manhood are at stake, we can trust the people to forget as to whether they are Democrats or Republicans, and remember only that they are Americans, that they are citizens of this magnificent republic. And I beseech you, friends, now that the victory is over, not to forget this great truth, not to make it harder for the man who differs from you to unite with you again on some great question touching the common good. It is so easy for us to assume that all the wisdom and all the virtue are on our side. It is very curious to me that persons will go abroad to France, or Germany, and wonder that customs and ways are so different over there. "Why don't they do things as we do them?" they say, forgetting that the Frenchman or the German is looking at them and saying, "Oh, these Americans are so curious, and odd, and peculiar! Why do they not do things the way we do them over here?" It is simply that the things seem right, seem natural, seem normal, to which we have become accustomed.

And I take it that whether we are Democrats or Republicans, in nine cases out of ten there is no individual virtue concerned in it whatsoever. Most of us are what we are because we are born so. We are Republicans or Democrats just as we have black hair or light, because we have inherited it. This is almost the universal truth. But it is very easy for us to get into the way of thinking that, if all the members of the other party are not rascals, at least all the rascals are in the other party. It is very easy for us to get into a state of mind wherein if we do not question a man's morals we question his sense; and most men are a good deal more indignant when you question their intelligence than they are when you question their character. Let us remember how superficial this all is. Democrats

and Republicans both are men, and they have proved it; proved it in the war, in the last election, that when the great compelling problem of the safety of the country is at stake they are for the country, for righteousness, for truth, — equal then on one side as on the other.

And then there is another thing that is the cause of a great deal of gratitude to me. I have not been sure that I should live to see this day; for ever since I was old enough to become interested in the condition of things in this country I have seen one section of the country pitted solid against the other section. It has not always been quite a solid North, but it has always been a solid South. But to-day we see the beginning of the end of sectionalism. It is easy enough for us to understand why there has been a solid South; and it is easy enough for us, if we be a little patient, also to understand why the solid South has continued so long. You know, friends,— I say it so you may understand the point of view from which I speak,— that I was born and trained in the hottest kind of Republicanism. I will not tell you just where I stand to-day, because that is not important. But I will say this, that in my judgment the South has since the war done marvellously well. Lincoln never said a truer or more patriotic thing than he did long before the war when he said, "The men of the South are just what we would be in their places. If slavery did not exist," he said, "they would not now introduce it. If slavery did exist here at the North we would not be ready immediately to abolish it." And let me suggest that you think once in a while of what you probably all know, that slavery existed North as well as South. Old Dr. Jonathan Edwards was a slave-holder in Connecticut and in Northampton, Mass. And slavery died out in the North, not because we were so much more pious than the people of the South, but because slavery as an institution did not pay here and it did down there.

It is not strange, then, that this sectionalism has existed;

but at last the solid South is broken, and never again in the history of this country, I prophesy, will you see all the States of the South arrayed together on any one great issue. We have been doing what we could, consciously or unconsciously,—and by "we" I mean people in general,—to establish another sectionalism between the East and the West. They have been telling us that the West was going to vote against the East because the East represented Wall Street and the men who were manipulating and playing with gold and who were oppressing and deluding the common people. And sometimes it has seemed to me that our newspapers have done something towards creating and increasing this sectionalism. It may seem a small thing, but in the end it is a big thing, I do not like to see the papers talking so much about the "wild and woolly" West. You go out there and you find no more wildness or woolliness than in many places in the East. It is a common thing to sneer at the culture of Chicago. Do you happen to know that there were more books, and books of the solid kind that represent thinking and study, taken out of the Chicago Public Library last year than out of any other library in this country? And I venture to say to you, gentlemen, that there has not been a city established on this continent that, when it had reached the age of Chicago, could compare with it for one moment in culture and the highest type of civilization. The comic papers,—and I for one am very grateful for the fact that there are comic papers: I am grateful to the paper which helps me, in spite of the strain and trouble and worry of life, to laugh,—the comic papers have done something also to intensify this feeling of sectionalism between the East and the West. But those who thought that there was going to be any antagonism between the East and the West have been wonderfully mistaken. The West has answered to the East, and the East to the West. It has been one utterance for honor, for honesty, for truth, for human hope here on this continent.

And then there is another point: I have been among those who have been accustomed to be afraid of the rapid increase of the foreign element among us. Not that I had any objection to foreigners coming here. A good many years ago, Mr. Beecher,— but you must remember that the times have changed very much since that day,— Mr. Beecher said that there was no danger on account of any number of immigrants coming to this country. He said, when an elephant in the jungle bites off the limb of a tree, the elephant does not turn into tree, the tree turns into elephant. But there is a possibility of the country's biting off more than it can readily digest. I believe in foreigners coming here if they are good material out of which to make Americans. I would compel them to speak our language and get acquainted with our institutions; and after they have been here a reasonable time, I would have them stop talking about being Germans or Irishmen, or Scandinavians and Italians, and simply remember that they are Americans. I, for one, am very tired, as the elections come, of hearing talk of which way the Irish vote is going, or the German, or the Italian. Friends, these phrases ought never to be uttered on our American soil. There should be no talk of an Irish vote, or a German vote, or an Italian vote; there is only one vote here, no matter where the man comes from who casts it, and that is an American vote.

Let us have done, then, with all this talk of foreigners after they have become Americans. I say I confess that I have been a good deal troubled over the rapidity with which foreigners have come among us, lest we should not be able to digest and assimilate so much raw material; but magnificent is the hope that comes to us as a result of this last election. You and I feel perfectly certain that the election went right, so I need not stop to defend a point like that. I call your attention, then, to the fact that every single State, every single city, that is distinguished for the large, for the abnormal number of foreigners, of foreign-born

citizens,— every single one of these has voted right. There is not an exception. The States that have voted wrong, the cities that have voted wrong, are the ones where the native, the native-born citizen is in immense preponderance. So we need not hereafter, I think, be quite so much troubled over the question of immigration as we have been; though I would still have a keen and earnest and faithful guardian at the gate, seeing that the best and most hopeful materials should have the preference in the matter of entry.

There is one other point that is so important I must dwell on it for a little while. There is a popular idea — I believe it to be a popular fallacy — that, morally considered, the country is immensely superior to the city. You know there is a proverb, "God made the country, but man made the town." Now, I was born and brought up and spent my school days in a little country village, Puritan of the Puritans, away down in Maine; and never, from that day to this, have I come in contact with so much viciousness to the square inch as I did there during my boyhood. I believe it to be an utter mistake that cities are worse than the country. Every little while the newspapers and reviews are dealing with this matter and telling us we must find some way to prevent the aggregation of people in great centres, we must have new methods of rapid transit by which we can spread people out over larger areas; and, meantime, in spite of our talk and our discussions, the great centres are increasing in numbers as they never have in all the past, and people are flocking more and more to the cities. So, if this wail represents the truth, the outlook for the future is poor indeed. But another story has been told us by this election: every single great city in this country, with the exception of two,— and in the case of those two the facts can be very easily explained,— every great city, I say, in the country has voted right, and by immense, unprecedented majorities. There never has been anything like it known in the history of this country. The great cities have spoken, and spoken with a

voice that nobody could misunderstand, in favor of honesty, in favor of righteousness, in favor of honor, in favor of manhood, in favor of God.

We will not then in the future be quite so much afraid of these great centres of population as we have been in the past, and we will take into account one or two facts which ought to have helped us a little in the matter before. Bad people seek the cities, of course; but good people seek the cities, too. Where do you find the most distinguished lawyers, the most famous literary men? Where do you find those who are noted in any department of life,—the teachers, the professors, the writers, the thinkers? The men who have reached eminence in any department of life as naturally flow to the cities as the water of the mountains and far-off hill-tops flows to the sea. And did you ever stop to think one thing? I wonder how many of you know what the word "heathen" or "pagan" means. It has an immense significance as bearing on this very point. When Christianity first sprang up in the Roman empire, it did not begin in the country. The first churches of early Christendom were in the great cities, where thought was freest, where ideas were most tolerated, where live movements of every kind were least impeded. The early churches were in Jerusalem, they were in Antioch, they were in Rome,—in the great cities. By and by, but only after a long period of agitation and missionary work, did Christianity begin to spread out among the rural population in small villages and in the country. The word "heathen" is simply "heath-man," a man who lives out on the heath. The word "pagan" is from a word meaning a villager, a man who lives in a small village. And the significance of this is that after Rome became Christianized in all its great centres of thought, the pagan or the villager or the heath-man still maintained his allegiance to the old religion. And so pagan and heathen came to be terms by which to designate those who had not become Christians; that is, who had not

accepted the new higher and finer and more dominant ideas of the religion which had invaded the empire. And so remember, then, that the cities are the places where first Christianity was established,— the places where people are permitted to ask questions, where you can get any new idea considered. It is nothing against the country; but it is a fact that, when people are crowded together in cities, they rub off their sharp points, they become more tolerant, they accept new opinions and walk in new paths. So it ought not to be a surprising thing for us to remember that the cities of the country almost without an exception voted right. So we can trust still in our cities.

There are two or three points that I must suggest to you before I close, though I cannot deal with them at any length. I want to suggest that the victory that we have achieved, in spite of the fact that so much has been said on the other side, is a victory for the poor, a victory for the common people. If it were not, friends, this republic would be doomed. There must always be the great majority of people who possess only very limited means. I do not know just what your figures are here in New York: I know that in Massachusetts,— which, I suppose, for its population is the richest State in the country,— if the entire property were divided up among the inhabitants, there would not be more than five or six hundred dollars apiece all round. It is inevitable then that the majority of people can never be rich. There isn't enough wealth to make us all rich, even if we could get possession of it. It is, then, to be noted that the poor people, relatively poor, the common people as we say,— though I think the word "common" as an opprobrious epithet ought to be discarded,— the common people must be the basis, the broad basis, on which the safety of the republic must rest, so any victory which is a victory for the rich would be a disaster to the land. I rejoice because it seems to me unquestionable that this is a victory for the poor, a victory for those who from a mistaken

usage of language we are accustomed to call the "working" people.

Then there is another point. I want to ask you, in accordance with a thought that has been dwelt on at some length, to guard against everything that tends to create a feeling of sectionalism, antagonism, between the parts of this great country. Let us understand each other, let us do what we can to put ourselves in the place of other people in our country, understand their grievance, if possible, get into friendly relation with them, talk things over,— and we can adjust any difficulty. The only danger of any conflict coming in this country in the future is a danger that results from ignorance, from misunderstanding. We pray for the coming of the kingdom of God on earth, and that means perfect sympathy and brotherhood. Anything that interferes, that separates, that divides, is a threat and a danger.

And then I want to make a suggestion. Possibly there will be a great many people here who will not agree with me. If they do, they will say that Mr. Savage might have kept that for a week-day. But I am going to speak, just the same, for I could show you that it goes into the depths of ethics and religion. It is one of the most mischievous things that we have been troubled with these last years. I believe, now, every man who loves his country ought to do all he can to influence the country to go out of the banking business. Just so long as any considerable portion of the people in this country believe that Congress has power to make dollars there is to be no peace; and there is no more dangerous delusion than that on the face of the earth. Congress has no more power to create the value of one single cent than it has to interfere with the law of gravity. Just so long as corporations or individuals think they have a right to look to the government to help them out of their troubles, just so long will there be no peace and prosperity in this country. I simply give you that as my personal opinion, and ask you, if you have not done it, to think about

it very seriously. And do not tell me at the close of the sermon you do not agree with me; wait a year before you do it.

There is one other point of a great deal of importance: We have proved right here in this city of New York that a non-partisan union of all the best people,— that is, people who believe in honesty and righteousness and truth,— that a union of this sort can do anything it pleases. Look back then over the years that are past, and when you have been suffering under misrule here in this city confess it is your own fault: it is because you have dragged in petty irrelevant issues that have nothing whatever to do with the right management of the affairs of this city that you have been robbed and oppressed and made a laughing-stock and a disgrace in the eyes of the people. A union of the best people in New York can in the future have its own way; but you can't have your own way if you are going to fight for petty issues of partisanship. Do you know that one hundred and forty thousand men voted for what you and I believe to be dishonor, dishonesty, here in this city of New York? That is a dangerously large number of people to be led anywhere by a machine. If you wish safety, then, in this city of New York in the future, learn to combine all the best elements for the noblest and highest ends.

Now at the last I will simply say that we have learned in this struggle we have been through that the principles involved in the safety of the republic are moral principles. They are matters of righteousness. They are not matters of expediency, not matters of politics in the ordinary sense of the word, not matters of statesmanship. They are matters of right and wrong. This country is not kept together by the square miles of its areas, by the magnificent rivers and lakes, by the verdure of its soil and the wonder of its crops; it is not kept together by its warehouses or its business men, by its commerce on the sea,— this country is kept together by the moral principles of justice, of sympathy, of mutual helpfulness. In other words, just in so far as we

preserve and keep the safety of this country, we keep it by the same principles which will bring to pass here on earth the supremacy of the kingdom of God.

Here, then, at the end, for one brief moment, comes in my text. It is not we only, it is "the Lord" who "hath triumphed gloriously." In seeking moral and spiritual ends, the Lord must work, not outside of, but through moral and spiritual men. So our righteous triumph is His. We cowork for the victory which means all good.

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PERSONAL AND SOCIAL DISCONTENT.

My subject this morning is "Personal and Social Discontent"; and the text you may find in two parts, though from the same book of Philippians. First, the fourth chapter and part of the 11th verse:—

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Then in the preceding chapter, the third, the 13th and 14th verses:—

"Brethren I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the goal."

It is not important that we should settle the critical problem as to who is the author of these words, as to whether Paul wrote this Epistle to the Church in Philippi or whether it was written by some one in sympathy with his position and teaching. The thing we are concerned with this morning is the saying itself, this apparent paradox: the same man writing in one chapter, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," and then in words just a little way off from these that expression of eternal, sublime, divine discontent,— I do not count myself to have attained, I am not through, I am not ready to sit down satisfied. And so, lifelong, this one thing I do: forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those that are before, I press on towards the goal. The ideal of this man, if we read him aright, seems to be that of a sort of

discontented contentment, or a contented discontent, however you choose to phrase it. In any case it opens up for us this great practical theme.

It is a striking fact of the modern world that there are so many discontented people. I say it is a striking fact of the *modern* world. There is, I suppose, more discontent to-day than ever before in the history of mankind; and it is a fact that I wish you carefully to note, for it is a most important one, that this discontent is among the people who are the best off. If you should go West and study the condition of the Sioux Indians, you would not find any labor question there. If you should go among the Comanches you would discern no talk of "classes against the masses" or "masses against the classes." Where there are no ideas there is no discontent. So you find this popular social discontent in only a few countries and among those that have made the most hopeful progress towards a higher civilization. There was practically no discontent among the millions of India until England brought to bear upon them the influences of her higher civilization. Sometimes as we look towards Russia,— perhaps listen to Mr. Kennan lecture on the condition of things in Siberia, or note the newspaper talk about nihilism,— we get the impression that the Empire of Russia is in a volcanic condition; that they are ready with upheaval and overturn everywhere; but the discontent in Russia is confined almost wholly to a hundred thousand students, members of the Universities, the few that talk and dream of a better condition of things. The great masses of the millions of the Russian people are content, content with a condition of things that would seem unbearable to us. They even look upon the White Czar as almost the incarnation of Deity on earth, and anything like revolution is the farthest conceivable from their minds.

Wherever you find social discontent, then, you may set it down as a sure thing that the people among whom you discover it have made very hopeful progress and are *en route*

towards a higher and grander condition of things. And a parallel truth you may discover in the matter of personal discontent: it is not the people who are hopeless who have made no progress, who have had no opportunity who are discontented. The most of them, sadly enough, are very contented, indeed; and this is the one hopeless factor in their case. There is no hope of anybody who is not discontented. You find a man who thinks he is good enough, who has no sense of personal imperfection, and do you find him your ideal man,— this self-satisfied man? Do you consider it a compliment when somebody else says that you are self-satisfied? When you speak of another person as self-satisfied, do you mean to compliment him? The men who are self-satisfied are generally the ones who are very easily satisfied indeed. Paul was anything but satisfied. The most of us feel as though we were pretty good,— at any rate, as good as the average. We do not find it easy to confess our sins. But Paul, whom we call Saint Paul,— one of the most magnificent types of character that ever has appeared on the face of this earth,— Paul, in contrition and humiliation, was ready to speak of himself as the very chiefest of sinners. His moral conscience had become so sensitive that he was alive to, and was pained by, defects that most of us take no account of. Once in a while you will find a person who thinks he can sing. He is generally somebody whom no one wishes to hear. The persons who are thoroughly and carefully trained as musicians, who are conscious of every finest defect or discord,— these are the ones, who, not self-satisfied, and knowing that they are infinitely this side of perfection,— they are the ones whom we love to hear. I do not believe that Shakspere ever wrote a line in his life that he was satisfied with. I doubt if Mr. Tupper ever wrote a line in his life that he was not satisfied with. The difference is that the work of the dissatisfied man we pore over and reverently study; the work of the man who is satisfied with himself we leave to his own reward.

Discontent, then, whether it is personal or whether it is social, is a sign of growth, of progress. Nobody is discontented who is not a good ways along the path of advance. And yet you will find people to-day criticising the social and industrial condition of the modern world so blind to this fundamental fact that they are talking about the discontent of the time as though it were a sign of oppression, a sign that the people are worse off than they used to be. Every little while I either read or hear some man say that the wage-earners of the world — I use this, not because I am going to preach an industrial or political sermon, but purely as illustration — are worse off than they were during the Middle Ages. They talk about an industrial slavery as though such a thing really existed; and this, friends, in the face of the fact that there never has been a time, since this earth cooled out of the fire mist and became a globe, when the average common man was anywhere nearly as well off as he is to-day. I do not mean that he is as well off as he ought to be. He is discontented and I am glad of it; I am glad to see him discontented. Only we do not help on the real progress of the world by misrepresenting facts. When a man begins by telling me that the common laborer to-day is worse off than he used to be, I do not care to hear him any more, because I know one of two things: either he has a cause to serve and is not careful about being honest in his statements, or else he does not know what he is talking about,— one of the two, and in either case I have no use for him.

Discontent, then, is a sign of growth, a sign of progress. In the light of that statement you will be ready for my next one. The people ought to be discontented, society ought to be discontented. If we try to get a man or a people satisfied with the attainment which they have made up to the present time, we are working them an injury. Take the author, for example. Is there a man who has ever written a book with which he is contented, if it be worth anything?

Ought he to be contented with the last book he has written? If he begins another one, should he be satisfied to say to himself, "I do not care to excel what I have already accomplished?" The men that do work that tells are men like one that I have in mind. I have a friend; he is a famous scientific man well known in this country and in Europe. I wish to let you into the secret of the kind of effort that a man like that puts into writing a book. He sat down and wrote his large work in two volumes, dealing gravely with the great problems of human association. Then he put it away, did not rush into print with it, and spent five years in reading every book that he could lay his hands on in any language that touched or dealt with the problems with which he had been dealing; and at the end of that time he rewrote his own book from beginning to end.* It is this discontent with present attainment in book-writing, this discontent with present attainment in any department of life, which gives us hope that grander and finer and higher things are to be accomplished. No man then ought to be contented with anything he has ever done. No man ought to rest until he strives after higher and finer conditions, higher and finer character, higher and finer attainment in any direction and in every department of life.

But now let us turn to another phase of this subject. When people allow their discontent to become sour, to grow bitter, to turn into envy, into jealousy, into the kind of restlessness that does not see anywhere any justice or any good, then what? There are three things happen. In the first place, a man like this fails completely in attaining the end that has been already attained, perhaps, by the man of whom he is envious, or towards whom he has a feeling of jealousy. In other words, envy and jealousy are not the qualities that succeed in this world; they are not the conditions of attainment. So if any man or any society wishes to attain something better than has yet been reached, let him or it guard

* Prof. Lester F. Ward and his book "Dynamic Sociology."

carefully against the bitterness of jealousy or envy, that kind of discontent that, if it cannot attain a height, will, if it be possible, overthrow it, and prevent its attainment by anybody else. Then there is another thing that results from the cultivation of this jealousy or envy; and that is, the cankering and destruction of so much happiness as we might attain in the things that we already possess. Do you know I sometimes read a parable for grown people as I study little children at play in the nursery, or on the floor of a sitting-room. Where commonly do you not find it true that children will get tired, in about five minutes, of anything and everything that you have given them, and raise a perfect tempest of discord because they cannot have something else, utterly overlooking the fact that they might, if they would, get no end of happiness and content and enjoyment out of the things they have? But nothing suits them so long as there is anybody else who has something which they have not. They are like Haman, in the Old Testament story, utterly miserable so long as Mordecai possessed anything, or was set apart in a place of honor. And so we find people with abundance of things to make them happy, to give them pleasant occupation, opportunity enough to live the lives of noble men and women, a chance even to be heroes if they would, turning away from these things, throwing away the happiness that is within their reach, merely because they do not possess something else the notion of which has come into their minds, or which possibly somebody else possesses. Then there is another thing that happens from this state of mind. We are apt to render injustice, to be very severe and unkind towards the people that we think of as more prosperous than we. I sometimes feel like saying to people, "If you are not as handsome or as intelligent, intellectually brilliant or as rich as you wish you were, if you have complaint to make, bring that complaint into the right court,—the only court of appeals,—not make it the basis of injustice and hatred towards people who are not to blame."

Suppose, for example, that I had some bodily defect that was a constant source of irritation and trouble to me. I wish to take it out on somebody. That is the state of mind that people get into,— of whom shall I take it out? Shall I take it out of the first man I see who is a physical Apollo because he is not suffering from my defect? But he is not to blame. If another man is better looking than I am, and I am sorry for it, the good looking man did not do it; why should I abuse him for it? Here is a man who can write a more brilliant book than I am able to write; whom shall I blame for it? He has inherited his brains; if he is a man of sense he will be very modest over it. He did not manufacture his own brains. But certainly there is no sense in my blaming him for it, and getting bitter and indignant and angry against this man who, as a competitor in a fair field and an open race, has earned a higher place than I. He has simply done what I ought to do, simply made the best use of the powers he has inherited. Suppose there is a man in this city who is a millionaire, and I am so very poor that I am unable to pay my debts or live in the style I should like. He has inherited his money, or made it by the use of an inherited ability to make money,— for this is as distinct a class of ability as any other. Shall I blame him for it? Why, suppose he has inherited fifty millions. If I am to blame anybody I ought to blame his father. His father is perhaps in some other world, and I cannot get at him; but that is no reason why I should make miserable the life of the man who has inherited fifty millions. If I can get into a court where my complaint can be heard, and where I can accomplish anything, I will do it; but why should I be unjust towards those who are no more to be blamed for being intelligent, intellectually brilliant, or rich, than I am for lacking all these?

This leads us, then, to the consideration of the statement that men and women ought to desire the finest and noblest and highest things in every department of life, but that they

are not wise if they become bitter and sour over their attempts after the impossible. We cannot all be equal. I am well aware that the Declaration of Independence declares that "men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." A part of this statement I agree with, but a part of it is anything but true. Men are not created equal in any single direction; they are not created free either. What freedom there is in the world is the result of human achievement, something that men have fought for and attained. We cannot all be equally good looking; we cannot all be equally rich; we cannot all be equally brilliant intellectually; we cannot all occupy the same position socially; we cannot all hold political offices; there are not enough to go round. There is an impossibility involved in all these ideas; and then I think, friends, that it is fortunate that it is so. The statement I have made is true.

Suppose the world to be all one dead level; that the intellectual, the social, the political world were like an Illinois prairie. I think in the first place that it would be most dreadfully monotonous. Then it is a fortunate use of language that has led people to speak of this condition of things as a *dead* level. Did it never occur to you that all levels would be dead if there were no uplands, no hills, no mountains? Did it never occur to you that it is very lonely, very cold, lightning-smitten, blast-blown, away up there on those high peaks; that the man in a little cottage in a sheltered nook at the foot of these mountains is a thousand times happier than he would be up there, and yet that to these uplands he owes the fertility and beauty of his little valley and his secluded nook? It is the streams that run down from these high places, cold and lonely and desolate, that make the fertility and beauty of the world. A similar truth holds of the mountainous men. One of the loneliest lives that was ever lived on this earth was that of

Jesus. Do you not suppose that Shakspere had many lonely hours? Not a man on the planet tall enough to be a companion for him. I would rather be a little sheltered, and have some one with a heart and head on the same level with mine, so that I could have a little companionship and society. And yet it is these mountainous, these conspicuous men, who have made fertile and beautiful and noble the common life of the world for you and me. Let us not then be jealous of these great men, these unhappy men,— for the most of them have been unhappy. You read the interior life of Milton, and you will find him one of the saddest men of his age. You read the biography of Keats, and you find how sad he was, the very heart of him crushed out and turned into the sweetness of his songs,— dying disappointed and hopeless, and asking his friends to write as his epitaph, away there in the outskirts of Rome,

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Take the life of Byron, take the life of Shelley, take the life of the great men of the world, take the life of Lincoln. There never has trodden this continent, probably, a man who, throughout his entire life, was so lonely and so sad as Abraham Lincoln. Does any one envy him, is any one jealous of him, who rendered such magnificent service to us all? Who are the great men? They are the great servants, every one of them. There is not a man in the past history of the world who stands out conspicuous above the level of his kind who is remembered as great, who is not remembered and who does not stand out conspicuous on account of the service he has rendered his fellow-men. Shall we be jealous of them, then, envious of them?

But I must hasten to touch one or two other points as briefly as I may.

There are two or three things that those of us who are inclined to be too much discontented for our own peace of mind,— two or three things that we can do. We can learn to

estimate values aright. We can learn to weigh good and ill, and to be thankful for and appreciate certain things that we have. There is not a person in this room this morning who is not now in the possession of things that all the millions of this great city could not buy. Are you not millionaires, then? How few people appreciate what they really do possess! The late Lord Derby, belonging to one of the oldest noble families of England, Prime Minister, distinguished in the literary world, famous, courted, admired, said, in his old age, "I would gladly give up all my literary distinction, I would give my title of nobility, I would give all the political and social honors that have ever been heaped upon me, if I could be again a healthy young man twenty-one years old." There are plenty of healthy young men, of the age of twenty-one, who spend half their lives in sour abuse of the universe, because it has given them only health and youth and ability,— things which no money could ever buy. Learn to estimate what you have, according to the true and right values that ought to be put upon them. I can stop to hint only this one thing in this regard. Look over your lives, and estimate for yourselves how many other things you have that you would not sell at any price.

And then there is another thing that we can do to modify this over-discontent. The writer of the Epistle to the Philippians, I said, was contentedly discontent. He was contented with the day, not feeling that he had got through, but proposing to enjoy and rejoice in the things he had for the day, while he looked on for something better and nobler to-morrow. If an oak-tree, for example, could become conscious, you might imagine it perfectly satisfied with the growth it had attained up to the present time; but you would know, if you could get into the inner thought of the tree, that it did not propose to stop growing where it is. It would expect to keep on growing to-morrow, next week, next year. So we ought to learn to be contented with the progress we have made, with the things we have won and ac-

complished, so far as may be for to-day, but not sit down contented and say we are through. Simply use what you have accomplished as the stepping-stone to something higher, reaching on towards the goal not yet attained.

And then let us remember, friends, to modify this over-irritable discontentment; for this universe is not constructed on the principle which makes it possible for any person to have a monopoly of its best things. We talk a great deal in this modern world about monopolies. Some of the talk has a deal of reason in it, and some has not. But remember this one thing: God has not created the universe on the principle that it is possible for any man or any combination of men to gain a monopoly of the finest and best things. What are they? The old writer in the Bible says it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun. Sunrise, the glory of sunsets,— there is no monopoly of these. Fresh air to breathe,— there is no monopoly of that. There is no possibility of a monopoly of the ocean, the rivers, the trees; there is no monopoly of friendship. If there is any man on this footstool that has not a friend to-day, he is probably a man who does not deserve a friend. There is no monopoly of love. When I look into the eyes of those that are dearest to me I see there riches,— possessions that no power on earth can obtain the monopoly of, and that make me richer than anything I have ever dreamed of in the way of desert. Character, truth, thought, study, all the best things, manhood, womanhood, the likeness of the Divine, the love and the care of the Father, and the hope of immortality,— all the grandest things there are in the world are open to the free possession of all men and women who will make themselves capable of taking them and worthy of keeping them.

Now at the end, as briefly as may be, I wish to suggest a few things that those of us who are better off than the majority can do to modify the discontent of the people who look up to us with envy, who are perhaps jealous of our possessions, of what we have attained. You know I think sometimes

there is a kind of jealousy and discontent on the part of the poor, those who have not succeeded in life, have not attained very much, which, if not justifiable, has at any rate a good deal of reason. When I see a rich man, for example, flaunting his wealth ostentatiously in the eyes of the people who are poor, letting it be apparent to all the world that in his estimation wealth is the one great thing, of more importance than anything else, and yet doing everything he can to stand in the way of those who are trying to get their share of the world's wealth,— then I say, if there is not justification there is at least reason that can explain a good deal of jealousy, a good deal of envy. Let the men who have succeeded in any department of life show that they place the highest things highest, that they estimate that manhood is worth more than money, that character is above any common kind of vulgar success. Let them show that their hearts echo to those magnificent words of Burns,

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

Let them show that they place the first things first, the highest things highest, and then the poor man may feel, "Here is a man who is richer than I, to be sure, but he shows plainly to me and to all the world that he does not put the riches at the top, that he puts his manhood at the top, and that he is ready to recognize my manhood as being as good as his." If all rich people lived like that, there would be less of social discontent. And, then, let us keep in sympathy with those who are struggling to better themselves; do what we can to help them on, to make it easier for them to climb just a little higher than they have done, recognizing the fact that it is a worthy ambition on their part to climb, and doing what we can to give them at least equal opportunity.

I have been accustomed to say, friends, for a good many years, that all any man in this world has a right to ask of

his fellows is an equal chance, so far as they can give it to him. I cannot control the matter as to whether a man is intellectually my equal or physically my equal; but let us take a race-course as an illustration of what I mean. Here is an open track; here are two men who have known that the race was to take place. They have come prepared to compete in that race. Now if I keep the crowd away, if I give them an equal opportunity to run, I have done my part, all I can do; if one of them outstrips the other it is because he ought to. But suppose as they go by me I reach out a foot and trip one of them, or throw some obstacle in his path; that is another thing. That is what thousands of people in this world do, and that is the cause of a great deal of that discontent which threatens social upheaval and the destruction of present social order. Let us see to it that we do what we can to give an equal opportunity to all, and then let us — I have touched on this one moment, but I wish to emphasize it a bit more — let us show that we appreciate that there are other qualities in the world just as essential to success as those we possess. There is a man, he is a good friend of mine, just as good as he knows how to be, but he knows just one thing. He knows how to make money, has a marvellous ability to make money. He knows another thing; he knows a good horse when he sees it. I cannot think of anything else he does know. He is a hard man, he is a selfish man, a grasping man, a despotic man, a disagreeable man in almost every way, and he makes the impression wherever he goes that the only thing that is worth anything in this world is the kind of ability which he possesses, and he naturally irritates and angers the people that he comes in contact with. Now place on the other side a man like Agassiz. Perhaps you will remember this anecdote of him. Somebody came to Professor Agassiz — he was a lecture manager — and offered him $50,000 if he would give a certain number of lectures during a certain winter. After thinking the matter over Agassiz said, "Your offer is very

generous, but I haven't time now to stop to make money." He was engaged in work which not he only, but which all the civilized world recognized as of a great deal more importance than making money. Not that I underestimate the ability to make money. I wish there were a thousand times more money in the world, not less. But the man who paints, who writes, who creates music, the man who does any fine thing, the man who creates a shelter for love, a simple beautiful home, is doing a thing of equal value to the one who is making money. Let us learn to recognize that, and let these people who have not succeeded in the lines where we have succeeded understand that we recognize it, and then we may be with them on terms of sympathy, of fellowship, and kindliness, of mutual helpfulness, of love.

Then society will grow without cataclysms, without overturns and upheavals; it will grow because it will be discontented, it will be happy because it will be contented; and the individual will make progress from day to day and week to week, make progress because he sees a goal that he has not attained, and he will be happy because he is contented with his present advance on the way towards that goal.

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The People Heard Him Gladly

SERMON

BY

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THE PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY.

"The common people heard him gladly."—MARK xii. 37.
"The people were very attentive to hear him."—LUKE xix. 48.
"The people came early in the morning to hear him."—LUKE xxi. 38.
"The Pharisees said among themselves, 'Ye prevail nothing: behold the world is gone after him.'"—JOHN xii. 19.

THE installation of a minister is the new consecration of the church. And to-night, happily, we have no need to go into argument or illustration as to the value of such institutions as churches, as to the need of religious instruction, as to the worth of what has got itself called the ministry of religion. Every now and then in a republic there comes a crisis in which the most careless man finds out that Honor, Truth, Good Faith, and Justice, are the foundations of a state. The most thoughtless man reflects that constitutions are worthless, or armies, or parliaments, or laws, unless the men who administer them, or the people who vote for them, know and feel the difference between right and wrong. The majestic thing in the canvass of these last months has been in this: that every speaker or every writer on either side of the discussion has been appealing to the eternal verities, appealing to duty and to truth. It has sometimes been almost agonizing. "My God! do you not see that this is right, and that is wrong?" At such a crisis — nay, long after such a crisis, thank God! — you do not hear much of that blatant foolery, in which men tell you that every man is to take care of himself, that the law of selfish greed is to govern men. Not a man has had to address a great assembly on either side, but has said to himself as he went home alone, as he undressed himself, and went to bed, "Have those people some God-given sense of duty? or is each of them a poor cur struggling with the pack for a bone?"

At other times my dainty friend, born in the purple, and loving his own ease, can afford to speak of the Bible or the Ten Commandments as of two Hebrew superstitions fit for Jerusalem, but quite antiquated in this century. But just now I have observed that, whether he changes his personal habits or no, the same man has much to say to me about training for duty, about the education of children and men, that they shall do what is right, though the heavens fall. I find he quotes to me the utterance of bishop this and archbishop that; and for six months now nobody has told me that any organization is useless in which boys and girls are trained to be pure, men to be manly, and women womanly. Nobody has whispered to me that such organizations — created that men and women might come closer together, and bear each other's burdens — should be disused or abandoned. On the other hand,— and it is interesting that this is true through the whole nation from ocean to ocean,— wherever the training of men and women to noble views of life and high aspirations as to duty have been carried farthest, just there did the leaders of men expect to win a victory.

Five years ago I remember that a distinguished political leader, seeking an expression of profound scorn, said of a certain man that he was of no account whatever. "Why! he is as useless as a minister!" He would not say that to-day if he were living. The "weekly exhorters," the members of churches, the teachers of Sunday-schools, the leaders of conferences, have a right to feel that more and more does this country know that the true education is that which trains men to do God's will. The Republic stands on God's will,— on Truth, Honor, Justice, and Duty.

Our friend seeks new consecration to-night for the duties of such a ministry, and this church pledges itself to God, and its members pledge themselves to each other to-night,

as they seek new consecration in their share of the duties of such a ministry. And the great reality which must occupy our thoughts to-night as we pray and as we resolve, is this truth: that together we must enter upon this work or there will be no success. To-night this minister and this church are consecrated anew. For the higher life of this people are they consecrated. For the nobler life of this city are they consecrated. That is enough. Though I might go farther and say that as we are in that city whose commerce and effort and success make her the metropolis of the nation, the whole nation is affected by the success or the failure of the vows which are here renewed.

I will use the time which you so kindly give me, in some general view of the present position of religion and religious organizations in New York and in America, and with some study of the duty of those who assemble in a Unitarian church for its new consecration to its duties.

It was in the early days,—as early as 1819, that the Unitarian doctrine was proclaimed in this city under that name and the first Unitarian church was organized here. This was a bold onset in a city of which the religious affairs were then managed mainly by the Reformed church and the Presbyterian church, and it was regarded as the attack of a New England heresy. In truth the Unitarian statement was inevitable in all America after the complete revolution in all thought and opinion wrought by political independence and by the war which secured it. For you could not bid every man take arms against King George, and then tell them that all of them but a wretched fraction, were totally depraved and wholly incapable of good. You gave universal suffrage to all of them, and so showed that you knew they were all capable of good and not totally depraved. You might believe in the Westminster Catechism with your lips; but the heart of the American people was, and is, far distant from its atrocities! From that hour to this the steady advance of the religion of America has been on the lines

indicated in those early protests of Channing and the Wares, and the First Congregational Church of this city. That was the name taken by our friends of "All Souls' Church" when it proclaimed for the first time the liberal gospel here.

Eighty years have passed. The churches of the Unitarian communion are planted all over the land. More and more has been learned,— proclaimed by God's holy word, — as John Robinson promised. For all men and women in the liberal movement, laymen and clergy, have to give ear to the daily whisper of the Holy Spirit. What the Holy Spirit teaches to-day, this they must learn. What the Holy Spirit commands, this they must do. Ours is the church of the Holy Spirit. And the promise has been fulfilled. "It is well for you," the Saviour said, "that I go away. Ye shall do greater things than ye have seen, for the Holy Spirit shall lead you into all truth." Where he leads, we loyally try to follow.

And not we only, but our brothers and sisters in all communions. True, they try to keep the new wine in the old bottles, but it will not stay. The bottles burst. This seam gives way or that chafed corner cannot bear longer rubbing. They find new bottles somewhere. And so it is that this very Sunday the doctrine announced as Christianity in three out of four pulpits in this city, of whatever communion, has been doctrine which eighty years ago would have been suspected of heresy in any one of them. "Conquering and to conquer" he rides forward whose right it is to reign.

When the great and good Arthur Stanley was about to leave this country he said he had heard most of our most eminent preachers, especially those who were of Evangelical churches. "I need not name them," he said. "You know their names. No matter what the name was or what the church, the preacher in every pulpit has been Ralph Waldo Emerson."

That is to say, that the great central statement of the

presence of God, the statement of the beginning, is received and is everywhere proclaimed as never before. Go ye into all nations and say that the kingdom of God is here, it is at hand. I AM. The present God is here. He is here, and he is now. And his appeal to-day, to the Fifth Avenue and to the Bowery, is that all children for themselves shall seek the Father; and his promise is that the Father will bless the children. Catholic or Protestant, ritualist or come-outer, Lutheran, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or Unitarian, Levite of the Temple or Gentile of Pilate's army, Scythian or barbarian, bond or free, the tidings are the tidings of the present kingdom. The gospel is the gospel of the immanent presence of a loving father.

In this proclamation of the presence of God, of his absolute authority, the great religious corporations know that their own fall is certain. And those corporations are the great enemies of religion. Yet this, I say, is the proclamation of three pulpits out of four where the preacher says what he wants to say. Of course, I know, you know, that just when he is most happy in this utterance, just when he is in full career, that good fellow may hear the whistle of the huntsman behind him. He may be recalled for a few weeks to the dusty and decorous highway back from the free range which he is taking. He may have for a few weeks or a few months to drop back to the paces of other centuries and their well-worn roads. But I observe all the same that the masters of the hunt do not care to blow that whistle, and I notice with interest that the free-hearted huntsmen are not very quick of hearing when the sound of it has to penetrate against the wind.

If our business in the Unitarian Church of America were only to see that the Word of God has such free course in the hearts and lives of men who are eager to receive it, our work would be simply and easily done. But, alas! there are still living these gigantic corporations of priests, of pharisees, of professionals, who do want to hold back eager

inquiry. What chance has a young preacher in the Presbyterian Church to reveal the present vision, and to say what the Holy Spirit has taught him to-day in answer to his eager prayer? Boards of managers, synods, presbyteries, councils, conferences, congresses, and conventions not to be named, are to overhaul his utterances, and inflict upon him and his hearers penalties named and unnamed, rather than that he should cry out, "Thus saith the Lord." I know very well that if he live to threescore and ten, if he win for himself a following, he may say much what he chooses in a pulpit in a great city, where it is not wise for the national management behind the scenes to offend a strong church. But how does that help this young St. John, or that eager St. Paul, starting eagerly on this work of the ministry in some hamlet on the frontier? Think of the agony that young man endures when he is told to preach the gospel according to Calvin, rather than the gospel according to Christ!

Let me take the very serious case of the circulation of the Bible itself, about the form of whose authority there is so much discussion. At the summons of the English Convocation, on the proposal of Dean Stanley, the most learned men of the English and American churches revised the translation of this Bible some fifteen years ago. Their work was accepted, I may fairly say with unanimity, in the Church,—not as perfect, no work of letters and words is perfect, but as far more accurate than the rendering of King James. It corrected thousands of errors, some of them of great importance. The English reader knows when he has it in his hands that he can form a very accurate idea of what prophets and evangelists and apostles wrote down. Now, how was this revised version received by the great Orthodox corporations of America? Did the great Bible Society welcome it? Did it appeal for funds that it might make new stereotype plates for publishing it to mankind? Did it light the fires gladly in which should be melted down the

stereotype plates which preserve the existence of old errors? Ah, no! "boards are made of wood! They are long and narrow!" And the board which directs the Bible Society was no better than the rest of them. It continued to print, and continues to print, the Old Bible with every old acknowledged error. The excuse is that their charter is given for what is called the version in common use. "In common use"; and why would not the revised version of the old Bible be in common use in nine-tenths of the pulpits in America if the great Presbyterian Boards gave the word? If they said, what their clergy at least knows to be true, "Here is a version more accurate and true than the other?" Why do they not ask for some funds for printing the better version? Let them at least, when they have made this black confession that they are publishing error, print in large letters on the title-page of each Bible the text where the silversmiths of Ephesus plead for the preservation of their silver idols,—"*Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.*"

Every important text relied on by Trinitarians in the Trinitarian controversies of olden times was modified or struck out from the New Testament in the revision. And yet every one of those texts appears unchanged in the Bible as printed by the Bible Society of to-day.

But I do not speak of this for that. The evil is fundamental. Truth is. Error is not. Any suppression of truth is bad for religion; and this suppression illustrates sadly and badly that idolatry by the great church corporations in which they infallibly worship the past, and turn their backs to the rising sun. Church of Rome, Church of England, Church of America, Presbyterian Church, Mormon Church,—it is all the same. It is the intentional reversal of the great apostle's great motto, Despising the things that are before, they worship the idols that are behind. You cannot help it,—when to a corporation of ecclesiastics you give the interpretation of the present word of the present God.

Does any one ask what follows on such idolatry of the letter, on such abject refusal to listen to the voice of to-day?

What would happen if any other great institution indulged its leaders in such folly? Think of the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of the New York Central Road,—suppose their managers highly determined that every locomotive should be built on the lines of Robert Stephenson's "Rocket," that every rail should be rolled on the patterns of the rails laid down in Liverpool seventy years ago. How long would such mad adherence to some pattern of the past be permitted by travellers, by stockholders, by the United States Post-office? How long before an injunction would be put on by an indignant people? The people would command these managers to obtain the fullest light and to use to-day's learning for the service,—for the duty of to-day.

The danger is that this indignant people, in turning its back on such professional leaders, shall despise the word "religion," and shall lose the great reality. This text shows to us how such a people turned its back on Scribes and Pharisees,—the professionals of their day,—and followed eagerly, gladly, a carpenter from Nazareth, who said what he believed. Do not say I am too hard upon the clergy of to-day. Do I not know, have I not said, how gladly those men speak the word of the Holy Spirit when they are permitted to? But what do the people think when, in the very prayer book the man holds in his hand, they find some doctrine which they know he does not believe? Can I wonder, when Newman Hall tells me that in the southern half of London, south of the Thames, not three men in a hundred ever enter a place of public worship for any purpose whatever? Can I wonder, when men tell me that in the church attendance in New York I am not to count in one-half the working-men of this great and religious city?

The ingenious device is adopted of letting the clergy have one creed and the laity another. I have known elders in

the Presbyterian Church who insisted on avowing their disbelief in the doctrines of the Westminster Catechism. I have heard of Episcopal churches where every second layman owned to his disbelief in the Thirty-nine Articles. But a compromise so glaring cannot last. In religion you cannot have two standards. Truth is truth. What your clergy believe they must preach, or the people will not hear them. Yes; and if the church is to go forward and to lead civilization, it must be the whole church,— people and ministers,— with one heart and with one soul, with all their mind and with all their strength.

Am I speaking to some man who falls into the easy habit of going to the church to which his friends go, because the preacher is eloquent and tolerant, or because the music is admirable, or because the church is near his home, or perhaps because it happens to be fashionable? May he do all this honorably, may he be ranked as its supporter while he disbelieves the doctrine which that church professes, while he scorns the religious corporation which directs it, if he disbelieves its creed and its articles? Do men thus face both ways in their politics? Does a man ever give his money to the committee of one party and be seen at its public assemblies and on its committees, and then on the day of election secretly vote against them? Does he do this and dare say that he has done it? Do not let us fall back on that superstition of the middle ages, so as to let a handful of priests offer up prayers for us. Let us join with one heart and one voice, with all our soul and all our strength, in the offering which minister and people lay together on the altar.

The minister and people together! For the people, thank God, have this matter at heart quite as much as the clergy. "The common people heard him gladly." The people of America is profoundly religious. It is more religious than it ever was. Indeed it should be. It is easier for a man to see to-day that God is at once in San Francisco and in New York than it was a hundred years ago. It is easier to see

that there is one life and one Father, one God for this world and for Arcturus yonder, than it was a hundred years ago. Every crisis in politics, every victory of commerce, show men that men must bear one another's burdens. Every voice of the century has been preaching gospel truth, has been compelling men to see that as God is their Father they are all brethren. So this century has taught men, as never before, that worship is not to be done by proxy. This century has confirmed the voice of the seer: "Ye are all priests. Ye are all kings." Let the ministers of religion, as they are called, accept the voice of that vision. Let them join hands with the people whom they serve. Let the people with them make steadfast and brave attack on the old superstitions which entangle and enchain them. Let us all refuse to follow the dictate of this or that corporation of priests, however venerable, who stand between the child and the Father, who stand between the inquirer for truth and the Holy Spirit. It is the Holy Spirit which shall bring us into all truth. In such a protest against the great theological corporations the people are on our side. It is as any assembly of worshippers challenges the authority of such taskmasters, and asserts its independence, that the religion of the Holy Spirit triumphs. It is thus that the kingdom of God comes,— the Christian commonwealth.

How well I remember the winter here when the Unitarian churches maintained in the Cooper Union,— morning and evening, every Sunday — such a people's service! How well I remember addressing there, again and again, some two or three thousand men, eager to testify to the truth and to hear the truth! Or, may I speak of my own home of Boston? From the opening of spring to the cold weather of autumn we have maintained the people's service on our Common. To the man who has the great privilege of speaking there, the eagerness with which men stand and listen is a revelation. But they are surprised that a clergyman tells them that God loves them! You would say it had been dis-

covered only this morning that God and nature are on our side.

In such service, of the people, by the people, you see that the people hears to-day the simple gospel of the Holy Spirit as gladly as the same people heard it in the beginning. When to the great religious corporation of Jerusalem the policemen of the time reported this, the men of sense in that corporation knew their doom was sealed. And the great religious corporations of to-day may well heed that lesson. It is for the people to teach it. "For all sorts and conditions of men." I am not singling out any one of these corporations for attack or example. Always there is the same danger to all of them, when you trust to Priests and Levites instead of bidding every man testify for the truth. The Priest goes on his side of the way on his decorous journey. The Levite goes on his. It is the outside Samaritan who listens to the voice of God. The Mormon Church of yesterday, or the Roman Catholic Church of the dark ages or any of its little Protestant imitators, are all in the same condemnation. From the nature of the case they look backward and despise the word of prophecy. Most dangerous, as I believe, to liberty of conscience is a compact organization like that of either of the great Presbyterian Churches, where wealth and dignity and prestige combine, to insist that middle age dogmas like those of Calvin shall be clamped over the mouth of the preachers of to-day,—men who have been taught by Darwin and Leconte, by Channing and Emerson. Our Methodist brethren, in their noble trust in the people, practically reject all creeds and trust all to a religion of love. Our Baptist brethren are so wise that they permit no conference or council or convention, convocation or congress or consociation, to sit in judgment on this preacher or that. We understand well that in the great battle for freedom of religion in the next century they are not against us, nor are the Congregational churches which are congregational. And we, we have only

to call on every man and every woman in America who believes the gospel of the Holy Spirit, to proclaim that gospel where they stand. For this purpose they are all consecrated. In this service they are all heralds of the truth. Here is God now. Now is God here. The kingdom of God is at hand. The people will hear this message as gladly as they heard it at the beginning.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. I. DECEMBER 4, 1896 No. 9

The Gospel of Unitarianism

GEO. H. ELLIS
141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON
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THE GOSPEL OF UNITARIANISM.

BEFORE I begin my sermon I should like to take the liberty of saying two things.

It seemed to me that the subject which I have chosen this morning would be an especially appropriate one for this Sunday morning after the installation service of last Sunday. And in the second place, if there is anybody here, and I hope there is, who does not agree with me, I wish to say to such beforehand that I am going to try this morning to preach positively and clearly my own ideas, but in such a way as not to shock the reverence or wound the tenderest sensibilities of anybody who may differ from me ever so radically. I say this, because if any are sitting and wondering whether something is going to be said to hurt them they are not in a mood to listen with any satisfaction.

My subject is "The Gospel of Unitarianism," and I have chosen as my text two passages from the New Testament. From the First Epistle to Timothy one phrase from the eleventh verse,—

"The gospel of the glory of the blessed God."

And then from the First Epistle of Peter, the third chapter and the fifteenth verse,—

"Being ready always to give answer to any man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you, yet with meekness and fear."

This is a Unitarian Church. To say this is only to say that we differ from other Churches of other names. If we

did not we should not exist; there would be no Unitarian Churches. And yet I wish here, most frankly and earnestly, to make one concession: We have no right to exist as a Unitarian Church merely on the basis of a taste, a whim, or personal feeling of any kind.

The forces of evil in this world, the powers of darkness, are united and are continually at work. The forces of light and of good ought, so far as possible, to be also united and to press against the encircling darkness and evil in every direction and with all their power. No light thing, then, would excuse the creation of another sect. There must be some deep-down conviction as to a new and grand truth that the world needs, there must be an earnest persuasion that other methods are required than those that are in common use in order to justify the existence of another division in Christendom.

When Luther dared to differ from the Church,—which was practically the Church of the civilized world at his time, —he planted himself on the great principles of what he had come to believe to be God's truth, and said, "Here I stand; so help me God, I cannot do otherwise."

We have no right to be Unitarians unless we feel ourselves convinced of some great truth of God or some new method needed by the world to justify our taking a new position. Religion, from the very beginning of human history, in every nation, under every sky, bearing whatever name,—religion has always been trying to find God and trying to bring men to God. But do you not see, friends, that, if the world makes any progress whatsoever, the ideas concerning God, the ideals of human nature and the methods of bringing men to God, must of necessity change? The world in its childhood must have childish ideas about God and human nature, human need, human destiny. We have only to read the history of the childhood of the world to find that this is so; and this is precisely what we should expect.

The barbaric world entertains barbaric conceptions of God, of man, of justice, of truth, of right. The ignorant world has crude ideas of God, of man. You cannot expect to find the child of eight years of age capable of comprehending ideas about the universe, of man, and of right and of duty, that the boy of eighteen or the young man of twenty-five ought to understand and make the principles of his action.

So, then, is it not just what we ought to expect to find, that religious thoughts and feelings, theological ideals, are changing as the world grows a little wiser, a little older, a little better? This is just what we expect in any other department of human life. No thoughtful or educated man would consider it a compliment to have it said about him that he held still to the theories of the old astronomy of even fifty years ago. No intelligent man would like to have it said about him that he held to the ideas of the old chemistry, of the old geology. The fact that ideas or theories in these other departments of human thought and study are old, means that they are not adequate, that they are not broad enough, that they are not large enough for the universe in which we are living to-day, that they do not face and match God's facts.

When the astronomer discovers a new star, or a "new planet sweeps into his ken," you do not find other scientific men blaming him for upsetting their old astronomical ideas, compelling them to reconstruct their terrestial geography, to make room in their theories for these new facts. You find these men who discover a new and shining truth of God in any department of human life thanked, blessed, famous, for widening the bounds of human knowledge, and helping us to more magnificent thoughts about God's ways in the heavens above us, in the earth beneath our feet.

So we ought to be glad when some new truth is vouchsafed to us in regard to our religious ideas,— when we can gain some higher, finer thought about God; when we get a

clearer and truer conception of the origin, the nature, the destiny of man; when we can find out some great truth as to how this grand old Bible came into existence; when we can bring the critical knowledge of the modern world to bear upon ecclesiastical history, ecclesiastical traditions, sifting the true from the false, and helping people to find out what is really the truth of God.

In any other department of life, except in theology, it is a commendation of a supposed truth to say that it is new. It does not follow, of course, that every new idea is a true idea; but if the world is to make any progress, if it is to grow any, it does follow that some of the new ideas must be true, else there could be no step taken ahead. I concede friends, to the advocates of the older ideas in religion, that the probability every time is with them. We have a proverb, "Speak well of the bridge that carries you over." If you find a path well trodden, worn by the passing of hundreds and thousands of feet, you may feel perfectly satisfied that that path leads somewhere, and that it does not lead to universal disaster, or so many people would not have followed it.

So, in regard to the old ways, the probability, I say, is in their favor. But note, friends, there must be some exceptions, or else no new idea would ever be found to be true, and that would mean that the world would never learn anything, or take one single step ahead. It is nothing against an idea, then, that it is new; although the simple fact that it is new, is not sufficient to establish it in the acceptance of the world. And note another thing on the other side: Because the world is so ready to reject new ideas in theology and religion, is nothing against these new ideas. It only proves what we all know, that it is very easy for us to get into ruts, to become accustomed to old ways; that it disturbs us to have to reconstruct our thinking; and that when men have learned to love and reverence certain principles, certain ideas, certain methods, it is a shock to their religious

reverence to have to give them up and turn into some other way.

It is nothing against Unitarianism, then, that in its modern form it is a product of this nineteenth century. If this were the occasion, or I had time, I might claim for Unitarianism a grand antiquity. The Hebrews, especially in their later lives, followed it; and all the main teachings of this grand old book* are Unitarian, in my opinion, without any sort of question. Jesus was a Unitarian; Paul was a Unitarian; every one of the apostles was a Unitarian. Unitarianism, so far as the thought of God as one is concerned, was universal at least throughout the first century, and any other creed was not formulated until the beginning of the fourth century. And then, in the council that decided the matter, it was almost an even balance, until the Emperor threw in the influence of his imperial authority, and so decided for Athanasius as against Arius.

Unitarianism, then, is not a modern fad or notion, though the way in which we hold it and teach it to-day is a product of modern thought, modern life, modern ideas.

I wish now to call your attention — I must do it very briefly, for there is not time to enter deeply into the discussion of any one of these matters — I wish to call your attention to some of the characteristics of modern thought and feeling out of which Unitarianism sprang.

In the first place there was, about a hundred years ago, in connection with the breaking of political bounds all over the world and the readiness of the people to rise up and claim their manhood,— there was the bursting of mental bonds and the concession almost for the first time in the history of the world of the rights of man to think, to think freely, to think without supposing that God was going to be angry about it or that men were going to be injured. To think freely! And Unitarianism, with its proclamation of the right of men to think,— not only their right but their

* The Bible.

duty,— sprang out of this great intellectual forward movement on the part of the human race.

There was another thing happened about that time. There came to be a tendency on the part of men to reconstruct their ethical ideas as they touched matters of religion. There was, in other words, a great forward movement of the world's conscience. So long as the divine right of kings was recognized over the world, it was held, in political and religious matters also, that the king could do no wrong. Might made right. And so it was a universal doctrine of theology that God, because he was God, because he was omnipotent, had a right to do whatever he pleased; and whether it seemed right to us or not it must be right because he did it. I would be ready, friends, to concede that now, if I could be absolutely sure that he did it or that he said it; but it is quite another matter when somebody who is not my ideal either of righteousness or intelligence assumes to tell me that God said it or God did it, and therefore I must bow, not to God's word, but to his.

But there came a time with this growth of the conscience of the world, when men said, "We cannot any longer accept as right that which revolts our conscience and seems to us unjust and wrong, simply because people tell us that there is somehow a change comes over ethical ideas between heaven and earth, and that what is revolting and wrong down here may be right up there." The world could no longer accept that argument, and so it said, "We will not outrage our consciences any longer by accepting as right in the creeds that which would be wrong for our fathers or brothers or friends." In other words, the world dared at last to assert that God must at least be as good as a noble man. And let me tell you, friends, with all simplicity and reverence (and ask you to examine the creeds for yourselves and find out if I am not right), that the conception of God as outlined in the old creeds, printed and scattered over this world to-day, is not as good as the average man

we meet on the streets of this city. Men could no longer hold those ideas then in the face of this great ethical advance of the world.

Another thing: the world grew infinitely more tender-hearted than it once had been. In the old days of the Bastile in France, a king or a nobleman was not disturbed in his joyous, easy life by the thought of some victim starving and pining and dying by inches in a filthy dungeon. There was a hardness of heart in the world such as seems to us almost impossible to-day of conception or comprehension. But the world grew tender-hearted, until it could no longer bear the burden of the cruelties of the old religious ideas.

As an illustration of this let me instance Whittier. He wrote a poem called "The Two Angels." He was at this time regarded as an orthodox Quaker. God is represented in this poem as sending two angels, the angel of Love and of Pity, down to the lower world to report what they found there. And, as they came into the shadow of this outer darkness, Pity wept and Love lit up the darkness by her presence; and the tears of Pity quenched the fires, and the light of Love put hope into the hearts that were despairing. And then they returned to the throne of God, and brought joy to heaven. And God is represented as saying that the dearest joy in heaven itself is the thought of pity and forgiveness and help for the lost.

Whittier's personal friends, the members of the Meeting to which he belonged, remonstrated with him for this poem. And now note his answer. If you are not familiar with this fact, it will give you an added interest in the most wonderful religious poem of the modern world. The answer to this protest was the poem,— "The Eternal Goodness." They had been remonstrating with him, remember. He says: —

> "I trace your lines of argument;
> Your logic, linked and strong,
> I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
> And fears a doubt as wrong.

"But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds.
Against the words ye bid me speak,
My heart within me pleads."

This illustrates what I mean. The tenderness of the human heart could no longer bear the heavy cruelties of the old ideas about God and man, and out of this new intellectual and moral and affectional advance modern Unitarianism was born.

I do not wonder at all that those who firmly hold to the old religious ideas cannot find it in their hearts to endorse us or fellowship us. It is perfectly natural. They believe that the finished and final revelation of God was given to the world a great many years ago; that God has not said anything to the world since; that he has been silent for eighteen hundred years; that we have not learned anything new in theology or religion. Of course, then, it is perfectly natural that they should think that any new ideas in this direction are an offence to God and a danger to man. But while they will not as yet fellowship us, let us, friends, be broader and more open-hearted. I, for one, will gladly, as far as they will let me, fellowship them. I am glad for all the good they have ever done to the world; I rejoice in all the good they are doing to-day. They will live just as long as there are people in mental and spiritual conditions that call for that kind of theology and religion. In other words, they will live just as long as they are of service to the world, and they ought to live so long.

But we cannot echo their ideas, we cannot work according to their methods, because we believe that God has spoken to the world a good many times during the last eighteen hundred years; we believe that he has revealed himself so grandly as to compel intelligent and conscientious people to reconstruct completely their theological ideas, religious aims and methods.

And it seems to me that we are not presumptuous in pre-

suming that the world is wide enough for us all, and that while they minister to those who desire their ministry, we may find those who cannot be helped by them, but whom we may be able to help. If it be true, as Mr. Moody said during the week, that "the first man born of woman was a murderer, and things have not improved much since," it would look, at any rate, as though his method had not been a distinct success. And if it be further true, as he said in Boston and here in New York besides, that out of the seventy millions of people in this country there are more than forty millions who never go to any church, it again would look as though his methods and his ideas had not been quite adequate to meet the situation.

So there may be room for us as well as for him. I bid him God-speed in doing any work that shall help men in whatever direction. Only I cannot walk in his way, I cannot follow his methods; for I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who, whether rightly or wrongly, have ceased to hold the ideas of God which have been held in the past, the ideas of man which have been held in the past, and who consequently cannot be touched by those who do hold and do teach these old-time ideas.

Now, then, friends, I wish to come to a brief, but positive and as clear as possible, statement of the message which Unitarianism has for man.

The old Churches have assumed to be the only evangelical Churches,— that is, the only Churches that have a gospel for man. "Evangelical" means "bringer of good news." I trust they will pardon me if I dare to say to them here and now, that the news which they bring is not good news at all. If it be true, for example, that God created this world and then lost control of it almost within a week, and has not been able to do much with it from that day to this,— if this be true, we will accept it as true; but certainly it cannot be called good news. If it be true that men are lost, hopelessly separated from God, and that the great majority of

them in all ages, by countless millions and millions and millions, have poured like a cataract over the abyss of death and into unending torment, it certainly is not a gospel, it is not good news!

Even if God in his infinite mercy comes and offers terms of salvation to a few, and selects here and there one out of the great majorities to sing his praises in heaven, while, as all the old creeds have it, he "passes by" the others, and leaves them to illustrate the severity of his eternal justice,— if that is true, we will bow our heads and accept it; but we will not misuse the dictionary and call it "good news."

There is no feature of the old message that I know of, taken along with all the rest, put together so as to make the scheme that is held and taught by the old-time religions,— there is no single one of its points that is not very bad news indeed, news that ought to drape the heavens in black, news that ought to make human eyes a fountain of tears and the human heart heavy with despair. I dare, then, to deny,— and I challenge refutation from any and all theologies on the face of the earth,— I dare to deny that the old theological ideas have any right to be called good news.

What is the message that *we* bring? I must only mark it point by point, indicating briefly what might be wrought out into a long and complete exposition.

In the first place we bring, as the first item of our gospel, our glorious good news of the blessed God,— we bring the proclamation that God is perfect love. I know they have said it in the old creeds; and then they have proceeded at once to say something else that absolutely contradicted and nullified it. Perfect love, not limited by any question of chosen people or people not chosen, not limited by any question of good or bad. Do we not, friends, when we find a father or a mother pursuing a child that is rebellious and ungrateful with a wealth of loving tenderness that never tires and never despairs,— do we not say that it is unspeakably sweet and beautiful? Is not God as good as that? We

believe in a perfect love, not limited by any race, not limited by any age, not limited by any religion. We believe that God loves the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Confucian, as tenderly and as utterly as he loves any ideal Christian of all the ages. A perfect love,—a love that is, as Jesus said, as impartial as the rain, as universal as the shining of the sun.

And it is no love at all that is not this.

Then our gospel concerning man we bring, proclaiming good news; not that the world as we see it is composed of the wrecks and fragments of a once perfect condition over which God has lost control, and that is growing worse and worse until the end. We do not believe that man started perfect. We know that he never fell. It is no question of opinion, it is demonstrated science that man began away down on the borders of the animal world, and from the beginning has been climbing, however slowly, a pathway of dust, of tears, of heartache and blood; falling, stumbling, rising again, but ever advancing. Our proclamation is that the history of man is the history of growth, of ascent; and this means that it holds in itself possibility of promise, of final conquest for every child of man.

We proclaim a gospel of revelation. We do not believe that God's word is shut up in any one book, between any set of covers. We do not believe that it is confined to any one age or to any one people. We believe that God from the very beginning has been revealing himself to his children just as fast and as far as they were capable of comprehending his revelation. I sit down by a little child of four, or take him on my knee, and I reveal to him, what? Not as much as I would reveal to a boy of twenty. Why? Not because I would not like to, but because I cannot. I cannot put within the brain of a boy of four that which the brain of a boy of four cannot understand. So in the ignorant, the crude, the barbaric ages of the world God revealed just as much as the ignorant and the crude and the barbaric

could comprehend and take. God has surrounded his humanity as the light and the air to-day surround our dwellings, and he has come into humanity, into the brain, the heart, the character, just as fast as he could, as fast as they could take him.

You cannot break into a man's brain with an idea as with burglar's tools. God cannot give a man a thought by force. God must expand the intelligence until it can absorb and receive the truth which is adapted to its stage of development.

And then we hold what we regard as the Gospel of Incarnation. We do not deny the divine in Jesus of Nazareth, but we do not confine the incarnation of God in man to any one person or any one age. I believe, friends, that God has been progressively incarnating himself in the human race from the beginning. In the human race! Shall I stop there? I pluck a little leaf of grass. There is just as much of God incarnated in that grass leaf as the grass leaf can hold. I gather a wayside flower. There is just as much of God's mystery and brightness and might and fragrance in that flower as the flower is capable of containing. So in this planet of ours there is just as much of God as the planet can hold and remain the planet it is. And in every star and system over our heads there is just as much of the incarnation of God as the star or system can contain.

And so I believe that in any nation, any religion, among any people, all the goodness, all the truth, and all the love and the tenderness and pity, and self-sacrifice and help that you find in any man or woman is just so much of the love and the tenderness and the helpfulness of our Father in heaven. And I believe his process is to go on until all of us are to grow up to the perfect stature of manhood and womanhood in the Divine.

Then we bring a Gospel of Salvation. A Gospel of Salvation not limited to church members; not limited to any class of people, not limited to Christians. A Gospel of Sal-

vation as wide as humanity. But not an easy gospel, friends. They malign us sometimes and say that we liberals preach an easy gospel, that everybody is going to be saved: that the minute death comes that all people go straight to heaven. Nothing of the sort! It is utterly ignorant and shallow to say anything of the kind. What is salvation? Salvation is Godlikeness, and nothing else in this world or any other world; and there is no possibility of a man's being lost because he finds himself in one particular place in this universe, or saved because he finds himself in another. That whole conception of hell and heaven is shallow. Man is saved when he is like God, and not till then. Take a man physically: when am I in health? When every particle of my body is held in perfect accord with the laws of God. Mentally, when I am in accord with the laws of truth then I am sane. Morally, when I am in accord with the perfect ideals of God's righteousness then I am morally healthful; and saved spiritually when I am in perfect attune with the Spirit of life and love, of the Infinite Father.

And that is the only thing that is salvation. And that is the only way to attain salvation. When we preach universal salvation, then, we do not preach that you can do just as you please and go to heaven. So long as you do just as you please — unless you please to do right — you can never go to heaven. There isn't any such thing as heaven, except as you get heaven into yourself. You might as well talk of getting music out of a broken organ, as getting heaven out of a disorganized human character.

Lastly, we preach a Gospel of Eternal Hope not based on what we see to be the character and condition of men, here and now,— based on our magnificent faith in God. God is omnipotent, God is all-wise, God is all-loving. Is it not absolutely necessary after you say that, to say that he will make the life that he has given to every one of his creatures a blessing and not a curse? If he does not, it is because he does not wish to, does not know how, or is not able; and, in either case, he is not God.

I marvel at these men who talk about the greater part of the world being lost, sometimes, and then talk about the infinite, powerful, and loving God. The two things are absolutely impossible of union. I believe that every soul is doomed to be saved. That, as I said a moment ago, does not mean without any regard to what he is, or what he does. I believe that God will haunt and follow us, track us through this world, through deeps and spaces unknown; track us across thousands or millions of planets, if you will; track us through millions and millions of years with his love, with his pity, with his scourging of punishment, pang, and pain, for every broken law, every wrong thought, feeling, or action; track us until at last we surrender, wake up to understand that the only good is in God, and that the only true life is in following him.

This, friends, is a bare, bald outline of the Gospel of Unitarianism. It has sprung out of the latest and highest civilization of the world. It will change, it will grow, as our thought of God and man changes and grows; for we propose, if we may, to keep our minds and our hearts open to accept every new truth, listen to every new whisper of the Divine Spirit, and wherever he leads, to follow him.

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104 East 20th St., New York.

THE CHURCH AND BUSINESS MEN.

My subject is "The Church and Business Men." I take as my text — or, rather, my Scripture starting-point — from the twelfth chapter of Paul's letter to the Roman Church, the eleventh verse; and I use the old version for two reasons. In the first place, the sense does not differ very much between that and the revised, and I am afraid that another reason, of not great importance, is that the verse has the word "business" in it. It reads,—

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

This is, at least, a part of Paul's ideal of what a business man should be. When I use the phrase "business men," of course you will not understand me as limiting it merely to merchants, to traders: I have in mind the great body of earnest, faithful, busy men who are absorbed naturally, rightly, necessarily, in the practical affairs of this world.

What has the Church to say to them, or what have they to do about the Church? What is the relation, or ought to be the relation, between the two? You are aware that it is a common lament of the pious and the as common taunt of the scoffing, that level-headed business men no longer go to church. It is commonly said that churches to-day, whatever may have been true of the past, are largely supported by the women. That does not mean that the women necessarily pay all the bills,— support the churches in that sense, — for you will find that most husbands, whether they believe in the Church or not, will be indulgent enough to allow their wives to believe in it and attend if they choose to do so.

But the common impression is that those who make up the audiences from Sunday to Sunday, who carry on the practical work of religious societies, are women; and this is supposed to be because women are looked upon as more given to sentiment, as caring less for the logical outcome of their actions, as being more under the dominion of custom, being influenced by traditional and inherited ideas. This, I say, is the common statement in regard to the matter.

I suppose it is true that if you should look into most of the congregations gathered in this country this Sunday morning you would find that three-fifths, perhaps five-sixths, of them, on the average, were women. If you are fortunate enough to see a man at the head of a pew and the pew is full, the other four or five or six persons will be women. This, I say, is undoubtedly true, whatever may be the explanation of the fact or whether the fact be justified or not.

This statement is true enough to give point to that humorous taunt, which perhaps you are familiar with, concerning a man whose business methods were somewhat peculiar, and of whom a friend said that he had no religion at all; and when some other friend remonstrated and said that he really thought he did have religion, the other replied, "Then if he has any religion it must be in his wife's name."

I say this is true enough to justify or give point to that humorous taunt. I propose to ask you to consider with me for a little while some of the reasons that may be given in explanation of the fact that at least so many business men do not habitually go to church. Before coming to those reasons, however, let me note another fact,—that these business men that are staying at home in this modern world are not what even the ministers would call bad men. They are not the worst people in society that have stopped going to church, or caring about the church.

I presume it is true, on the other hand, that you will find the great majority of those that we commonly look upon as

the dangerous classes in the community, loyal to some kind of religious organization. These men that no longer go to church are among the honorable men, the intellectual, educated, earnest, faithful men; the men that are true in their homes, the men whose word in business is as good as their bond, the men that are trusted, the men that are respected.

Now why is it that so many men of this class question as to whether the Church any longer has anything for them that is worth their while?

Let us note at the outset that during the week, during six days out of the seven, these business men are earnestly engaged in a great struggle, in a contest with other men, with the great forces of civilization all around them. They are fighting a battle on the outcome of which depends success,— success in all the things that seem to them desirable. They are fighting not merely for food to eat for themselves and their families; not merely for clothes to wear. They are fighting for good food and good clothes; they are fighting for shelter, and for good shelter, for fine houses; they are fighting for homes, they are fighting for social position, they are fighting for music, for art, for all the things that adorn the home and make life from their point of view worth having.

That is, they are dealing first hand with very real and very tangible and very practical things. And they come to Saturday night exceedingly tired, many of them glad to have an opportunity to throw off the harness, to unbend themselves from their burdens, and for a little while to rest and be free. And no wonder!

And now, friends, unless the Church has something for these men that seems to them as real, as important, as the matters that concern them during the six days of their struggle, I, for one, do not wonder that they are not interested, and that they do not feel themselves concerned.

In the old days, a hundred, two hundred, five hundred years ago, there was no practical question of getting men

to go to church. The only thing that the priesthood had to do was to deny a man, a noble, a king, an empire, the rites and services of the Church, and they were brought on their knees in fear and humiliation; for in those days men believed with their whole souls that the Church had matters of as great and solemn and real concern for them as their business not only, but infinitely more real and important.

When a man is carrying on his business he is fighting for life; it is a battle of life or death in one way, but it is not quite of eternal life or death. In the old time the Church and the priesthood had the power of settling the problem of eternal life or eternal death, and that was infinitely more real to the imagination of the people than any earthly concern; and people felt, as the tempter is represented as saying in the Book of Job, "All that a man hath that will he give for his life."

But in these days — it does not concern me to enter just now into the reasons for it — the majority of intelligent, level-headed business men no longer believe that their eternal felicity depends upon any Church or any priesthood. Consequently, the Church must find some other reason than this, if it is going to maintain its hold upon these intelligent level-headed business men of whom I am speaking. They no longer believe that the destiny of their souls is to be decided by going to church or staying at home.

And then there is another matter. When the business man goes to church, as he occasionally does, even these that are habitual stay-at-homes, the chances are that he finds the subject treated and the method of its treatment a little one side of those things that seem to him real and practical. The minister and his theme and his service seem somehow in the air: they are not practical, they do not come home to him. He feels, may be, that the service may be pleasant enough in its way, but thinks, "I can get along very well without it, and I am worn and weary with my week's work,

and I need rest and recreation; and these are of more importance to me than what the minister has to say to me."

And then, friends, another thing. It is a fact — I do not vouch for its accuracy, I merely mention it as a part of the problem — that there is a suspicion, well founded or not, but which is very wide-spread in the modern world, that a great many of the ministers do not very earnestly believe in the things which they are saying themselves. There is a very wide-spread feeling that it is an official utterance, not a personal, manly, real utterance. As an illustration of what I mean, take a concrete case.

In a book, which probably many of you have read, called "John Ward, Preacher," there is a lovely character, a clergyman, who is on terms of intimacy and friendship with most of his parishioners, and is accustomed to meet two or three of them every week for a game of whist. By and by the principal one of these business men is on his death-bed, and he sends for his minister; and when the minister comes, he begins to talk with him about the chances of a future life, — whether he really believes in it or not; and he says, "Now my friend, I do not want you to tell me what you think as a minister; look me in the face as man to man and tell me as a friend, do you know anything about it?" And the minister humbly confesses, "I do not."

I say this illustrates the feeling that is abroad in the modern world, that a good many of the utterances that come from the pulpit are official utterances. It is not a man talking to men about what he believes with his whole mind, it is a minister talking to parishioners concerning things that the church believes, and which he is expected to believe in order to hold his position. And thousands of business men lose their interest in this sort of official utterance.

Now, mark you, I am not saying this is true. I have not time to discuss the question as to whether it is true or not this morning. I simply mention it as a fact, as a feeling in the minds of thousands of people in the modern world.

And then there is another point which is worthy of notice. Ministers, for generations, have been telling their audiences that certain theological schemes of thought were identical with and necessary to the life of religion. That is, they have said: "If you do not believe this theological scheme in every part, then you are infidel to God, and you are false to men. This is religion, and if you give up this theological scheme you are surrendering and turning your back upon religion."

And, as a matter of fact,— whether for good or evil, I have no time to discuss it now,— there are thousands of men in the modern world who, as the result of their reading and thinking, have found themselves utterly incapable of believing any longer those theological schemes. And they take the ministers at their word. And, since the ministers have said, "You must believe this theology if you are going to be true to religion," they say, "I cannot believe the theology"; and therefore they drop religion altogether.

Now these, it seems to me, are some of the reasons why so many business men in the modern world no longer feel any vital practical interest in the Church. The Church seems to them to be an institution one side of their real life. It is a sort of luxury, or it is an entertainment, or it is something good for women and children,— those who have not outgrown it,— but for which they no longer care.

Now, I wish, from the point of view of perfect freedom of thinking which I occupy, to give some reasons that seem to me ought to have weight with earnest, intelligent, business men on the other side. I ask you to consider what I have to say; and I have only one reason for daring to do it, and that is, that I have absolutely no motive for saying anything on this subject which I do not believe with all my soul. Trained in the old-time theological ideas,— which, for better or worse, I have not been able to hold,— I now can see no reason why any man should believe anything that he is not convinced is the utmost truth.

Let me then suggest to you a few reasons on the other side, reasons why it seems to me business men should be interested in the Church,— not in this particular church or that,— but the kind of church which they can find; or, if they cannot find, they can make if they will.

The first point I wish to make is this: I start on the level of the very lowest consideration possible in a high and serious matter like this. Put aside, if you please, all question of religious culture in the ordinary sense of the word, all question of soul-saving. Let us look at the average business man for a moment. He spends, as I have said, six days in the ruts, in the toil, the drudgery of his profession or his business, whatever it may be. Now, when he comes to the seventh day, what is a good thing for him to do with it?

If he sits in the morning for an hour or so and reads the Sunday paper, he does not get away from himself very far, he does not get very far away from what we technically call "shop." He meets business and this worldly concern of one kind or another at every turn. Suppose then he goes down to the club and meets there his business friends. Still he is in the ruts, he is face to face with "shop" still. He does not get away from the things that have been wearing him all out during the week. So if he carries on a kind of life like this,— stays at home with his wife and children, reads the paper, if his friends come in in the evening in a pleasant social way,— he does not get very far away from his business concerns, his week-day occupation. He plays the music of his life all on one string. And this is the reason, friends, why so many men break down, men in the professions, men in the ministry, too, just as well. The men who play their tunes all on one string wear that string out. That way madness lies, that way thousands of breakdowns and wrecks of business men lie.

Now it seems to me — I submit the matter for your consideration — that, if I were a business man in the ordinary

sense of that word, and I could find a church that was alive, that belonged to this century, that had a minister that had something to say to me concerning vital subjects, that I might find it a grand recreation, rest, for an hour and a half, to get away from my six days and all their associations; to be taken out into another range of thought and life; to be lifted into an atmosphere of music, to hear the words of the old seers, the old thinkers, the old singers of the past, as they dealt with realities that are real from one generation to another; to climb up on some height of outlook where I could, as Shakspere said, "look before and after," see where humanity started, note how far it has come; on the wings of prophecy fly out towards the future, and see the world that is to be; to become concerned with universal interests, to live for awhile, not as a lawyer, not as a banker, not as a manufacturer, not as a merchant, but as a man. You were men before you were business men; and the manhood is deeper than the business, broader than the business, higher than the business. And he who for a little while forgets the daily occupation and toil, and deals with some of these great, eternal, spiritual, unseen verities, he will come back to the practical affairs of life, rested and refreshed, more of a man and less a machine. He will live longer; he will do more work, and he will do it better; and he will have a sense of being something more than a cog to a wheel or part of some mechanism.

Here, it seems to me, is one grand reason for having to do with some sort of institution that deals with these great world-wide and eternal verities.

Then there is another thing, as I hinted a moment ago. Thousands of men have come to believe that religion is a thing of the past because they have been taught by the ministers to identify religion with a particular scheme of theology. Religion is not only not dead, but there is no danger of its dying. Theology, theological systems, and schemes, are merely the clothing of religion, the fashion of the vest-

ments which it wears from age to age. Now, a baby does not die when it gets out of long clothes, when at last it gets big enough to wear trousers and a jacket, when it grows up to a young man and wears a gentleman's evening suit. A child does not die because it outgrows its clothes. No more does religion die because it outgrows its clothes.

And religion must outgrow its clothes if it grows at all, because the clothing, as I said, is merely the intellectual ideas concerning religion held at any particular epoch or age of the world. Religion is not going to die, and the Church, which is nothing more nor less than the incarnation of religion at any particular epoch of the history of the world, is not going to die either.

The medical profession does not die because you outgrow the pow-wow and the charms that were once employed, and reach some conception of the real laws of health. Geology does not die because you get some sensible ideas of how God made the world. Astronomy does not die when you learn the true order of the stars. Chemistry does not die because at last you are able to untangle the atoms and watch their marvellous combinations.

So religion does not die because you get nobler ideas of man and God and eternal destiny.

And the Church is nothing more nor less than the voluntary association of men and women who at any particular age of the world believe in religion, wish to live it, and help other people to live and experience its magnificent beneficence and helpful influences.

I have no fault to find with business men because they believe in hard facts, because they want to deal with reality, because they demand that the things which they give their time and their money to shall be practical things; but I want to ask you to look down beneath the surface for a moment and ask and answer the question as to what are real interests. We ask what is real estate. Confine it for a moment to a mere matter of business, and let us see where we are.

What are the real things in the business of the world? Are they the ships that carry your merchandise over the seas? Are they your warehouses, are they your factories, are they your stores, your offices, your banks? Are these the most real things in the business life of the world? Friends, people who call these the most real make the same kind of mistake that people do when they touch a brick with their foot and say, "There is something at last that is solid, and that is real, that is permanent." Apply a little heat to your brick; get heat enough and it melts; heat enough still and it turns into a vapor; a little more heat and the particles are scattered through space and are become invisible. And you find out that the brick is not half as real as the intangible and invisible forces that held its particles together or that drove them apart.

And so with your business. Get down under your business, and the things that you think are practical and real you will find are nothing compared to these eternal spiritual verities upon which your factories and your warehouses and your banks rest. And they would be utterly worthless, and tumble into chaos in a week if you take away — what? Take away men's love for truth; take away mutual trust in one another; take away what we call credit. The minute you touch credit there is a collapse of everything. What about a sense of justice, of fellowship? What about that sense of honor that makes a man on the Exchange bow his head in assent to a proposed bargain, and hold to it when a scrap of paper has not passed, though it means his financial ruin?

I tell you, friends, it is these spiritual verities that religion deals with, that the Church cultivates and cares for, educates in the hearts and lives of men,— it is these things that all your real estate, and all your magnificent banking houses and business blocks rest upon as eternal bases. And if you want your business to be safe, it is worth your while in some way to help cultivate these things on which business rests.

And then there is another thing, friends. I do not believe a bit more than you do in a place called hell in the other world, or in a place called heaven in the other world, either. I have seen plenty of hells and heavens in this world, and I expect to see plenty of them in the other world. They are very close together, and are sadly mixed up sometimes. I have seen two people walking on the sidewalk arm in arm, one in heaven and one in hell at the same time. So it may be in the other life as well as here; but I wish to impress upon you that you sadly and seriously misread the teachings of science, the revelation of God that has come to the modern world, if you think you no longer need any preparation for dying.

You can get along very comfortably, or after a fashion, in this world. You can forget yourself sometimes; you can forget your worries and your cares; you can forget your meannesses and your littlenesses,— forget the wrong words you have spoken, the wrong actions you have done. But, when you get over there,— I shall not stop to discuss the question as to whether there is any "over there" this morning; I shall deal with it, as I believe in it, as the result of years of free study, as I never believed in it before in all my life,—I want now, however, to say, when you get over there, most of the things you have been concerning yourselves about here will have passed by. Imagine yourselves plunged into a set of conditions where you are entirely lost, without any sense of being at home,— in a spiritual world where spiritual values are supreme, and you have cultivated no spiritual faculties. You have no eyes to see with, you have no senses to feel with, you have no hands to touch with; you have no interest in these matters.

I imagine a good many of us will find all the hell we want in just the fact that we have devoted our lives here to entirely other interests and are utterly unprepared for the kind of life into which we shall be suddenly plunged. It is thoughts, it is loves, it is hopes, it is feelings, it is senti-

ments, it is justice, it is friendship, it is truth,—it is these great spiritual facts which make the realities of life after we have put off these bodies which bring us into contact with the physical facts of the present life.

Now I believe, friends, that thousands of people have made a terrible mistake. They have said, "All that talk of hell is given up; neither the church nor the priest has any longer power to deliver me from hell or purgatory and open the gates of heaven to me, so I have no further use for them." Of course on that low, ignorant, shallow plane of thinking you have not any further use for them; but I tell you, friends, that you have more use than you ever had in all the history of the past for some associations, efforts, influences, that will help you cultivate the spiritual, the divine side of your being.

That is what salvation means to the modern man; as I told you last Sunday, it is a good deal harder kind of salvation than the old. If I could go to a church — as a good many people seem to think they can — and pay a little money to save myself the trouble of having any ideas of my own, pay some money for the priest to put some water on my forehead in the act of absolution and feel that in some magical way that water was going to strike in and change the character and destiny of my soul, it would be a very easy business. It is the cheapest kind of salvation in the world. But when you come to face the fact that your condition in this world depends on what you are, and that your condition in any and all worlds depends on what you are, what you have made of yourself by your thinking, your speaking, your acting, then you see that it is not quite so easy. And it is not any less important.

There is one other point that I must hint at as briefly as may be and yet make myself clear. There are thousands of men who come for some reason or other to feel that being very much interested in church or the work of the minister is not quite as manly as business or politics or the

other things that engage and interest people during the six days of the week. But, friends, if I had time to go into the argument carefully I could show you, in the light of scientific verity, that a man is not a man until he has climbed up into the realm of the religious. Start if you please, on the low plane of the animal. So far as the body is concerned you are an animal as much as the bear or the horse or the elephant. Animals dream, animals think, animals reason. We are superior to them in these directions only in degree, not at all in kind. Come up to the realm of actions, morals, you will find the rudiments of moral thought and moral action on the part of animals. Some of us are a little more moral than the average animal, though not always. But we share with them these characteristics on the moral level.

It is only when you come up into the realm of the affectional, when you come up into the consciousness of being a child of the Divine, above the consciousness which you share with the animals into self-consciousness, and say, "I am I, and I am a child of the Infinite Spirit"; it is only, I say, when you get up there that you have done something and become something which differentiates between you and the animal world. Am I not justified, then, in saying that you have not completed your manhood until you have got up here? When you have come up into and grasped the realities that the Church deals with and stands for, then, for the first time, you have risen into and grasped your manhood.

Not manly to be religious! There is not anything else that is manly.

And now one word more at the close, in the line of what I have just been saying. I have already had occasion to tell you that these spiritual things,— justice, truth, love, helpfulness, friendship,— these intangible, these invisible forces, these things that you can no more see than you can see the force of gravitation; it is these things that are

of special importance in the development and cultivation of the world, in the advance of the world's civilization. It is specially important that you and I should, if we can, make more money, leave more wealth in the world than we found when we were born; it is a grand thing if we can leave more parks and gardens, more museums, more art galleries, more scientific associations; if we can leave more business blocks, more ships, more docks, more of all these things that make up the external aspect of the world's civilization. It is a grand thing if we can do all this. But the one thing we *can* do to make the world better is to leave warmer affections; to leave a grander, deeper, and more pervasive sense of honesty; to leave aspiration, to leave ideals; to live, care for, these higher and finer and better things.

If we really care to be of service to the world, we serve it best as we serve it up here. The world will take care of itself on these lower levels. If you will only help men and women to be men and women, all other problems will settle themselves.

I say, then, if you wish to be true to your manhood, true to God, true to your fellowmen, you may not necessarily attend a place called a church nor listen to a man called a preacher; but you have got to do this: you have got to consecrate yourselves in some way to the development of these things for which the true, the noble church, stands, and which forms the staple of all the worthy preaching of the modern world.

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THE BEST GIFTS:

A SERMON FOR THE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

My subject this morning is "The Best Gifts," a sermon for the days before Christmas; and I have taken two passages of Scripture as my text,— the first from the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the thirty-fifth verse, the words which Paul remembers Jesus to have said but which are not recorded in the Gospels,—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Then from the eleventh chapter of Proverbs, the twenty-fourth verse,—

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

There is a marked peculiarity always in these days before the Christmas time has fairly begun; there is a feeling in the air different from that which we notice at any other time of the year. As Campbell says in one of his poems, "Coming events cast their shadows before." There is a sense of the dawning of a sweeter, fairer, brighter time, however brief that time may be, and the peculiar significance of it, it seems to me, is just here: everybody is engaged in a loving conspiracy to surprise somebody else into being happy.

For a little while selfishness seems to be held in abeyance. There are very few people who are mean enough to think very much about what they are going to get,— almost everybody is generous enough to be absorbed in what they are going to give.

It is something very delightful to me to watch the signs of this time, to see people carrying home bundles themselves rather than sending them by the ordinary messengers, because they wish to keep secret the fact of their arrival. Closets and drawers and all sorts of out-of-the-way places are receptacles for things that the whole household is warned not to look at until the proper time has arrived. Sisters, daughters, mothers, are engaged in making things; and, instead of making them in the open, they are off quietly by themselves, and they suddenly cover them up and hide them away when they hear anybody approaching. All sorts of pleasant surprises are being prepared for other people; and the faces look glad and the hearts beat more lightly in anticipation of the fact that others are to be made happy.

Now if you note the significance of this you will find that it lies in this fact,— that you are happy because you are going to give something to somebody else that is to make that somebody else happy. In other words, you are finding joy, not in getting, not in grasping, not in accumulating, but in giving, in the open hand, in the wide and free scattering of the blessings and the bounties of life.

And it seems to me very strange that people are so slow to learn this lesson. If the secret of happiness is in making other people happy during the last half of the month of December, what marvellous change comes over the climate or the conditions of life during the other parts of the year to make the secret of happiness, then, in getting all you can and giving as little as possible? If you are happy in giving about Christmas time, would it not at any rate be worth while to try the experiment of manifesting the same spirit during January to see if it would work then? Why not try it in February, experiment a little in March, April,— keep it up for one year and so try and see whether the secret of happiness is not in forgetting yourself and giving to other people always?

Consider for one moment. You are one person; besides you, the statisticians tell us, there are something like fourteen or fifteen hundred millions of people on this planet. There is a proverb which passes current among business men that "It is not wise to carry all your eggs in one basket." That is, do not stake your life's fortune and success, your happiness, on one venture. Now, if a man determines with himself that he will stake all his life's happiness on himself and simply go his own way, getting the things that he desires, why, you see, it is one chance against fourteen or fifteen hundred millions. But if you decide that you will be happy in the welfare, the prosperity, and the happiness of your wife, your husband, your children, your friends, your neighbors, of the city, of the county, of the State, the world, then you have millions of chances for happiness against one.

It seems to me, then, strange that people do not learn this lesson. This Christmas time proves one thing, at any rate, that men are not entirely depraved; that they are not entirely selfish, at least all the time; that they are not constantly and wholly devoted to looking after themselves. And it proves, as I have said, that they catch glimpses now and again of this deepest fact in life,— that happiness is to be found in giving, in making other people happy.

Now I wish to ask you to go a little deeper in search for a principle which underlies the universe. Not only does happiness depend upon giving, but, paradoxical as it may seem, having depends upon giving. Being depends upon giving. Nothing is that is not given. Does this seem contradictory or strange? Let us look at it a moment. You will find philosophers occasionally discussing the question as to what things are in themselves. I know it has been one of the great problems of German philosophy for years to find out not only what things are as they manifest themselves to us,— that is as they appear to be,— but what they are in themselves. Friends, it seems to me plain — I doubt

whether all the German philosophers will accept my solution of it — but it seems to me plain that things in themselves are nothing at all.

The only way we know anything about anything is as it is related to us. If it is out of all relation to us, then, so far as we are concerned, and so far as we can know, it does not exist at all. Things are, because they manifest themselves. That is, because they give off, as we say, of their qualities, their characteristics, for our delectation, for our benefit, for our happiness.

Let us for a moment look over our heads to-day where the magnificent sun is shining in the sky. Why is the sun the most magnificent object that we can behold? For the simple reason that it pours forth, gives away recklessly, wastefully, year after year, of that which is essential to itself, its light,— that which becomes light at any rate, as it is translated into the language and apprehension of our senses. If the sun up there should become economical some day and say, "I have been giving away just as long as I can afford it, and I am going to stop and for a while I am going to keep all of this light for my own behoof," the world would cry out in terror that the sun had ceased to exist. It could not be and yet retain selfishly that which makes it the sun.

Suppose I have a little piece of musk lying on my study table. How do I know it is musk? What constitutes it musk? It is musk because it is giving off little tiny particles or emanations perpetually, giving itself to my senses as musk. If it should cease to give for a moment it would cease to be musk, become simply a nameless thing, which I should throw away. Why is God God? Why do we think of him as God? Because he is the all-giving, the bountiful, ceaseless, universal, eternal source of life and light, and love and good, and all things. He is God because he is the eternal and the universal Giver. And so in every department of life, friends. How do you know

that what you call a piece of iron is iron? Because it possesses and manifests to your senses the qualities that you have agreed shall go by that name. It gives itself to you, manifests its qualities, its powers, to your uses.

A grass blade is a grass blade because it gives forth of the qualities that pass under that name. The rose, if it had no color nor fragrance, would you call it a rose still? What do we mean by a rose? It is this beautiful unfolding of life that gives itself at every turn to delight the sense of sight and the sense of smell. And so you may trace it, always, throughout the universe; and all things are by virtue of the fact that they are constantly giving themselves away. You have only as and what you give. It applies itself, friends, and it is true concerning the mere matter of money, as of everything else. If a man had twenty millions of dollars in gold and should hide it away, bury it out of sight away from contact with the business of the world, away from any sort of use or need, it would be as though it had ceased to exist, it would bring no income to the supposed owner, and so long as it lay there it would be of no more worth than a pile of pebble-stones. It is money, in the sense in which the markets use that word, only when it is given to the use of the world; and only when it is given to the use of the world does it become a source of income and increasing wealth to its possessor.

Hamlet, remembering with loving reverence the kind of person his father was, said emphatically, "He was a man." What did he mean? He meant not only that he was an animal, not only that he thought, that he felt, that he loved, but he meant that he summed up in himself and gave out in daily contact with his fellow-men all the high and fine qualities that we think of as essential to and constituting manhood.

And a man is not a man who withdraws himself and lives apart, because what we mean by the ideal man is he who puts himself in such a relation to his fellows that they

know that he is noble, that he is true, that he is generous, that he is kindly, that he is helpful. And he can be these only in the process of giving himself to his time in grand service of his fellow-men in all the different directions and departments of his life.

What, then; shall we give everything all the time and always and seek nothing? Is this principle which I am enunciating a denial, a contradiction of self-hood? No: let me ask you to think, just here in passing, that self-hood, self-seeking in a kindly sense is an entirely different thing from selfishness. The man who seeks things for himself in order that he may grow and in order that he may serve is not a selfish man. Selfishness, in the evil sense of that word, is only where one is willing to take things that he desires at the expense of the welfare or the happiness of somebody else.

This principle of giving, as I am trying to elucidate it, does not contradict the principle of getting and of having. It rather calls for it in order to complete the rounded conception. If you should go down and study the very beginnings of life, the first thing you would find in a little particle of protoplasm is that it is sensitive; there is feeling there; and the next thing on the part of the lowest creatures that live is that they are reaching out after something to absorb into themselves. That is, seeking for food by which they may grow. And this is essential and natural to this principle of giving of which I have been speaking.

People ought to desire the very best things of which they can conceive. You ought to want whatever will make you more a man. You must want knowledge, you want strength, you want experience, you want money; you want all the things that money can buy, the wealth of the world; you want the love and appreciation of the beautiful in art and music, in literature. You should want all these things. Why? For the sake of absorbing them? No: for the sake of giving them out again. In other words the ideal

man is he who knows he is strong, who feels, who loves, who becomes all possible, and then gives himself to the service of the world.

Let me illustrate: Did you ever notice the difference between a bit of charcoal and a diamond? The chemists tell us that, so far as they can discover, the two are precisely alike. Chemically, a bit of dirty charcoal is the same exactly as a diamond. What is the difference? The only difference we can discover is that the charcoal absorbs every particle of light that falls on it, and remains dead black. The diamond reflects, that is, gives away every particle of light with which it comes in contact, and becomes the most precious of all the gems. The difference between the two is the difference between selfish absorption and unselfish giving.

So the difference between a mean and a noble man is just the difference between a man who grasps everything he can get his hands on, for his own behoof, and tries to keep other people from enjoying it, and the man who grasps everything he can get his hands on honestly, and then uses it for the happiness and welfare of his fellow-men.

There is no contradiction, then, between self-hood and sacrifice, between getting and giving. You need to be strong if you are to lift up the weak; you need to know the way if you are to become a guide to those that are bewildered; you need to love your fellow-men if you are to pity and help those who are in necessity and trial, in trouble. In other words, you need to become all that is fine and noble if you are to be of the grandest service to your fellow-men.

I have said that this principle works unchanged; and it does, clear from the lowest forms of possession up to the highest; but it is most apparent to us when we come into the higher ranges of human thought and feeling and action. When you come up here and find the man having outgrown the animal, having outgrown the selfish and brutal instincts

in him and become a typical and ideal man, then you find that the more he gives away the more he possesses. As the old proverb writer said so many years ago, There is that scattereth and yet increaseth: and there is that withholdeth more than is fit or meet, but it tends to poverty, to destitution. That is, the more knowledge, for example, a man gives away, the more knowledge he has; and the more kindliness he gives away in helping his fellow-men, the more kindly he grows; the more love he gives away the more loving he is; the more service he gives to his fellow-men the grander becomes his ability to serve.

And so, as I said, in these higher ranges of life, if you wish to possess then give away everything you have, and the more you give away the more you own and the more you are.

In the light of this principle, then, let us come now for a few moments to consider this matter of giving, and note what are the best gifts that we can bestow upon other people. I shall not presume to trench upon the problem of your Christmas giving, technically so-called. Your loving instincts, your generosity, your knowledge as to what your friends want or your guesses as to what will please them are your best guides. I should like,— not from any knowledge of what I have discovered here in New York, but from general observation of human nature as I have observed it in past years,— I should like to drop a caution about training yourselves, and above all, training your children, to look out lest the commercial, the calculating, the balancing spirit creep into and corrupt your Christmas giving. I have heard children talking sometimes, and estimating as to how much they should give this playmate or that, and wondering whether they were likely to get as much as they were going to give. I have heard others than children express the opinion that somebody who had sent them a Christmas present was a little mean, not over-generous. Friends, the sweetness, the heart, the beauty of it all is destroyed if we

are prizing the commercial value of the things that we get or the things that we give. It is the heart's gift, and not the calculating brain's; and when the brain gets in and begins to figure, the heart gets out.

Give without calculation, then; give as the expression of friendship, of love, and not with the thought that I shall get back again as much as I bestow. With that one caution in mind, let us consider now for a moment, on the basis of this great deep principle I have been trying to make clear, what are the best gifts that we can bestow upon our fellow men.

Money? Yes, if money is needed. Clothes? Yes, if people are naked. Food, of course, if people are starving. Coal? Why, without waiting a moment, if they are suffering from the inclemency of winter. But, as you stand face to face with the poor, the unfortunate, those who have not succeeded in life as well as you have, remember that while you look after their immediate necessities, while you see that they have a Christmas dinner if they cannot get it without your help, remember that there is something of infinitely more importance than this that you can give to the poor, that you can give to the failures in the world's great struggle, that you can give to the laggards who have fallen out of the world's advancing march. Give an intelligent comprehension of their condition; give patient study of the problems of poverty, of sorrow and distress; give a man's sympathy, give respect; give that kind of personal supervision and help, so far as is possible, that shall put these people on their feet. For you have not helped a man much until you have helped him be a man on his own account. He is not a man in the true sense of the word if you have to hold him up all the time, if you have got to lead him all the time. A man is one who comprehends the problems of his condition, and is able to master them.

Help men and women, then, to be men and women. Give them your sympathy, your personal aid, your personal

advice and guidance. Give them help that they may climb up out of their poor and mean conditions and stand upon their own feet. Let us not be content, friends, with the Bible phrase, "The poor ye have always with you," nor interpret it as meaning that no end is ever to be put to poverty. It will not be in our lifetime that poverty will come to an end, but it will come to an end some time because the world is growing; and it is our business as far as we can to diminish its ills, to lift its lives, to help the world a little up and on.

What are the best gifts for our enemies, for our rivals? — for all of us, I suppose, have enemies, have people, at any rate, who do not love us particularly, have people whom we do not care as much for as we do for other people; we are in constant relation with them and must give them something. Will you give them rivalry for rivalry, will you give them enmity for enmity, hatred for hatred, injury for injury? Will you, as a rough and wicked proverb has it, "Fight the devil with fire"? If you do, then there is twice as much deviltry as there was before. If you fight injury with injury, then you double the quantity of injury. If you fight enmity with enmity, and hatred with hatred, you double the quantity of hatred. Wherever people are trying to injure you, meet that spirit with the spirit of love, of generosity, and of help. As the Apostle says to you, "Overcome evil," not with evil, but "Overcome evil with good."

And now I wish to speak to you for a little in regard to the best gifts for your children. Give them money, leave them a fortune? I suppose all of us would leave our children a fortune if we had it for them, whether we thought it was quite wise or not. But one thing, friends, I have noticed in many years of observation and experience, and that is, more young men have been injured by having a large amount of money left them than have been helped by it. In other words, the worst thing you can do for your boy is to take away the necessity of his becoming something

or doing something. Give him a body and brain and heart as noble as possible, give him an opportunity, but do not put him in a position so that he does not need to do anything or become anything, unless you wish him to give way to the natural indolence of those who are under no necessity and so stunt his growth and deprive him of the possibilities of development.

What are then some of the best gifts you can bestow upon your children? If we wish to consider this matter very carefully we shall go back to the time before the child is born. We confer upon our children before we ever see them some of the best or the worst gifts that they ever receive at our hands. Let the children be well born; born out of love, not accident; born out of high devotion, born of healthy bodies and clear brains and devoted hearts. In other words, never dare to bring into this world a child handicapped from the start, unfitted for the race of life.

Then give the children one of the most precious and noble of all gifts, the memory of a happy childhood. I do not believe there is anything in all this world that will go through life with a boy as such a guardian, such a source of safety, such help, such comfort, as the loving, reverent, tender memory of a happy home. Let us remember that we have brought the children here without their asking, we have assumed the responsibility, and it is our business to see to it that the life we have conferred without their asking shall be, just so far as possible, a blessing and not a curse.

I can remember cases in my childhood, years ago, where it seemed to me that fathers and mothers — this was in the country and when they were working on farms — had the feeling that the boys owed them a great debt, and that they had a right to get out of them as much service as they could before they became "their own men," as they called it. It seems to me we should remember the words of the apostle, "The children should not lay up for the fathers, but the fathers for the children."

I consider that my children have paid me over and over and over a thousand times in happiness and gladness and peace for all I have ever done for them. I do not consider that they owe me anything. The bills are all paid, and the debt stands the other way. It is our business to give them so bright a memory of the old-time home, that it shall be a star to them, a beacon light. They ought to feel that home is the sweetest place in all the world, so that they shall not want to escape from it, and so that they shall be inclined to build one of these places of joy and safety for themselves.

Give them the noblest education possible, give them high and fine ideals of life, train them into this same spirit of unselfish giving, of which I have been speaking. That is one of the best things you can give your boy or girl,— to give him or her the possibility of appreciating the joy of giving. This giving, friends, in the sense of giving money and time and care, does not always come easy. It is perfectly natural. A man begins to accumulate a fortune,— and, of course, he gets his money by saving as well as by fortunate ventures,— and he gets into the habit of saving, and by and by the habit gets the better of him. For example: I once knew a man who was several times a millionaire, who confessed to a friend that the hardest thing in the world was for him to give anything away. He said, "If you knew how it hurt me to give away a dollar, you would pity me." It is perfectly natural.

Do you remember the story of Amos Lawrence, as James Russell Lowell tells it? It illustrates the principle. Amos Lawrence, as you know, became one of the most noted philanthropists of New England. His giving began in this way: he had a ship at sea,— of course he had a good many more than one,— but he had one particular ship at sea which was a long time overdue, and it was not insured. And he found himself worrying about it, lying awake nights; not that it would impoverish him to lose it, but the habit of accumulation was upon him so that he was suffering,

sleepless, restless, impatient. At last he waked up one day, and came to himself, and he said, "If I have got into such a state of mind, that the safety or the loss of so much money as that is able to upset me, it is time I should change." So he estimated the value of the vessel, estimated the value of the insurance, of the cargo, drew a check for the whole amount, and gave it away, saying, "I will put an end to that quality in my character, it shall not dominate me any longer." That was the beginning of his giving; and he was not only one of the richest but also one of the most noted givers that Boston ever knew.

Train your children into this habit. I have a friend who said he was going to begin to give away just as soon as he was worth a million. Why postpone the exercise of the gift which is the most godlike on the face of the earth until you have a million, when you can bless and help all the way along?

Teach this to your children, then. Leave them also the memory of a noble, unselfish life on your own part, and you have given them the very best things possible, you have done the most you can towards preparing them for a fine and noble life.

Now once more. What will you give your friends? Give them utter trust, give them utter loyalty, give them sympathy, give them friendship. Never believe anything against a friend until you have it from that friend's own lips. I would not give a snap of my finger for the friend who would pick up a common rumor about town and turn against me on the basis of it. That is not friendship. If you have known a friend, been intimate with him for years, stand by him in time of need. Give trust, give loyalty then.

But a sweeter thing remains; give the expression of your friendship now; do not wait to write an article for the newspaper about your friend after he is dead. I remember reading just a little while ago a case which illustrates what I have in mind. An Episcopal clergyman here in the city.

of New York had led a noble, sweet, faithful, helpful life, but had been burdened by distrust of himself, not being conceited enough to make him comfortable and happy, and had been oppressed and troubled a large part of his life. After he was dead the bishop of this city, Bishop Brooks of Massachusetts, and other clergymen were in a meeting where they were talking over the noble life and character of this man. The widow was there also; and after they had finished their eulogies, she got up, and in a broken voice said, "Why, why had not you told him some of these things while he was alive and could hear and be comforted and helped by them; why did you wait until he was dead?"

So, let us give our friends the expression of our love and friendship and trust to-day. Some people think that suppression of all feeling is manly. I do not think it is manly; I think the manliest thing we can do is to give our friends the appreciation which they need now, as they are going through life,—to make them happy, to make them strong, to make their life a blessing.

Now, at the close, just one suggestion; and this has a great sermon in its heart, if you care to take it away with you and think it out. There is one gift which we are under absolute compulsion to bestow upon the world; we cannot help it. We must give the world just what we are. We cannot walk through life and come in contact with men here and there without touching them, without impressing them, without helping them or hurting them; and the general result of our life is, that we make the kind of impression upon people that really represents what we are at the heart. You may try to play the hypocrite just as much as you please. The chances are you will deceive nobody but yourself. You may try to appear what you are not, but you will make the impression in the long run, and year by year, upon people of what you really are. You cannot escape this necessity. It is illustrated very forcibly in one of Hawthorne's stories. I think it is "The House of the Seven Gables," that has in it

a character that is called Judge Pyncheon. He tried to play the part of a public benefactor: went through life with a benign smile upon his lips; tried to make the impression that he was bountiful and helpful and generous and noble. But always there was a feeling on the part of those he came in contact with that he was not genuine. But he seemed so genuine all the time that those that distrusted him blamed themselves for their suspicion. But he was found dead in his office chair one day, and the benign smile and the expansive countenance and the appearance of beneficence, all that had gone from his face like a mask, and the real Judge Pyncheon looked out of the eyes and stared from every feature.

In the long run we must impress our real character upon the world. In other words, we give ourselves in spite of ourselves. Let us, then, see to it that the gift we must make is a worthy one.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ... 20 cents.
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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The Origin, Significance, and Glory of Christmas

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THE ORIGIN, SIGNIFICANCE, AND GLORY OF CHRISTMAS.

My theme this morning is "The Origin, Significance, and Glory of Christmas," and, as my Scripture starting-point, I find in the second chapter of Luke and in the tenth verse these words: —

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

I wish to say one prefatory word before I begin the substance of my sermon. If you should judge me when I am a third or half-way through this morning, by certain things that I shall wish to say, you might misunderstand my attitude towards Christmas and think it one of negation or denial. It is, however, the precise contrary of that,— one of wider and grander affirmation, based on a wider and clearer conception of the facts.

Christmas has come to be the most widely celebrated and the gladdest of all the festivals of the year. It has come to be I say; for even in New England, where Thanksgiving Day originated, and where it has always been pre-eminently a day of home-coming and reunion — even there Christmas has outbid it in favor on its own ground, and is more of a glad home festival than even Thanksgiving Day itself. Has come to be, again I say; for it was not until within a comparatively recent period of time. Protestantism in Europe and in this country never looked with special favor upon Christmas. The Puritan branch of the Church of England itself always looked at it askance, saying that it smacked of popery and paganism. And the Puritan was right: it does smack of popery and of paganism. But in my judgment,

instead of this being an impeachment of it, it is something altogether in its favor. As we shall see before I am through, it is one of the grandest reasons why we should take it to our hearts with love and joy.

Christmas was practically unknown in New England from the time of its settlement until within a very few years. I am not very old, and yet in all my boyhood, in all my young manhood, until at the age of twenty-three I left New England, I never saw — I almost might say I never heard of — Christmas. I never knew of a Christmas present being given in all that time. If presents were exchanged at all, anywhere, during this period of the year, it was always on New Year's Day. This, of course, is that part of New England where I lived. I do not speak for all. Christmas had no place in the homes of the people of New England, had no place in the churches of New England. But within very recent years it has come to occupy the foremost place of all, and is looked upon with peculiar favor and greeted with peculiar festivities.

Every little while some one who belongs possibly to the extreme ecclesiastical wing of the Church is led to say to me, or to such as I, that they do not see why I have anything to do with Christmas at all. They wonder why I should be interested in it. They say "Christmas belongs specially to us who hold our peculiar ideas as to the supernatural birth of Jesus; and those who do not share our peculiar theological doctrines have no right to a Christmas Day at all." So they wonder that we observe it.

I do not know how many times in my life I have had this question put to me in this way and with this implication. On the other hand, there are certain men, persons occupying the extreme rationalistic position, that are led to criticise those of us who, in spite of the fact that we love to think with perfect freedom, love also as many of the old traditions and customs that have come down from the past as we may rightly share. They are ready to say to us,

"Why do you give way to these popular superstitions? Why do you not stand up squarely and straightly for hard facts? Why should you concede anything to the ecclesiastical claim as you do in sharing in this Christmas-tide and Christmas joy?"

Friends, I cannot occupy the position of either of these. I am not ready to concede that Christmas belongs to any type or shade of theological opinion. Christmas does not belong to any particular division of the Church, it does not belong to the Church as a whole exclusively; it does not belong to Christianity alone. We shall find out before we are through this morning that it belongs to the race, it belongs to man as the child of the Heavenly Father.

So I am ready to defend and love and enjoy Christmas with the best of you all.

In order to understand the statement which I have made, let me hint to you for a moment something concerning the far-off and human origin of this day. There are, I suppose, thousands of intelligent people who imagine that Christmas originated with the birth of Jesus, and was never heard of in the history of the world until that day. The name is not nearly so old as the birth of Jesus, but the reality of the festival is a great deal older; and there is not one single feature of the day's celebration, apart from those that are strictly theological in their significance, that originated with Christianity at all; and most are older than Christianity. Christmas comes to us with the joy of the primeval world upon its lips and with the light of a hope not yet realized in its eyes. It is the child of the Father of us all and the friend of every son of man.

Let us note, then, some of the suggestions as to its origin. We shall find that we must go away back of any authentic history, and that its rise is lost in the mists of a prehistoric time; but we can easily read the story of its origin and see out of what ideas and beliefs it has sprung.

Suppose we go to ancient Persia hundreds of years before

Christianity was known. There we shall find the people celebrating the day after the winter solstice as the birth of their sun-god Mithras. What did it mean to them? We need, if we can, for a moment to put ourselves in their places. For us to-day who know some, at least, of the secrets of astronomy and who are able to control the climatic changes at our will,—for us, of course, it is difficult to appreciate how much these ideas must have meant to that far-off simple, superstitious, childhood-world. At that day the storm, the clouds, the winter, the cold, were veritable evil spirits, demons, of which the people were afraid. And among the Northern nations, as they watched the sun as the winter grew, travelling farther and farther to the south, being more and more completely shorn of his beams, gradually losing his heat, his light, until the shortest day had come, and the depth of winter was reached, there was a feeling as though the evil powers of the universe were victorious over their god of life and of light; and when, after apparently standing still for two or three days, the sun began his journey toward the north once more, their hearts were filled with rejoicing, and they celebrated with gladness the rebirth of their brilliant, shining, light-giving, life-dispensing deity.

And so we find a similar thing taking place in almost all the Northern nations, among almost all the Northern religions. Even in Egypt, about this time, they celebrated the birthday of their virgin-born Horus, the son of Isis. In Greece they celebrated the birth of Heracles, the god specially dear to the public heart because he wrought so many labors for the cleansing of the earth and the welfare of the common people. And in Rome, about this time of the year, the celebration, as you know, under another name, continues even unto the present day. They had their three days Saturnalia, a period during which they celebrated the time when their god Saturn lived and reigned in Italy, before there was any war, before any hatred, before any

disease had come into the world, before any class-distinctions were known. And, as a part of that celebration, as you know, the servants were treated as if they were masters; they sat at the table while those, whom during other parts of the year they waited on, waited on them in turn. And about this time of the year they celebrated the birthday of their sun-god.

And so this festival reaches back, being celebrated just at this particular period of the year, for the reason which I have intimated, among almost all these Northern nations, to a point beyond any power of history to trace.

The special features of the day which are so dear to us and so beautiful in our thought have also come to us as the gift of paganism. The yule-log, the mistletoe, these are the gifts of Celtic Druids. The trees, the boughs with which we decorate our homes, these are the gifts of the Germanic nations. They believed if they brought trees, boughs, parts of the woods into their homes, that the sylvan deities whom they specially loved would follow them and be at home in the midst of their winter festivities and joys.

So true is it in regard to the pagan origin of this festival that we find it was a long time during the early Church before it was looked upon with any sort of favor. Augustine, for example, the famous bishop of Hippo, the one to whom we look as the source and father of the great Protestant systems of theology, said that Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day, and Whitsuntide were the only festivals of any original or apostolic authority in the Church. He looked upon the celebration of Christmas at all as a new-fangled idea.

Tertullian, another famous Church Father, said it was wrong for the people to deck their dwellings with garlands and boughs on festival days according to the custom of the heathen. Gregory, another Church Father, protested against it. In France a council of the Church as late as 614 forbade the Christians to deck their homes with laurel,

ivy, and green boughs. They looked upon it as savoring entirely of paganism and as something which they had no right to do.

Now let us trace for a moment the course of thought in the Christian Church and see how it came to pass that the birthday of Jesus was fixed as the 25th of December, and our Christian Christmas, if I may be allowed so to speak, was born.

All intelligent students, those who have given any attention to the matter, are aware of the fact that nobody in the world knows, not the day merely, but even the month or the year on which Jesus was born. We know that he was not born in the year 1 of our present method of reckoning time; so far as we can find out he was probably born about four years earlier than that. We feel practically certain that he was not born in the month of December; and there is no reason to suppose that be was born on the 25th of that month or of any other month. Indeed, we know nothing about it. The ancient Christians believed that Jesus was to appear a second time in the heavens, and bring to an end this secular order of the world before that generation passed away. It did not occur to them then as important to write history or to fix dates. And, when they found that this expectation of theirs was mistaken, and the present order of things continued, then the knowledge, if it had been in the minds of any of the members of the Christian Church, had been forgotten; so that, when at last they determined to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, there were very widely differing opinions in different branches of the Church as to what day should be chosen.

For example, in the West it was at first thought that Jesus was born on the 20th of May; others favored the 20th or the 21st of April; in the East almost all persons favored January 6 as the probable date. I speak of these simply to show you that they knew nothing about it; and it was as late as the fourth century, and the last part of the fourth

century at that, before there was any general agreement as to the day which should be adopted and fixed upon in the Church.

And now I will give you an authoritative statement as to why this date was fixed upon at last. Chrysostom, the old Church Father, one of the most famous orators among all the Christian fathers anywhere, says, "On this date" (that is the 25th day of December) "the birth of Christ was lately fixed at Rome, in order that, while the heathen were busy with their profane ceremonies, the Christians might observe their holy rites undisturbed." You see, there is confirmation in the words of Chrysostom of the statements which I have just been making, that the heathen at this time in Rome were engaged in celebrating their joyous festivities; and it was at last decided to fix upon the same date in order that the Christians might, undisturbed, celebrate their peculiar rites while the heathen were busy about theirs.

In other words, the Catholic Church did what it has done over and over and over again, wisely sometimes, unwisely sometimes: finding a festival, finding a custom, rooted strongly in the public heart,— too strongly rooted to be torn up and cast away,— they decided to accept it; they simply renamed it, rechristened it, and adopted it as a part of their own belief and custom. And for this reason, and this alone, it is that, on the day on which the old world, from time immemorial, celebrated the birthday of the sun-god, of light and life and warmth and love, Christianity has come to the conclusion to celebrate the birthday of its spiritual sun, the source of spiritual light and life and love and warmth and joy.

This, then, is the reason why, on the 25th of December, we gather so gladly in our homes, making the children happy with gifts, wishing each other all sweet and glad and merry wishes, and feeling our hearts swell with thanksgiving to the source of all the brightness and peace and blessedness that have come into our life. This, then, is the origin, this the significance, of the Christmas Day.

Let me now point out to you a few things which I regard as among its greatest glories. I said at the outset that Christmas did smack of popery and of paganism; and that so far our Puritan ancestors were right,— right as to their fact, but not right, in my judgment, in their opposition to it on account of the fact. To my mind, friends, the festival of Christmas does not belong to one dogmatic section of the Church; it does not belong even to all the Church; it does not belong exclusively to Christianity and Christian tradition; but it belongs to man. This, to my mind, is one of its peculiar and brightest glories.

It never seemed to me that it is a good way to honor God, to prove that he has been peculiarly kind to some one man or to some one people, or to some one epoch in the history of the world, and has forgotten to be kind to a thousand other men, to other nations, to other religions, to other periods in the history of the world. I could not honor, I could not quite so tenderly love my earthly father if I saw that he was partial, even if the partiality was shown towards me. If he bestowed upon me his special love, selected me as his pet, as the object of his care, and was cruel towards, or even neglected, my brothers and my sisters, it seems to me that, instead of loving him more, I should be obliged to love him a little less. I should certainly be obliged to respect him a little less. So I find my love for the Father in heaven beating with a new significance, warm with a nobler joy, when I can believe that he has been equally kind from the beginning of the world to all people, to all religions, to all his individual children. As Jesus represented him as impartial, sending his rain on the evil and the good, his sunshine on the just and the unjust alike, so I believe that from the beginning there has been no partiality. He has been just as kind to us as we could appreciate or would let him be.

And so it is one peculiar glory, to my mind, of this Christmas time, that it is as wide as the race. Note the

meaning of it. At first and on the lowest level of thought, it meant the supremacy of light, that light was stronger than the dark; it meant that warmth was mightier than cold, that summer was stronger than winter. It meant this great, deep trust and faith in the human heart in that far-off time, in that ignorant, simple, superstitious, childhood period of the world. It meant this great conquering trust in the hearts of men in the supremacy of the sun and all that the sun stood for; his enemies might seem to be overpowering him, they might shear away his locks as the Philistines did the locks of Samson; they might seem to be surrounding and conquering him; but in the very depth of winter, when the cold seemed the master, then came the rebirth of the immortal ruler of the skies, and their god came back bringing light and glory and life and healing in his beams.

That was what it meant to the old childhood world. And when Jesus came, the Sun of Righteousness as we love to call him, and his birthday at last was celebrated at this same time, it merely added to the significance of the old idea. It broadened it, it deepened it, it lifted it higher, until men believed in the supremacy, not only of the physical sun, but of the spiritual source of light and life as well.

It seems to me, friends, something superb and something strange in its wonder, that humanity does cherish this immortal hope in the face of death, in the face of sickness, in the face of pain, in the face of poverty, in the face of so much despair. Evil seems to have its own way so often. We have been talking for generations, for hundreds of years, about peace, and the nations of Europe were never so armed for war as to-day. We talk about the coming of the reign of justice, and injustice seems to triumph. We talk about the growth of intelligence, and yet see masses of the people running wild after every folly. We talk about goodness conquering evil, and yet there is so much of evil and its consequences all about us.

Is not it a wonder that men believe in God at all? And

yet it is true. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," as the old poet has sung it; and we will believe still. And Christmas is simply the bursting of this belief into song, the triumph of right, the triumph of God's love,— God's love for his children, and our love for each other,— the new life, the incoming of the divine airs more and afresh into the world.

This is what Christmas means. And so the human heart triumphs over every obstacle by its magnificent trust in God, and, no matter how often baffled, no matter how many times defeated, never loses courage, but marches on to some new victory and to grasp some new promise for the fulfilment of its ultimate hope.

This is the glory of the Christmas time. There never has been a period in any time in the past when in all nations there has not been this forward look, this belief in the good time coming. The Jews are not the only people who have cherished the Messianic hope. Under that or some other name it has been one of the mightiest facts in the religious history of the world. Even among the aborigines on this continent, as Longfellow has sung the old Indian tradition in his beautiful poem, the people watch Hiawatha sailing away down the sunlit stream, and then turn to their tasks and their toils again, cherishing in their hearts the belief that by and by he is to return and bring victory over all their enemies, bring deliverance from all their evils.

This is the great hope that lies at the heart of the Christ mas time. Wherever we may encounter it, under whatever name, in whatever religion, whatever nation, that which lies at the heart of it is the belief that God is ever coming into the life of his children, coming with new promise, coming with fresh deliverance, coming with finer and higher triumph over the things that have trampled them down in the dust of their weakness and their despair.

Now, friends, I am going to close by reading you some verses which are very familiar, very trite. Why? Because so apt, so grand; for the grandest and most fit things are

quoted over and over and over again, till they come to be trite. I know of no one in any language who has so fittingly and finely sung the Christmas hope and its glory as has Tennyson in these verses of his from "In Memoriam": —

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Father, we thank Thee for the gladness of these hours. We thank Thee for the joy that springs in our hearts as we trace the ideas of Thy child man in all the past. We thank Thee for hope that has looked forward to the triumph of light and warmth and summer; for hope that has looked forward to the triumph of light and life and love in humanity; for the trust that has looked to the time when evil shall have passed away, and the kingdom of our God shall have come, and His will have been done as in heaven so here upon earth. We are glad of this hope and trust; and we are glad that at this Christmas season and all the year we can help realize this hope in common human lives. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ...	*20 cents*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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A PARABLE OF THE PEARL

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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A PARABLE OF THE PEARL.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls."— MATT. xiii. 45.

THE parable of the pearl is one of seven the Master touches in this chapter, for symbols that shadow forth the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven in our human life and lot,— the parable of the sower and the seed, the tares among the wheat, the mustard seed, the leaven in the meal, the treasure hid in a field, the fisherman's net, and this of the pearl of great price.

He touches the purpose also of the first and second parables for the help and guidance of his friends, so far as he may; but there is no word which will cast a gleam of light on this similitude beyond what has been said touching the first and the second. Only these words have come down to us and in the one gospel, "The kingdom [the rule and supremacy] of heaven is like unto a merchant man seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found one pearl of great price went and sold all that he had and bought it."

And if we wonder how it was that this jewel should have cast the spell of its splendor over the eye and the heart of the humble artisan, some hint pointing towards the truth may lie in the intimations we possess that this was the time for what we may call a carnival of the pearl among the masters of the world,— the singular and only jewels, Pliny says, and nature's wonder. They were wearing them then, not alone in carcanets and on coronets, but on their very sandals, and no doubt in Jerusalem as in Rome boasting of their cost and therefore of their own shame; for, like the diamond worn by the great rogue in this city before you sent him up the river, they were the outcome of

plunder. It may be mentioned also as a bit of curious treasure-trove which holds for me and for my purpose this morning another gleam, that among the dreams and speculations in those times, touching the advent of the wonder down there in the deeps and the close-encrusting shell, these may have lain among the folk-lore to which the boy would listen: that the pearl was born of the dew from heaven gathered into one peerless globe falling through the sunshine or the shadows to create the clear or the clouded splendor; or, again, it was born from an angel's tear falling from on high, while the rarest and most beautiful caught their beauty and worth from a tear which had fallen athwart a flash of lightning in a storm.

These are among the imaginations of the time to be found in the books of the early Fathers, who turned them to such account as was possible when they would open the meaning of the similitude by this key to the kingdom of heaven left by the master among the mysteries. And these dreams, I say, may have reached the teacher of divine things as he listened to the talk at the fireside or in the market-place, and may lie among the reasons or the guesses when we wonder why he takes the pearl for a symbol of the mysteries which lay for him as they lie for you and me in our human life and lot.

But here we must leave them, and turn to the truth I would love to touch this morning,— the truth at the heart of the symbol, in its creation. We learn from the masters of our modern time that the primal reasons for the wonder may be traced to a grain of flint which has invaded the shell and stabbed the delicate creature down there in the dark, so that from its own life the ichor flows for help and protection against the hurt, covering the flint slowly, but surely, and rounding to the pearl. Or, again, it is a parasite, they say, with which the creature must do battle by encasing the invader, fold on fold, and then dying; but there is the jewel born of the battle. And, again, it comes forth from the

frustrated promise of another life, they tell me,— closest of kin to its own,— a promise which can never be made good in the order and law of its life down there in the shell; but the frustration finally grows to the pearl.

These are the reasons, the masters of our time say, for the advent of the jewel so beautiful and fair. Always you shall trace your pearl to the grain of flint or the parasite or the frustrated promise of another life closest of kin to its own; while they say also that the shells which are the most worthless to look on when they are drawn from the deep waters, haggard and ruined past all hope of treasure, are very often those which hold in them the finest pearls. This is all they can tell you, and all they know; but may we not imagine, for the sake of the symbol and the lessons it may bring home, how impossible it must be for the pained creature down there in the deep waters and the close-encrusting shell to be aware of the worth it must create at such a cost when the whole life at last is lost in the pearl of which the poet sings: —

> "So the poor shell-fish of the Indian Sea
> Lies seven years sick of its sore malady.
> Its pearl elaborates in the unresting main,
> In worth proportioned to the creature's pain,
> Until, in rosy lustre perfect grown,
> It comes to light as worthy of a crown."

And, once more, may we not blend the imaginations of the old time with the revelation of the new? For the truth I would touch, in some poor fashion, of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven we can never fathom, and yet can never cease to ponder, while we also have to suffer the impact of the flints, to fight the parasites, and to meet the frustrations of life,— the great and beautiful mystery, to me, of the way some noble treasures may be won for the world's life and our own through the flints of circumstance, the parasite, the slaying of some dear hope and joy, and the angel's tear falling athwart the bolt in the old imagination; the shining

treasure which may not and cannot be won through ease and pleasantness; and the wealth of good which knows of no heart's bruise, no sore invasion of our life in the shell of this human tabernacle, no blighted hope, and no sore burdens we must bear, but by these rather, and through them (in this mystery of the supremacy of God and of heaven), the jewel brought forth, in your life and mine, and in the world's life, through all the ages, and in all the generations; under pressure of the pang the ichor poured over the flints, poured without stint or stay for the noblest and the finest treasure, and always true to the poet's line, "where pain ends gain ends."

For shall we glance first towards the nations which have won the priceless pearl of the freedom to be men and not mere serfs, or pawns for the chessboard of kings? Search their story down to the deeps and you will always find the flint and the parasite in the advent of the pearl.

It is the story of my motherland through a thousand years. The reason for the great Charter lies there and for the great Rebellion when the manhood of England set its foot on the neck of her king. The finest ichor of that manhood is the secret of the pearl; and the splendor of the jewel marks the burden of the pain through which the manhood must pass to its purpose.

It is the story of that long, stern strife in the mountains of Switzerland when one humble hero was only an instance of the grand manhood which won the treasure, the hero who gathered all the spears he could clutch into one clump to his breast that so he might clear the way to freedom and create the pearl; the story of the mighty passion of the Hollander to be free from the bitter and base yoke of Spain, always base and always bitter, be it within the sea-walls in Holland, or yonder to-day on the fair island to the south,—the mighty passion for the pearl that storms you when you read how he broke down those great sea-walls he had built as barriers about the fair green lands and the homes, wel-

coming the water floods and counting all things else but loss for the excellent glory of the pearl.

And in the ever-glowing passion of your fathers,—from the coming of the Pilgrims whose story has touched the heart of every home-born man and gone all round the world just now, from their landing to the advent of the republic and the revolution,—through all the years, you find the ichor of your finest life poured out to bring forth the jewel; and in the great strife, we remember also, for the integrity of the republic and the slaying of slavery out of the land. This is the story of the kingdom of heaven set forth in the symbol.

Do we turn from the nations to the treasures which have made our life so rich in these last times, and lifted so many sore burdens of labor and pain? — I cannot find one of the finest worth over which men have not poured the ichor of their life for the pearl when the pang has struck them, and then died, not having received the promise, but seeing it afar off, God having reserved some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Turn to what we call the finer arts? — then we think of men like the creator of "The Angelus" and "The Sower," men of whom the world was not worthy, doing their noblest work pained by the flint, pouring their life into the treasure, while many a time and often it was their fortune to die that the pearl might be perfected in splendor and the noblest worth, while with some we also remember what we call the "fortune" came to those who open the shell and clutch the pearl. They were created through travail and pain, I say, and by the hope deferred that makes the heart sick, folded over the flint of circumstance, and in a devotion as deep and pure as that which filled the heart of him who would only do his most sacred work, kneeling as in prayer. Or another fine soul who, as he lay on his deathbed, said to his friend, "Lift me up": the picture was his pearl, he would touch it with one more gleam of radiance;

and when this was done, he fell on sleep to awake in the city of God whose gates, to the seer's vision, were of pearl, and every several gate was one pearl.

Or to the treasure which has come to us in great and noble books and lives? — it is once more to be aware of the mystery, the supremacy, of the kingdom of heaven.

Milton, old, blind, poor, and outcast, flashing forth in the dark-encrusting shell the peerless splendors of the "Paradise Lost," for a fortune in sterling of the realm the meanest laboring man in England would have despised for day's wages when you count the days. And Bunyan in his den trying to earn a crust of bread for the weans and wife, while the small blind wean sits near him,— Bunyan in the dark-encrusting shell, pouring over the flint of evil circumstance the ichor which has won the world's worship in his matchless pearl of the Pilgrim's Progress to the City of God.

These,— and Robert Burns, tormented by the pang of the flint, fighting the parasite or mourning the frustrated hope, for here all the plagues seem to meet in the shell of one human life; Robert Burns pouring out the ichor of his heart, great as the world in its sympathy and sweet in its tenderness as his heart was who spake the parable; the grandest man of his time in grand old Scotland, making his motherland glorious in songs that stir you like the sound of trumpets on the eve of great battles, draw you to a mouse in a tender human pity, and to his human family with the chords of the man, to so sweet and true a purpose that, of all our great singers and strong and true, he is to me the sweetest and strongest, the man above all other men of our age and race who was sent from God to hasten the time

> "When men to men the world o'er
> Shall brothers be for a' that."

And my dear Charles Lamb, your Charles Lamb, turning away, in the pang we may not try to speak of in common

words, from his youth's fair dream of a maiden peerless he would some day call "my wife," burying his dream in a level grave that he might make a home for that hapless sister Mary who had no other friend in all the world who would seek and save that which was lost for love's sake of the sister, and then through more than forty years making a home for her in single doubleness, as he tells his friend in a letter,— this man giving us the pearl beyond all price, the jewel shining with a light that never lay on land or sea, made precious by the angel's tear that fell through the bolt of doom on the troubled home of his early manhood, and the rich and rare beauty born of the flint.

Shall we turn to the sacred story,— the life which holds for us the very light of this supremacy of heaven and of God? It is the story which touches the prophets and the saints of all time and all the lands, and the story of the Master who spake the parable, crowned by the cross and the shame. And of the things said and the deeds done in dungeons while the headsman was waiting at the gates? And of visions which came to the exiles, each alone on his Patmos, watching over the wide waste of waters, and thinking of new heavens and a new earth where there shall be no more sea? These — not alone in our Holy Land, but in all the ages — have given us the pearls of great price through tribulation and distress, while to my own heart he sits enthroned of whom it was written, "It pleased him in whom all fulness dwells to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering,"— the man Christ Jesus, who bore the cross and despised the shame that we might possess the pearl beyond all price and hold it for all time.

And I have brooded over the lovely similitude in these last days of the old year, as memories have touched me of the many I have known and loved in all these years, and have sat with them in their living-rooms again in the holidays, some of them far away in time and space, and some, as we say, no more. The elders were there, wearing their

aureole of white hair, their crown of glory, and the young men and maidens in their April days and May.

And these of the new generation, I noticed, would draw apart for their pranks and plays, while we who were of the elder world would talk of the time when we also were in our April and May. And the memories would change with the changing mood, with ripples of laughter now and again, and then in soft tones threaded through with unshed tears as one would speak of some dear friend or kinsman. And then I was aware of a soft and tender light in the eyes of the good company, and a soft and tender shadow. It was the Book of Life over which I was bending. Through the quiet hours they were with me once more who are no more on the earth. And I noticed how all our voices would touch the softest and sweetest tones when we spoke of those who had borne sore burdens through the invasion of the flint or the parasite, but had borne them so bravely and so sweetly that, as the poor human shell wore away, the pearl shone ever the clearer through; of those who had fallen on sad and sore frustration of our human hope and joy, but they had stood firm by the white banner of faith,—faith in the supremacy of heaven and of God over all, and had kept their rank and number to the end and left us the pearl of great price.

These,—and then other neighbors and old friends who had only touched the salvages and thrums of a noble life. But then one had some story to tell, and then another of the hidden manhood or womanhood that set you wondering whether there might not be a very noble and lovely pearl after all within the uncouth and haggard shell of their life God alone could find.

It was the mystery of the kingdom brought home through the memories of the many years,—the memories written on the heart in the secret script which comes out clear as you hold the record to the fires of time. The pearls gleamed forth, born of the flint, the parasite, the frustration, the

angel's tear. Many memories of the many years were full of the joy of life, and are forever full when they come to me, and full of fragrance as the latter May is full of flowers and of fragrance.

But as I have listened to the voices speaking of those that were taken while we were left,— speaking so tenderly, as the mother will speak to her pained child,— then the shadows seemed to be sweeter than the light, because of the pearl; memories of courage and a patience which seemed to be one with the patience of God and was one with that of his Christ, while the ichor of their life was enfolding the flint. And so I said once more to my heart, Is it not indeed true, and forever true, that a treasure can come to us through this supremacy of heaven in the pearl that can never come through the joy of life and the strength, and the divinest truth life can reveal to you and me lies within this mystery?

It is as we remember these,— the voice, the heart grows most tender as I whisper their names alone in the silence. And the homes most sacred in the wide world to me after all these years are the homes in which I have found this pearl of great price, the homes where the cry "Thy will be done" we utter as a monody is transformed to the music of a cheerful psalm.

And so, dear friends, as the year draws to its close, blended, as it has been for us all, of sorrow and of joy, and with the memories of bright home festivals threaded through with home desolations, and where the hearthstone touches the memorial we set for our dead, what better can I long for or ask for from this supremacy of heaven and the Most High than that some seed pearl, if no more, may be found as the New Year steals in, born of the pain or the frustration of our hope, and some winsome gleam may shine forth from the pearl to bless those in the years to come as we have been blessed in the years that have gone by,— those who gave us the great and beautiful treasure, yet, it may be, knew not or suspected what had been done

through the pain, the heart-sickness, or the slaying of their joy.

"If all our life were one broad glare
Of sunlight,— clear, unclouded;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no deep gloom enshrouded,
Then we should miss the darker hours,
The intermingling sadness,
And pray, perhaps, for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness.
If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We hardly could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our loving ministration,
Life would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its finest consolation.
If sorrow never smote the heart,
And every wish were granted,
Then faith would die, and hope depart,
And life be disenchanted.
And if in heaven is no more night,
In heaven no more sorrow,
Such unimagined, pure delight
Fresh worth from pain will borrow."

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

My subject this morning is "A Happy New Year." I take as my text, from the ninetieth Psalm, the twelfth and the fourteenth verses: —

"So teach us to number our days that we may get us an heart of wisdom."

"Oh, satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

I wish you all a Happy New Year! Placing happiness in the forefront is not common in the pulpits of Christendom: we are accustomed to think that duty, sacrifice, service, should be held up. We are taught to believe, generally, that happiness is not a right thing to seek, that it is not to be expected in this world, which is so commonly alluded to as a "vale of tears." The old saints, as they stand out to us in imagination, we are not accustomed, perhaps, to think of as particularly happy men: they are rather figures of asceticism, of self-denial.

But nevertheless, I stand here this morning, and as the dominant note of the time I wish for you all a *happy* New Year.

Let us remark at the outset that whether seeking happiness be right or not, it is something which we cannot possibly help. There has never man or woman lived from the beginning of the world until this hour who did not love happiness and seek it always. We are so constituted that in the nature of things it is impossible for us to do otherwise. If a person is free, not compelled by any external force, that person — do you not see how the phrase itself carries the inevitable meaning? — must choose that which he

wants, must choose that which he does choose. There is no other way, no other possibility. He may choose what does not appear to be the more desirable course to us; but on the whole and in the long run he chooses that which he prefers,— the circumstances being what they are, he being what he is.

One man, of course, will choose the immediate indulgence of some particular taste or passion, another person tramples these under feet and chooses some far away ideal; but the martyr going to the stake chooses what, on the whole and in the long run,— conditions being what they are and he being what he is,— he prefers, and just as truly as does the drunkard going to a saloon. It is simply a difference in characters, conditions, tastes.

When Sir Thomas More turned away from the wife on her knees and clasping his legs and pleading at his feet, and the crying children adding to the plea,— when he turned away from these and walked to the scaffold he chose that which, being Sir Thomas More, he wanted most of all. He wanted his manhood and to stand right in the sight of his God.

We cannot help then choosing that which to us is happiness. Not only we cannot do it, but there is nothing wrong in this condition of things: we ought to do it. If a bit of machinery is in perfect order it works without much friction, working out the law of its own structure. If you come to the lower animals,— if they are healthful, surrounded by fitting conditions, the acting out of their own instincts brings them the highest happiness of which they are capable. If you come to a man,— if he is healthy, sane, well balanced, then it is a joy simply to live; the play of natural functions is a pleasure. And if a man is not happy, is physically in pain, if he is mentally out of tune with his surroundings and the universe, if he is not happy, something is wrong you may be sure. If physically, mentally, spiritually, he is in accord with his environment, in perfect

tune with his surroundings and the universe, then the natural play of his faculties produces the music that we call happiness.

It is not only inevitable that we should seek happiness, it is right that we should seek happiness. If society, a nation, is miserable, you know that something is wrong; and when men are struggling against wrong conditions they are struggling towards some higher and finer ideal of happiness which lures them on. But note one thing: this does not at all mean that a person ought to seek the direct and immediate enjoyment of any particular faculty or power or passion. The universe is constructed in such a way — and that shows how sane and fine and noble it is — that the man who seeks the immediate gratification of his selfish desires almost of necessity fails. This is not a good universe for people to be selfish in, as frequently as they are accustomed to forget it.

You play on one faculty, gratify one passion or one desire, and in a little while it is worn out, there is only disgust, there is dis-ease, until the world, it seems to me, ought to have learned a million years ago that this is not the road to happiness. Disregarding the rights of others, seeking by any road, merely because you have the power, to win your own way, to achieve your own ends, this is not the way towards happiness.

It takes people a great while to learn it, but look over the columns of this morning's paper,— I have not had time as yet to do it myself; I simply speak on general principles, — note the wrecks of human life, see the casualties, the crimes; those that are fled from the country on account of commercial dishonor; those that have fled from life, in order to escape the accusing faces of their neighbors. Who are they? They are the ones who have tried to cheat the universe, they are the ones who have tried some short road that was not the straight and honest road; they have forgotten what Paul says,—"God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth *that* shall he also reap."

This selfish road, then, this short cut, this attempting to cheat the universe, to deceive God, to blind our fellow-men, this is not the road to happiness. So when I say that a man has a right to seek happiness, I am not saying that he has a right to be selfish, a right to deal wrongfully with his neighbors, the right to forget his fellow-men. This is an honest universe; and the universe — people seem to forget that — is always in favor of the keeping of its own laws. The universe, too, in the long run is stronger than you are, it is stronger than any combination or trust, it is stronger than any society, stronger than any nation, stronger than the human race; and whenever we seek the pathway of happiness by any wrong method, we shall surely find it blocked or full of pitfalls, and the end will be disaster.

There is another thing I want you to note here at the outset. Although we make happiness the object of our lives the coming year, we are not to expect it in any wonderful way. Nothing strange, nothing startling is going to happen in the case of most of us. Our conditions and our characters, those of us who are thirty, forty years of age, are very largely settled. This is not a fairy world in which marvellous things may be expected at any turn. We must moderate our expectation, then, and we must take it for granted that, if we find happiness at all, it is to be found in more or less commonplace ways. The country that we should be born in is already determined in the case of us here. The question as to who father and mother should be, whether rich or poor, educated or ignorant, what their predominant religious ideas should be, and therefore what our characters should be in these directions, have largely been determined. We shall probably, the most of us, never be startlingly richer than we are now. We may win a little more, but we are not to look in the direction of a better house nor a finer street, nor a higher social position, nor fame, nor any of these things for happiness. And it is just as well that we should leave these out of account; because,

as I have studied the history of human nature and the condition of the world, happiness has never been found in any of these things. We must look in more commonplace directions if we wish to find the means of happiness.

One or two other points I wish to make before I come to the positive side of my theme. I want to warn you against one or two very common happiness-killers. As I look back over my own life, — for I include myself in this common condemnation, — and as I look over the lives of others, I notice that we have allowed two things that do not exist to interfere with our happiness almost more than anything else: we have allowed the past to make us unhappy, and we have allowed the future to make us unhappy. And yet, if you will stop and think of it carefully for a moment, there is no past and there is no future, and there never was and there never will be. We failed in doing something that we desired last year; flowers that we tended faded; friends that were dear to us went out of our sight; losses, disappointments, occurred during the last year. And yet we are not to permit these things to prevent us having a happy new year. The things that happened last year are fixed for good or ill, and we cannot change them.

Some one has said that there are two things that we should never worry about, — one is the things we can help, and the other is the things we cannot help. If we can help things, let us help them and not worry; if we cannot help them let us put them one side and not worry. Let us learn a lesson of last year's experiences, but do not allow the shadow of it to overhang this year and cloud this present time.

The friends that we lost last year,— I have not time this morning, and my theme does not lead me now to deal with that matter, — but I do not believe that the friends that went out of my sight last year are in any fancied past or any fancied future either. They are in the eternal Now; and they are not lost and not going to be lost, and every

day of noble living on my part is just taking me nearer to the time when I hope to look in their faces again.

Do not let the past then make you unhappy, and do not let the future make you unhappy. I believe that a very large part of the unhappiness of this life is in worrying over things that we fear are going to happen but which never do happen. Look back over your past life. How many of the calamities that you expected did you ever see? Very few of them.

Do not let this threat, then, of some possible overhanging evil take away the sweetness of this present hour with God, and with all that is good and true and fine and full of hope and cheer.

It is a common disposition on the part of some people to be forever prognosticating evil. Speak to them on ever so pleasant a day and say what a fine morning it is, the chances are they will answer, "Yes, but it looks as though a storm was brewing." They are not content to take the sunshine and the sweetness and the pleasure of life that is theirs, they must be ever anticipating something wrong.

Do not let the future, then, destroy your happiness.

So much, then, for the negative side; now let us come to a few positive considerations. And I shall deal with commonplace things here all the way through, friends; for if you and I are going to find any happiness this year we must find it in the commonplace concerns of this commonplace world; for this is where our lives are to be lived.

Now, one of the most important things for all of us is that we shall, so far as possible, get rid of personal conceit. Paul gives very wise advice when he tells people not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, but to think soberly.

Consider the extravagance of some of our claims on the universe! What claim have you on this coming year? What have you done for God, or humanity, or the universe, to give you a legitimate claim for happiness during the com-

ing year? Have you done anything? Have you done much? If you have done much, you have done more than I have. As I look forward I do it in this spirit,— I hope I shall be glad for every glint of sunshine, for every sound of music, every song of the birds. All the sweetness and joy that come to me I trust I shall take and treat as an outright gift to which I have not the slightest claim in all the world.

If you only get humble enough, that is, reduce your selfishness to the proper proportions, you are a good deal more likely to be happy, because you are not finding fault with the universe all the time because it does not do things that you have no right to expect of it.

Most of our charges against the universe and the goodness of God are based on this gigantic conceit of ours. We feel that we somehow are wronged unless we have everything we wish, unless all the winds blow our way, unless all the days when we wish to be out are sunshiny, unless everything is as our hearts desire.

Let us get rid of this; let us remember that we do not deserve much, and then what little we get we shall appreciate.

Now, what shall we do in order to make the coming year happy? I want to suggest something which I question whether you ever thought of in this connection, it seems so commonplace. And yet it is one of the most important things that I can say this morning.

One of the chief things you can do to contribute to the happiness of the coming year will be to guard against such ill health on your own part as lies within your power and is perfectly preventable. It is a man's duty to be well. When I am sick I am always ashamed of it; I do not like to speak of it, because I know, in nine cases out of ten, it is my own fault.

Most of the ill health from which we suffer,— I do not forget, friends, the diseases that no one can forestall, I do

not forget the inherited constitutional weaknesses, I do not forget any of these great ills that come to us because we are wrapped up in the fortunes of humanity and this universe that is travailing and groaning in pain; I do not forget any of these things,— but most of the ills, the ill health, which you and I suffer from could have been prevented by ourselves, and yet we make it the basis of a charge against the government of this world.

God has put into our hands one of the most intricate, mysterious, wonderful bits of mechanism in the universe,— these bodies. The most of us take precious little pains to know anything about them; and we take still less pains to obey such laws as we have happened to discover. If we want to eat something or want to drink something or want to dress in a particular way, or go to a particular place, no matter if we know perfectly well it is a breach of the laws of this wonderful machine committed to our keeping, we do it; and then the chances are we grumble at the universe, grow pessimistic and blue.

It would not be so bad, friends, if we only made ourselves unhappy; but you know one person who has a headache,— from something he ate over night and which he had no business to eat,— or one person with dyspepsia is enough to depress and lower the temperature of a whole block. Everybody he comes in contact with must be afflicted, simply because he has chosen to be selfish and break some of the laws of his own physical well-being.

I have known a few persons in my life who were not only not well, but were forever talking about it, and I always turn down a side street when I see them coming. If you will break the laws of health and will make yourselves unhappy, do not inflict yourselves on your friends. Keep it to yourself if you can; learn a lesson out of it, and do better the next time.

If you think it over, friends, you will discover that possibly eight-tenths of the unhappiness that you have suffered

from in the last year has had its centre right in this physical frame,—and in things, at any rate largely, which you might have prevented. Do not wonder, then, at the mysterious ways of Providence, and do not blame the universe for unhappiness until you have learned to keep the laws of your own physical being.

Another thing: if you wish to be happy this year, keep on good terms with yourselves. Live so that you can be good company for yourselves when you are alone. How many of us do that? I do not. Hardly a night when, as I sit down, I do not wish I had thought twice before saying what I did, do not wonder why I did that, do not call myself to the bar of my own higher nature and pass sentence of condemnation.

There is only one person in the universe besides God that we cannot get rid of, and that is ourself. We have got to keep this kind of company as long as we live. Let us so live, then, that when we wake up in the middle of the night, we shall not wish we could hurriedly go to sleep again in order to get rid of ourselves. Let us keep on good terms with the highest self that is in us, win our own self-respect, and then we can face the world, whether it approves of us or not.

Then, not only keep your own self-respect, but, so far as possible, win the respect of the best people with whom you deal. The little society in which we live and move is like a room, the walls of which are mirrors reflecting the man in it back at every turn. People may try as much as they please to conceal what they think of us, but they cannot. As we go about every day and come in contact with our fellow-men we are pretty likely to see ourselves reflected from the eyes of those with whom we come in contact. Let us so live, then, that we may win the respect of the noblest people with whom we associate.

Now one or two other very common things: I buried in Boston last week one of the best friends I had in all the

world. It was said of him by one of his fellow business-men in the city that he did not believe that man was ever dressed in the morning before he had planned as to something which he would do for somebody during that day. I never saw such a sight in my life as the church on the day of that funeral service. It was packed to the doors; and nine-tenths at least of the people in it were business men, men with whom he had been in close contact all his life. That man never let a day go round without doing something for somebody that would be a pleasant thing for him to remember when the evening came.

Let us during the coming year feel that one of the grandest things we can do for the attainment of our own happiness is to become attached in some way to some life, so that the world will be a little brighter and easier for that life. The sweetest things I have ever had said to me have been that I have helped somebody,— have helped some bewildered person find his way,— have made life a little happier, a little easier for somebody. I do not know of anything that so constitutes the happiness of life, so contributes to the satisfaction of one's days as to feel that one has done something for somebody else, no matter how small it may be.

The most of our lives seem to us petty and poor. I think if a man lives till he is thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years of age it grows upon him that life is petty and monotonous, and he wonders a good many times as to whether it is quite worth while. Just think: we get up in the morning, we dress, we eat breakfast, we look over the morning paper, we go to our business, we make a little money or we lose a little money; we come back at night, we eat dinner, we sit down by the fire, or we go out to the opera or the theatre, or meet a few friends; we go to sleep, we wake up in the morning; we do the same thing over again; and when we have done it a few thousand times is there any wonder that it grows just a trifle monotonous, unless there is something a little above that to give it meaning?

I remember some years ago reading about a man who had attempted to commit suicide. He did not succeed. Some one asked him why he did it, and he said, "Oh, I am so tired of buttoning and unbuttoning!" No wonder, if that is all life meant to him; I should think he would be tired!

Emerson, somewhere in one of his essays, says, "No man would care for immortality simple for the sake of wearing out his old boots." Unless life means something more than that no wonder it gets monotonous!

How shall we make it anything else? How shall we get out of it some magnificent satisfactions that shall make it worth while? I know of no other way, friends, than this. Let us link our lives with some world movement, with some grand cause, with some divine issue, so that we shall feel that life is worth while, so that we shall forget the monotony. If a man is thinking of some grand thing he is going to try during the day, he does not concentrate his attention on putting on his clothes. The little things of life are out of sight to the man who has his eye on some magnificent goal. The only way that any one of us can lift his life to the level of divine dignity and make it seem worth while to be crawling here between the earth and the sun is for him to take a part in some magnificent movement that shall help the world along.

You remember what Napoleon said to his army in Italy? I do not indorse Napoleon, I express no opinion as to the Italian campaign, but simply wish to use this to illustrate the principle. Napoleon hit a magnificent thought when he pointed out to these soldiers that in after times they would be proud to say, "I belonged to the army of Italy!"

I saw an old soldier the other night, who had among the other medals on his coat one designating the fact that he helped to win the Battle of Gettysburg. I should think he would be proud to wear it. He does not think of himself as an individual, but as one of the Army of the Republic that suffered for freedom and human hope.

I had an intimate school friend, who, after carrying a minie bullet under his arm for twenty-five years, had it extracted and is now wearing it on his watch-chain. I have always envied him that distinction. I should be proud to wear any token that indicated that I helped win some great victory for truth and for humanity.

There are plenty of causes, friends; I need not tell you what they are; but if you wish to be happy next year sink your own little, petty, monotonous, wearisome individuality in some magnificent cause. Link yourself with some movement that is sure to win because God and the universe are on its side; and then you will share the triumph, whatever becomes of your own individual schemes or plans.

Then there is another point that I must note. I said a little while ago that to the most of us this was a very commonplace world, and the reason of it is that we do not take the trouble to be anything more than very commonplace people. It is not a commonplace world to people who can see and hear and feel. If a hero is not a hero to his valet, that may not mean that there is anything the matter with the hero, but that there is something very seriously the matter with the valet. If a man looks at his fellow-men through the eyes of a valet of course he lives in a valet's world, and that may be a pretty poor and commonplace world.

People who trod the heather of Scotland for centuries discovered no romance there until Walter Scott peopled every hill and dale and loch with the results of his insight and imagination. They were there. It needed a poet's eyes to see them.

Beaver Brook ran on its commonplace way just outside the city of Boston for centuries until Lowell took a fancy to it, and set it singing, and gave it a tongue that speaks to every ear now that can listen.

Poetry is all around us, in the rush of these streets, in the warehouses, in the lives of the people we see. It only needs

the poet's heart to appreciate it. Dickens made marvellous for all coming time the lives of the poor, the lives of the vagabonds, the lives that we have been accustomed to associate with all that was squalid and unclean. I think it is James T. Fields who says that he was out walking one day with Tennyson when suddenly the poet fell upon his knees and buried his face in the grass, and called out to him, "On your knees, man, on your knees; violets, violets!" He had discovered a glory in the flowers that the other was simply tramping under unheeding feet.

I think it was Lowell who, looking into a pool full of marvellous marine growths of every kind, exclaimed, "What a poet God is!"

This universe, friends, all around us speaks; warehouses, our stores, our friends, our neighbors, the sky over our heads, the seas lapping the shores, the mountains lifting themselves towards the blue, the sunrise, the sunset, the friendships, the business associations, the loves of father and mother and children and home,— all these are full of poetry, full of wonder, superb, magnificent in their glory, if only we have eyes to see and ears to hear.

Pardon me for reading you just two or three lines, in which I try to express part of this thought: —

Oh, when I look upon the laughing face
Of children, or on woman's gentle grace;

Or when I grasp a true friend by the hand,
And feel a bond I partly understand;

When mountains thrill me, or when by the sea
The plaintive waves rehearse their mystery;

Or when I watch the moon with strange delight,
Treading her pathway 'mid the stars at night;

Or when the one I love, with kisses prest,
I clasp with bliss unspoken to my breast,—

So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears!

If you find this world commonplace, no poetry in it, no good, no glory, before you accuse God look into your own hearts and see whether the secret of the desolation is not there. Teach yourselves to appreciate the natural world, books, music, art; everywhere open your eyes and see. Suppose you were put into this world without either one of the five senses; then you have one of them conferred upon you, a new universe; another one, another new universe; a third, a new universe still. And so every added faculty, power of insight, ability to appreciate, makes a new and wonderful world in which you may live.

Go out, then, into this magnificent new year ready to serve, with your eyes open so that you can see, with your ears open so that you can hear. Try to do something each day that you will be glad to remember at night. Link yourself with some great cause that cannot be lost because it is God's cause. Cultivate friendships so that you can multiply by the hundred and thousand the joy that you take in your own individual success; and you will find it, friends, a glad, a blessed, a wonderful new year.

I cannot refrain from reading to you two or three more verses, written by my friend Chadwick of Brooklyn,— I think about the finest New Year bit of verse I know: —

"Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

"Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

"Another year of happy work
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

"Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

"Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours, when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

"Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God."

And for my benediction,— a friend sent me the other day a Dickens calendar; and for the first day of the year I find this, with which perhaps I can most fittingly close: —

"Many happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulations of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last for all of us!"

Father, we are glad just to be alive in Thy world, with the opportunity all around us for doing so much, for helping so much, for brightening human lives, for making clear the pathways that now are filled with stumbling-blocks. We are glad that we can do something; and we are glad that in doing something for others we can find for ourselves in it a happy new year. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ... *20 cents.*
" " " *Doz.* *$1.50*
" *Cloth,* " *Copy,* . . . . . *30 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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RELIGION FOR TO-DAY

I. Present Religious Conditions

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Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Messiah Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copy, 5 cents.

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PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS.

"PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS" is the subject of my morning sermon. My text may be found in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the first three verses: —

"And the Pharisees and Sadducees came, and tempting him asked him to show them a sign from heaven; but he answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather: for the heaven is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the heaven is red and lowering. Ye know how to discern the face of the heaven; but ye cannot discern the signs of the times."

It is not an uncommon thing to find people discussing the question as to which is the more important element of religion, the head or the heart, the emotional side or the thought side, the power or the intelligence. It has always seemed to me a very strange question. As though there could be any possibility of doubt on the subject! And yet you find whole denominations distinguished for the manifestation of emotion in religion, and feeling that this is the one thing of chiefest importance of all.

On the other hand, you will find certain denominations — and we Unitarians are accused of it very commonly — where there is supposed to be an undue development of the intellectual side, and we are spoken of as critical and cold. It is possible that the one side should be over-developed at the expense of the other; and yet it seems to me that there is no sort of question that the two are of equal importance, and neither one of them can be slighted without serious detriment to the total result.

Suppose you should find the people on board a great

steamer in mid-ocean discussing the question as to which was the more important, the engine down in the hold or the man at the wheel with the compass and chart. Would you consider it a sensible discussion for anybody to engage in? Without the engine in the hold there is no movement; without the man at the wheel, with his compass and his chart, there may be movement, but there is no intelligent, there is no safe movement.

Power alone, whether it be the wind or whether it be the power of religious emotion, may drive people, but whither? The wind or the engine may drive a ship towards port,— if it does it is purely an accident,— but unless there is a man at the wheel, it may just as readily drive the ship wildly in this direction or that, against an iceberg or upon the rocks. While, if you do not have the engine in the hold that is capable of generating steam that can be turned into motion of the ship,— if you do not have that, the man at the wheel is powerless. He may look over the wide waste of waters about him, and know in which direction he ought to move, but he has no power; so he stands intelligent but helpless.

Which, then, is the more important, the emotional or the intellectual side of religion? Each is equally important with the other; and both are needed, if religion, like a ship at sea, is ever to pursue an intelligent course and arrive at any desirable haven.

A hundred and fifty years ago the people of this country were substantially at peace in their religious ideas. The surface of the popular belief was unruffled; there was substantial agreement in regard to the religious and theological ideas which were held. And there are some people to-day who are at peace, enjoying a very desirable quiet.

Fortunate are you, friends, if any of you are here to-day who have inherited a belief that gives you satisfaction and comfort, which satisfies your intellectual demands upon it,— if you make any,— which gives you peace. Fortunate

are you to have been sheltered from the influx of new thoughts and restless questionings which have invaded the larger part of the modern world. Fortunate, I say, are you if you are still possessed of this kind of peace. But, as you look out over the world, you must recognize the fact that the great majority of the people of this modern time of ours are not in possession of this peace; and perhaps, if you think about it a little carefully, you will question whether this kind of peace, which is simply quiescence, is, after all, the most desirable possession.

There is the peace of a pool that reflects the sun by day and the stars by night, the grasses and the trees upon its borders, and which has a certain amount of life in it for its surroundings; but it goes nowhere. There is another kind of peace,—the peace of the brook or of the mighty river, the peace of orderly movement, that carries boats, ships, the world's commerce, upon its bosom, and sails out towards the mighty ocean of God, that flows round and grasps the world.

There is the peace of a bird poised in the air with motionless pinion. There is the peace of the mighty eagle sweeping on his way in spite of storms and mighty winds, rejoicing in them in his power.

There is the peace of a ship at sea which, as Coleridge says in his "Ancient Mariner," floats

> "As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

There is that more magnificent peace of one of our great liners, freighted, full of passengers, of life, of meaning, that laughs at the puny waves along its sides, and that treads its pathway across the ocean, laughing in the face of all the winds that buffet it. It seems to me that this life-peace, peace with motion, peace that goes somewhere, that has some magnificent object, end, in view, is a grander peace than that of mere quiescence, that accepts things as they are and demands nothing more than that.

Fortunate, I say, are those of you who are at peace; for some of us who are not do at times become so weary of thinking! Now and then, some man, through shear weariness, just because he is tired out, drifts to some church where thinking is a sin, and finds the greatest intellectual rest. Fortunate, I say, in one way, are you who are at peace.

But you must remember, friends, that there are thousands on thousands of men and women in the modern world who neither do nor can share this quiescent peace with you, for better or worse, and we must simply face the facts which we cannot help. These people are adrift; they do not share the old ideas. They have outgrown them, shall I say? If that is intimating too much, at this stage of my discussion, let us simply say that they have drifted away from them, or gone back from them. At any rate they do not possess the old-time belief which gave their fathers peace and quiet in their religious ideas. They are filled with doubt and question,— not in regard to trifling matters, but concerning the deep-down problems of life.

I have had questions asked me since I have been with you these few weeks to keep me engaged in answering them for two years. Questions that take hold of the very foundations of things, questions that people need to have answered in order hopefully and manfully and womanly to live.

These questions then, I say, are in all the air, and they have disturbed and troubled thousands on thousands of people in this modern world. And who are these people? They are not the bad people, they are not the people that anybody would call wicked people, they are not the ignorant people. You will find the great majority of the ignorant people not much disturbed by these questions. It is the people who read and think who doubt and ask questions; and among these people are some of the mightiest and noblest of men, the leaders of the world. You would not

call Herbert Spencer a bad man nor an ignorant man. No one would think of accusing Mr. Tyndall or Mr. Huxley of disregarding moral laws or disregarding truth. They are not the people who are careless about truth.

There never was such an earnest truth-seeking, such a feverish desire for truth in the history of this world as characterizes the leaders of the world's thought and life in this nineteenth century of ours. It is the best people, it is the most intelligent people, who above all things desire truth, who are asking these questions.

This is simply a statement of fact which we must recognize for better or worse, whatever its meaning may be. And let us face another point right here.

Those people who never have any doubts, and those people who have doubts and feel guilty on account of them, might as well recognize the fact that doubt is sometimes just as much of a religious duty as is belief. It is just as much a man's business to doubt that which cannot produce its credentials as it is to accept that which can. How else shall we sift the false from the true? Doubt is just as true a virtue as is faith; and all of us doubt. The person who thinks he or she has never had a doubt in the world, if you ask a few questions, will reveal the fact that all that which is not accepted is doubted or denied, whatever it may be.

The fact that we believe one thing means that we do not believe that which is excluded by this. And let us remember that doubt may have reverence and regard for God and the tenderest religious qualities about it. As Tennyson, one of the most profoundly religious natures of this generation, has sung,—

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

The man who is doubting merely as a preliminary to finding out what is true is facing Godward and only anxious for light.

In order to answer the great questions on which a happy and successful life depend, we must use these intellects of ours which God has given us. It seems to me one of the greatest misfortunes of the world to have intelligence and then to find out that it is wicked to use it. Why are we so weighted and hampered with this incessant demand to question and think and discover and know, if we are told that it is only a temptation of the devil after all, and we must shut our eyes and blindly accept something,— what?

And right in there, friends, if you ever give any reason for the position you hold, then you assume, in spite of yourself, the absolute supremacy of reason in the last resort. Why are you a Christian? Why are not you a Mohammedan? Why not a Buddhist? Why are you a member of this denomination or that? The moment you attempt to give an intelligent answer to that, you give a reason, as Paul says you ought, for the faith that is in you. And the moment you give a reason, you appeal to reason as the court of last resort. In other words, though you may think rationalism is a dreadful thing, you are rationalistic in spite of yourself.

Why do you accept this Bible, and not the Koran? The moment you give a reason, you mean that reason is competent to pronounce on problems connected with this Bible. If you deny the function of reason, then think,— there is no reason left why you should be even a Christian, no reason left why you should believe one thing more than another, and you are all afloat in a vast and unsettled sea of doubt!

We must use the reason which God has given us to light us on our way. Even Jesus appealed to this rationalism as the supreme thing in regard to matters of duty, and said, "Why even of your own selves judge ye not what is right?"

We take, then, the authority of Jesus for placing reason as the supreme court in which these great problems are finally to be settled.

A sea captain in mid-ocean takes the sun, as we say, at

noon, and then he examines his chart, and knowing the port from which he sailed, he finds out where he is; and having found out where he is, he has no practical question as to the next step, as to which way he is to sail in order to reach the harbor for which he originally set out.

It seems to me that in order to comprehend some of these problems with which we are to deal in some of these following Sundays, we need, in the first place, if possible, to find out where we are. We need to comprehend in general outline the present religious conditions of the world. How shall we do it? I have given it a great deal of thought during the past week. I do not wish to dwell on it at so great length as to give it disproportionate place or time; and it has seemed to me that perhaps, by presenting the matter through an illustration like that upon which I am about to enter, I could present it as satisfactorily as in any other way.

Suppose a full grown and intelligent man were placed suddenly upon this planet for the first time. He wishes to find out what is true in regard to matters of religion. What will he do? He will naturally start out on a tour of investigation; he will wish to ask those who claim to have authority in such matters and find out where they stand. Now let us follow this supposed man on this tour of investigation for a little, and in that way find out what are the present religious conditions of the world.

And note, friends, one thing: I beg you, if I use any denominational name, or if I refer to any man prominent in the religious life of the modern world, never for a moment think I am going to attack any denomination or any man, or that I am going to criticise them in any unkind way. My purpose is simply to know facts, to see where we are. That is, instead of criticising, I wish to define things.

Now this man who wishes to find out the present religious condition of the world, if he begins by asking some of the great general questions, will find himself face to face with a

strange fact like this: he will discover that Christendom, the great majority of Christian people, claim that God has given a miraculous, supernatural, infallible revelation of his will to the world. But fronting that claim he will find a fact like this: that it was not given until the world had been wandering on its dark and hopeless way for a hundred or two hundred thousand years, and that all these people, countless billions on billions of souls, had gone to eternal loss without having had the slightest opportunity to know that there was any God or that he had any will to reveal to them.

And then he will be confronted with another fact quite as strange and startling,— that, since this supposed revelation was given to the world, less than a third of all the people that live on the planet have heard of it. Not a third of the inhabitants of the world to-day know that there is any such thing in existence as our Bible, or any Christian claim of revelation; and yet we are asked to believe that all these people are plunging ceaselessly into the seething abyss of eternal woe.

If he asks a little further he will find that the majority of the people in Christendom do not accept the Church's claim in regard to this book. That is, that God, omnipotent and all-wise, and wishing to reveal himself, yet has not made the matter so clear that all honest people are compelled to accept the claim as made.

Then he will inquire further, as he looks over Christendom itself, and he will find the Greek Church claiming to be the original one, looking upon the Catholic Church and all Protestant Churches as parvenues and upstarts, and wilful perverters of the truth. He will find the Catholic Church making the same claim, and looking upon the Greek Church and all Protestant Churches as perverters of God's truth. He will find the Protestant Church divided up into no end of denominations, each claiming that its own interpretation of the infallible truth is the correct one. How would

the man inquiring after some Scriptural authority for religious truth be baffled and bewildered! If he still went to the Catholic Church, and investigated its claims still more, he would find that it asserts that it, and it alone, is the organized infallible body of God on earth, and that, if a person is sacramentally connected with that body, he partakes of its life as the limb does of the trunk of a tree, and so has his final safety assured.

But he will find that this same Catholic Church, as the ages go by, is losing its hold on the intelligence of men; that is, the more intelligent people become the less they are ready to accept its claims to be the one representative of God on earth.

Go back two or three hundred years and you will find all Europe in the grasp of the Catholic Church. To-day there is only one country that it holds with the same old-time power, and that is a country that is off the track of modern civilization and plays no part in the policy of the modern world,— that is Spain.

You will find that education, you will find that politics, you will find that philosophy, you will find that science, you will find that art,— all these great branches of human life that used to be absorbed by and utterly subservient to the Church,— have now thrown off its claim and are free. You will find that the late pope has therefore solemnly banned modern civilization as godless.

We can hardly accept the claim of a church that, asserting that it has God behind it and in it, is losing its grip on the modern intelligent world, and, as the world grows more intelligent, is losing its power. We cannot believe, friends, whatever else we do, that God is losing his control over this little planet, and that it is going all wrong, against his will and in spite of his omnipotence.

Suppose this same investigator turned to the Protestant Churches, what would he find? He would find that at the time of the Reformation an infallible book was set up. He

would note that the claim of absolute infallibility for this book was never made in the history of the Church until this sixteenth century. Do you know that the canon of the Bible was never authoritatively declared until the sixteenth century? and are you aware of the fact that Luther and Calvin considered themselves perfectly at liberty to criticise the Bible as they would any other book, and even to reject certain of its books as unworthy of a place in the canon? This claim was never made by the Bible itself; it was never made by the Church until the necessity arose to pit one infallibility against another. You will find that great Anglican teachers to-day — queen's chaplains and leading scholars of the English Church — will tell you the Bible is simply the record of the teachings of the early Church and of no more authority than the utterances of the Church to-day.

This, I say, is what this earnest investigator of truth would discover. He would find a certain world-scheme including the fall, the loss of the race, supernatural redemption, and endless rewards and punishments; and he would find this general scheme, which is familiar to you all as the old Protestant belief, held as authoritatively revealed divine truth.

He would find, however, that at the present time only a very few of the Church, those who claim that they have not changed, any longer accept this belief. That is, that which Protestantism declares to be the clear teaching of the infallible book in the sixteenth century is to-day regarded in its entirety as the clear reading of that book by almost none of the Orthodox Protestant Churches themselves. You will find now and then a man like Dr. Gardner Spring — formerly of the old Brick Church in this city — who, when asked why God did not save more souls, said, quietly and complacently, he supposed that God saved just as many souls as he wanted to.

You will find now and then a man like Mr. Moody,— I am not going to criticise him; Mr. Moody is earnest, Mr.

Moody is in dead earnest, he is consistent with his belief, as the great majority of those who claim to share that belief with him are not; I have only words of praise for him, occupying the position that he does; he is doing what thousands of other men in this country ought to be doing if they half believe what they say they do,— but Mr. Moody says that we must accept the story of Jonah and the whale or else we must give up God; he said this within a week or two. Why? Because, according to his idea, we have no reason for believing either in God or Jonah except this book. He has turned the matter right around from the way I put it. I think it is religion that creates Bibles, and not Bibles that create religion.

Now he would find a few persons holding these beliefs unchanged. But if he looked into the great, grave, earnest Orthodox Churches he would find that there modern thought and modern question are creeping in; he would find Dr. Briggs of the Union Theological Seminary discussing the higher criticism, which means, plainly stated, that the Bible in all its parts and verses is not infallible. That is what it comes to, whether you call it higher criticism or any other kind of criticism.

He would find that heresy is a matter of geographical distribution: that one man is prosecuted for heresy in one part of the country and another goes undisturbed in another part, though each holds the same beliefs.

The point I wish to bring out is simply that there is no fixed standard on the part of any branch of the Church. He would find not only these men to whom I have referred, but other men like Dr. Lyman Abbott, like Dr. Heber Newton, like Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, like the leading men in New Haven, like nearly all the professors at Andover,— he would find these gladly accepting the designation of "Liberal Orthodox." And what does that mean? It means, when you interpret it and put it in straight clear English, that they have given up the old-time

belief in almost every single one of the points that used to be regarded as absolutely essential; that is what it means.

Dr. Gordon of the Old South Church in Boston no longer believes in the old-time Trinity; he freely criticises the Bible and treats it as literature, as he would any other book. He declares that the old Calvinism leads to atheism and says it has got to be given up in order to save Christianity. He is frankly Universalist in his outlook over the next world.

These men he would find, indicating how wide-spread these different varieties of belief are.

And then he would find the great mass of people, where? Outside of the churches he would find Secularists, noble, true, honorable men. I have been acquainted with hundreds of them, some of the finest men who ever lived, who believe religiously, if we may use the Hibernicism, that religion is a thing of the past; they say that religion is superstition, and it is being outgrown, and that humanity is coming to take its place. You find noble men like Felix Adler and his followers here, and those of a similar name in other cities, who are engaged in the moral training and uplifting of the world, but who voluntarily turn their backs on what we call religion.

Then you find a noble body of agnostics. I am not an agnostic, I believe it is false science and bad philosophy; but I cannot treat it with contempt when men like Huxley feel that since this great infinite universe has been revealed they are overwhelmed with the magnitude of it and must bow their heads in simple humility and say "I do not know." Ask him about God: "I do not know." About the soul: "I do not know." About the future life: "I do not know." He says, "These are such great problems I have given them up; I am going to live as well as I can and help the world as well as I can, but I postpone what from my point of view is a needless discussion."

And then you find a great body of men,—thousands on

thousands of them here in this city of New York, bankers, lawyers, merchants, physicians,— who are where? They say, Since all the scientific and philosophic doctors disagree and are at swords' points, what is the use of my wearying my brain about it at all? They will help the ministers, they will help the churches in their philanthropic work and think, "Let them believe what they will about the next world, I do not know and do not care; I am going to live as well as I know, I am going to live a clean life and an honest, because that is the only sensible one for a man to live. I am going to do what I can to relieve the burden of human sorrow; but the churches can go their own way, they do not interest me, they do not feed me, they do not help me, and it seems to me they are spending most of the time in discussing matters which are not practical, and which the world up to this time has never been able to settle."

This is the way great masses of men in the modern world are coming to feel.

Now, friends, where are we? What claim do we, these few Unitarian Churches, make? what claim do I make, on behalf of one of them?

My claim may seem to you an unreal one, an unreasonable one, may seem to you a very presumptuous one; but I believe, friends, with my whole soul, that we stand for the principles which are to rule the world in the coming thousands of years. For why? We believe in and respect the heart, the emotional, the feeling side of religion. We believe also in and respect the intellectual side, and demand for it its rights; and we believe that these great thousands of people have gone out of the churches because there was not room enough in the churches for the intellectual development and freedom that the modern world demands.

The dome of the coming temple of God must be as wide as the sky. Suppose you grant freedom; is there any danger that we are going to fall out of the keeping of or wander beyond the reach of the Almighty? The old Psalmist believes more than that,—"If I ascend into

heaven Thou art there; if I descend into the abyss Thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and flee into the uttermost parts of the sea, even there Thy hand shall lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me."

This universe, friends, is infinite. God's truth is infinite as the universe. Draw a circle, and however large it may be in circumference, however wide in its diameter, if you set any limits you fence out more of God and truth than you fence in; for God is infinite and his truth is as wide as his universe, which he thrills and permeates in every part.

I believe, then, in preserving all the reverences, all the worships, all the loves, all the aspirations, all the emotions, all the impulses of the past and of the human heart to-day; and I believe that the calm, clear, trained intellect should sit on high and in view of the wide range of things, looking before and after, should guide all these mighty forces to their beneficent and magnificent ends.

I believe in God as I never believed in him before,— I shall have occasion before I am through with this series of sermons to tell you how and why. I believe in religion as I never believed in it before. I shall also tell you concerning this, how and why. I believe in revelation, an infallible revelation of divine truth, so infallible that no intelligent man can doubt or deny. I believe in incarnation, the coming of God into the human in a more magnificent and grander way than I ever believed in all the days when I held to the theology of the past. I believe in the human soul, its sonship to God, the eternal spiritual Father. I believe in communion between the child-soul and the Infinite soul that ever folds us in his arms. As Tennyson says,

> "Speak to him, thou, for he hears,
> And spirit with spirit may meet.
> Closer is He than breathing
> And nearer than hands and feet."

I believe, not in the resurrection of the body,— for we have left behind us, those of us who have fifty years, several

bodies already which we would not care to have resurrected. We do not believe that the soul goes down, and so it does not need to come up again. We believe in the ascent of the soul at death. I do not believe in death, friends. I believe in life; for death is nothing more than going to sleep at night to wake up again in the morning; and I am not afraid of it any longer.

I believe, then, in the eternal life, in the eternal opportunity and the eternal advance. These are some hints as to the position occupied by this little group of churches, that claim to represent and speak for the new Word of God to the modern world. We are in the minority. And we would say, with humility and not in boasting, that all leadership is always in the minority. Notice an army on the march; the vanguard is always few, then comes the main body, and then the stragglers and camp followers in the rear. The leaders of the world in any department,— education, government, science, art, philosophy, ethics, religion,— the leaders of the world are always few. When the main body of the army gets to where the vanguard is to-day, the vanguard will still be ahead and in the minority forever.

I believe, then, that we represent the living God, the newer and truer and deeper revelation, the higher and broader incarnation, the soul and the eternal hope. If you choose to follow me as I take up some of these great problems one after another, you will find that there is little that is negative, much that is positive, and that we stand for the larger and grander hope of the larger and grander Church that is to be.

Father, we consecrate ourselves to Thee this morning, and to Thy living and leading truth, and ask Thee to speak as Thou didst to Thy servant many thousands of years ago; and like him, though we may not see just where, we will go out following Thee, though not knowing whither we go. And we would thank Thee for leading and helping us day by day and always. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy,	. . . .	*20 cents.*
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" *Cloth,* " *Copy,*	. . . .	*30 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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Published Weekly. Price $1.50 a year, or 5 cents single copy

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. I. JANUARY 22, 1897 No. 16

SERIES ON

RELIGION FOR TO-DAY

II. The Causes of Present Religious Unrest

GEO. H. ELLIS
141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1897

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Sacred Songs for Public Worship. A Hymn and Tune Book. Edited by M. J. Savage and Howard M. Dow. Cloth	1.00
Leather	1.50
Unitarian Catechism. With an Introduction by E. A. Horton. Price, Paper, per copy, 20 cents. Per dozen	1.50
Price, Cloth, per copy, 30 cents. Per dozen	2.50

Mr. Savage's weekly sermons are regularly printed in pamphlet form in "Messiah Pulpit." Subscription price, for the season, $1.50; single copy, 5 cents.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,
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THE CAUSES OF PRESENT RELIGIOUS UNREST.

My subject this morning is "The Causes of the Present Religious Unrest." My text is the words of Jesus as recorded in the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to John, and the thirty-second verse, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Our fathers knew very little about this world, but they assumed that they knew all about the next.

Last Sunday morning I touched on the present conditions of uncertainty, confusion, and contradiction as manifested in the religious thought and condition of the world. It is my purpose this morning to point out certain things that have happened in recent times to make this confusion, contradiction, necessary,— perfectly natural. In order to do this, I shall need to go back for a little and outline that which you are so familiar with that you very rarely estimate its significance; that is, the conditions of human thought two or three hundred years ago concerning the universe and man and destiny.

You find these pictured graphically, with poetic power and beauty, in the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, so far as the spirit world is concerned. You find a completer conception still in the "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained" of Milton; and Milton's great epic, or his two epics, rather, have the advantage for our purpose over the work of Dante, of covering the entire scheme of this life as well as of the other,— that is, taking in what people then believed they

knew to be God's eternal plan and purpose in human creation and in human redemption.

Let us notice for a moment the barest, simplest outlines of that scheme.

Our fathers thought they knew what God was doing in the eternity that preceded the creation of the world. They tell us, in their theological creeds and schemes, how the three persons of the Trinity consulted together, entered into covenant with each other, and made out the general plan of human history and human destiny.

There was war in heaven. A third part of the angels, following Satan in revolt against divine authority, was cast out into the abyss. To fill this vacancy in heaven so that the number of those who should see, rejoice in, and utter the divine glory might not suffer by diminution, God determined to create this world and humanity, and so fill up this empty place among his eternal sons by those who should be trained here on this earth.

Scarcely was his work completed before it was invaded by the leader of those who had been in revolt on high. Sin blighted God's plan and purpose. Our first parents fell; they were cast out of Paradise. All their descendants were doomed through all time not only, but all eternity.

God then decided that he would choose certain ones out of this vast mass to be saved, to be taken to heaven. He sent his angels with his messages. He selected one man, then his children, then the nation that was born of them, to be the recipients of his favor, to be taught and trained. He sent prophets. In the fulness of time He came himself in the second person of the Trinity, lived here in the world, was crucified, descended into hell, suffered in hell all the pangs that those who were to be saved would have suffered, had they been lost, through all eternity. This suffering was concentrated into three days and nights. Then he broke from the bounds of hell, escaped, and ascended on high.

This gospel was to be preached among all nations.

Those who were elected were to be saved; the rest were to be passed by and permitted to illustrate the glory of God's justice, as the saved would illustrate the glory of his grace. Then the world was to be burned up; that which had been created was to be destroyed, and the saved and the lost were to inhabit their fixed places and conditions throughout eternity.

This is the general scheme which our fathers believed they knew. It is the scheme outlined as clear cut as an intaglio in the great work of Milton. And Milton's work was not poetry only, it crystallized popular thought and what was practically universal Protestant belief.

The people rested in this for several hundred years. This was the peace, the quiescent condition of things, to which I referred last Sunday; but that peace no longer remains. You and I are not responsible for the breaking up of that peace: we simply observe, study, try to find out what it means so that we may comprehend our present duty.

Now I wish to point out some few things that have happened in this modern world to account for the break-up of common belief in this once generally accepted scheme of things.

What has happened? I wish, before I point out specifically the things that have taken place, to call your attention to one or two facts and principles, and make them as emphatic as I can.

You are to note, if you will,—and I beg that you will, because, if you do not, you will misunderstand, and then, if you speak of it, you will misrepresent me,—I beg you to note that religion, as the word is popularly used, includes two quite distinct things: First it means the spirit, the life. Then it means a body of thought, of intellectual conception, of dogmatic statement. And I beg you to notice that the body may grow, may change, may be completely outgrown, and the spirit not only not die, but only become grander and finer through the process.

Take an illustration. My personal identity has remained unchanged from the time when I was a little babe in my mother's arms,— through childhood, through youth, through young manhood, through mature manhood; and if I live long enough it will remain unchanged through old age and even to the time when I discard this body altogether.

And I beg you to note another fact. During this time, while my soul has remained the same in its identity,— though I trust it has grown and deepened and heightened and become a little sweeter and nobler,— I have not only modified my body, but I have successively discarded at least ten or fifteen entire bodies.

The identity then and the growth of the soul do not depend upon keeping the body unchanged, or even upon maintaining the same body.

I wish now that you shall note carefully, before I proceed any farther, one more fact. I have heard it said a great many times that the minister makes a mistake when he introduces anything touching science into the pulpit; that the lecture-room is the place for science; that it is irrelevant in the pulpit, which ought to be devoted to religion.

Remember, however, friends, what I have just said: that religion is made up of two parts, a soul and a body; and the body of every religion that ever existed on the face of the earth from the beginning of human history until now is pure and simple science,— must be in the nature of things.

Did you never notice that this Bible begins with science? The first thing in it is science. Is not the old Hebrew conception of the creation of the universe and man, the method of creation, just as much science as Darwinism is science, or chemistry is science, or geology is science? It is all science, and nothing else. Only it is crude, traditional, childish science, the science of the childhood world, not even Hebrew in its origin, but borrowed from the Per-

sians, from the Babylonians. It is simply what came to be the Hebrew traditional story such as every nation on the face of the earth has had and told.

Let us remember, then, that all our theologies, however old they may be, though we may have forgotten all about it,— all our theologies spring out of scientific conceptions of things, of necessity must. So that a minister to-day is only doing what ministers in all ages have done if he appeals to the scientific conception of things. It is simply a question as to whether he is to deal with that which is true and demonstrated science or whether he is to deal with the exploded scientific conceptions of the past which the world, at least outside of the churches, has long ago outgrown.

Now what has happened? In the first place, since this scheme of theology which I have outlined took shape in the minds of men, we have discovered a new universe.

Let me indicate what it means. We are a part of it, we are in the drift and swim so that we do not notice its significance, the natural and necessary result of the great facts involved. We do not half appreciate how wonderful the universe is. We talk about the sun's rising and setting, though we know it does neither. We constantly find ourselves holding Ptolemaic conceptions from which we are not yet free. How young is the Copernican universe in which we are living, and how great is it compared with the Ptolemaic conceptions in which our theology grew up, of which it is a part and to which it fitted!

Let me indicate. It was thirty-six years after the town of Boston was settled when Milton in London took out a license permitting him to publish "Paradise Lost." "Paradise Lost" has as its frame-work the Ptolemaic universe. Milton had heard about the Copernican universe just as thousands of people to-day have heard about Darwinism. We are not sure as to whether he accepted it. At least he did not regard it as best fitted for his purpose; so he

adapted his epic to the Ptolemaic universe, which was the commonly accepted one of the time.

What was that universe? I cannot go into an elaborate description of it now. I simply wish to tell you that the earth was fixed at the centre, that there were concentric spheres, as real as a series of glass globes inside of each other, and to these spheres were fixed the moon, then the sun and the planets; and then to a sphere outside of these were attached the fixed stars, all of them in the same plane.

And how large was this universe? It was not nearly so large, friends, as we know to-day the orbit of the moon to be. The entire world of Milton was smaller than the orbit of the moon; for he tells us that when the angels were cast out of heaven it took them only nine days and nights to fall clear to the bottom of the universe.

How large is the universe to-day? Can I give you an illustration that shall set your thought free?

Let us start with our solar system. Look up at night to the sky. As we survey the scene, this solar system of ours, the sun and its attending planets, looks as if packed in thick in a mass of other stars. And yet a little fleet of yachts in the middle of the Atlantic, with not a living thing between it and all its shores, would be crowded in comparison with the isolation and loneliness of our sun with its attendant planets.

It takes, they tell us, light about eight minutes and a half to travel from the sun to the earth, something like ninety-two and a half millions of miles. Let this same light leave the outermost member of our solar system and travel towards the nearest star, and it will have to speed on its lightning-like flight for three years and a half before it reaches our next-door neighbor. And when you are there, after that journey of three years and a half, you are only standing on the threshold and looking out in every direction along star-lighted pathways that reach on, and on, and on to infinity.

This is the universe that has taken the place of the one in which our little, petty, crude, ignorant, man-made theological schemes have grown. The old theology was a part of the Ptolemaic universe, fitted as a picture in a frame, belonging to it. But it is utterly impossible that it should continue to live in this Copernican universe that has taken its place.

There is no room in this universe for any single one of the conceptions that made up the old-time scheme.

Another thing has happened. Although Luther and his compeers, as well as the great Catholic authorities of his day, attacked the teachings of Copernicus with the utmost bitterness, claiming that they were atheistic, and that in them was the seed of destruction to the theology which he believed to be true,— still, in the main, people did not comprehend what was going on any more than they do to-day, and the old belief continued in the popular mind. But the process of its disintegration was begun, and it is going on to-day.

When Newton discovered the law of gravity, he again was attacked, because it was said he was taking the management of the universe out of the hands of God and putting it into the keeping of a law. And there is a great deal of such shallow talk going on in the modern world,— as though people had not thought deeply enough to know that law is only a name for an eternal process; and that that process can be nothing else than one of the manifestations of the present, living, tireless God.

Another thing happened,— the science of geology. And let me ask right here, Is it not strange that people do not stop long enough to think with a little reverence and a little care? If we can read accurately what has been written on the rock record under our feet, we can say as the old astronomer Kepler said when he discovered the law of planetary motion, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee."

If, I say, we can read the rock record under our feet, we are reading what God has written in very truth, as if by his own immediate finger. It is God's work and God's record of his work; and, if it does not happen to agree with what some unknown man imagined to be the truth two or three or five thousand years ago, which shall we accept,— the present God speaking to us, or what somebody thought about it thousands of years ago in the days of the world's ignorance, when all the while we do not know who that somebody was, or what his source of information might be?

As a matter of fact, there grew up this science of geology based on the facts as to God's method of making his world. It was a part of the old scheme that God made the world suddenly out of nothing in six days and then rested. Geology discovered that the process of creation has been going on for millions of years, and that it is going on to-day in precisely the same way that it has always been going on. That is, that creation is a continuous process, always begun and never finished.

We discovered that the order of the creative world was not the order of the first chapters of Genesis. We discovered that there was a mistake in the popular theological conception both as to the method and the time; and there is no question, friends, as to which is true. There have been many and many vain attempts made to reconcile between the Book and the rocks, but they have all crumbled to pieces at the touch of anything like honest and open-eyed investigation, until at last the scholarship of the world knows that God has told the truth in his rocks, whatever may become of certain old-time traditions.

Another science has grown up,— the science of archæology. And what has that taught us? As geology taught us the antiquity of the earth, this has taught us the antiquity of man. We know now — it is no question for intelligent people to discuss — that man was not created six thousand years ago, nor ten thousand years ago. We know that he

has been on this planet for two or three hundred thousand years at least.

So this part of the old theological scheme has also had to be given up.

Another thing has happened. There has sprung up the great universal philosophy and science that goes by the name of "evolution." The first propounder of this in the modern world was Herbert Spencer. His work includes the worlds as well as man. Then, occupying a province of this universal dominion, came the work of Mr. Darwin, published in 1859. Mr. Darwin wrought out his great truths in the domain of what is called the science of biology,— the method of the development of life.

And now, friends, here again it is no longer a question; it is not something that intelligent and educated people debate. Now and then, indeed, prominent theologians,— I will not name any names, because I do not wish to mar what I am saying by a ripple of laughter over anything,— prominent theologians, who show by the first words they utter that they do not know what they are talking about, undertake to discuss it; but there is not a competent and free-minded intelligence to-day on the face of the earth that does not know that the general theory of evolution is as much established science as is the Copernican theory of the universe. There may be any number of questions about subsidiary matters, matters of detail; but the great general truth is at last accepted.

What does this mean? It means that man was not created suddenly, outright, in a Garden of Eden or anywhere else. It means that man belongs to the great order of life-development, which began on the far-off shores of primeval seas, and has developed through fishes, through reptiles, through birds, through mammals, up to man, who leads the march of life in its so-far advance.

Let me interject one thing right here. There are thousands of people in the modern world who still suppose

that Mr. Darwin teaches that we are descended from the ape. He teaches nothing of the sort; and no intelligent man ever supposed he did,—at least, no one who has taken the trouble to find out.

Mr. Darwin teaches that we are descended, or ascended, from the animal; and it is true, too, established over and over again, so that no competent thinker to-day ventures to doubt the general fact.

What does this mean? I have no time to enter fully into it to-day; it means, however, that there never has been any fall of man, but that there has been ascent from the beginning. I shall go into this more at length, and make it, I trust, perfectly clear before I am through with this course of sermons.

But let me say right here that this one fact alone, logically carried out, compels a complete reconstruction of all the theological theories of the past; for there is not a single one of the doctrines that enter into and make up the schemes that have been taught by the churches for hundreds of years that did not come into being as part of a plan to save man from the fall. If there has been no fall, if evil is to be explained, as I believe it is, in entirely another way, then all these doctrines which are logically a necessary part of this "plan of salvation" must be reconsidered.

I have no time to go into that any further to-day, for I must mention one or two other things that have happened.

When England first made conquest of India, I suppose there were very few people in the world who had any idea that any important intellectual and religious results were to follow. It was a purely commercial venture at the outset; but what did it mean?

It meant the discovery of the Rig-Veda, the old Sanscrit Bible; and it was the beginning of a series of discoveries, until to-day we have come into intelligent contact with all the great religions of the world, and we have studied and translated and read all the great Bibles of the world. Do

you know that the Buddhists have their Bibles which they believe are as thoroughly inspired and as completely infallible as our own? And this same thing is true of nearly all the great religions. And let us frankly admit that they have precisely the same reason for holding their belief concerning their Bibles that we have for holding ours concerning our Bible.

We have thus seen religions in the making, we have discovered Bibles in process of growth, and we have learned what I hinted last Sunday, or a Sunday before, that Bibles do not create religion, but that religions create Bibles,— as they do priesthoods and all the thousand things that manifest and express the religious life.

What is the result of this discovery and study of the world religions and the Bibles of the world?

When I was a boy I was taught that the religions of the world were divided into two classes. In one was Christianity alone, called the true religion. In the other class were all the other religions of the world, labelled "false." I was taught to believe that they were the invention of devils, or the perverted and evil work of priesthoods and wicked men.

But what does the intelligent man hold to-day? We believe, as Emerson has sung it so beautifully, that

> "Out of the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old,"—

and the burdens of all the Bibles; and we believe that all the religions of the world are simply the earnest attempts — on the part of ignorant and foolish people, if you like, but earnest attempts, the best they were capable of making at the time — to find God, "feeling after him who is not far from every one of us."

If they have not been able to speak in clear language, they have lisped; they may not have said the words that we say to-day, but they have said the best words they knew.

My friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Collyer, said in his prayer this morning that the sweetest, the concentrated essence of all religions was in the words, "our Father." How many of you know that the oldest name in the religious literature of the world, in this old Sanscrit Bible to which I referred a moment ago, is "Heaven-Father"? How many of you know that the Greek *Zeus pater* is simply the Greek equivalant of the Sanscrit *Dyaus pitar?* How many of you know that the word *Jupiter* is only the Roman equivalent of *Dyaus pitar*, Heaven-Father, the old name that the race tried to lisp in its childhood?

We no longer look, then, to these other religions from our height of superiority, treating them with contempt or regarding them as utterly evil and wicked. We believe that God hears the man in China, the man in India, in Central Africa, in the Islands of the Southern Seas, no matter what word he uses when he tries to give utterance to the name of the invisible Father that he thinks of as his creator and the maker of all this wonderful universe of ours.

There is another thing that has happened. I hinted at this in another connection not a great while ago. Men and women have become civilized in some parts of the world; and civilization means not only truer thinking, it means a more humane feeling, it means justice, it means something of tenderness and pity; and, as the result of this, many parts of the old creeds have been put one side, though there has been no formal abandonment of them, because the civilized, tender, just, loving, helpful man no longer could hold them.

I was talking with an orthodox lady during the past week. I did not introduce the subject,—I never presume to introduce these things in private houses unless I am asked,—and she spoke of one of the very fundamental points of the old creed which is still taught, and the foundation stone of the church which she attends, as something "horrible"

which she no longer believed. I raised the question, which she frankly admitted she had never considered, as to whether she could give that up and still keep all the rest which depended on it, and would never have been heard of if it had not been there.

There are many of these points, and many of them are given up; but people do not carry out the lesson logically, of which this case just cited is a sample. But quietly, perhaps unconsciously, one inherited opinion after another is dropped, without thought or care as to whether the rest can be consistently held or not.

And so the process goes on,— that process which has caused all this uncertainty, confusion, and contradiction. Some people in some churches think a little way and surrender certain points; other people in other churches think a little further and surrender a little more, grasp grander things in place of them. And hence we see all these confused and irresponsible beliefs which we find held by the people of the present day.

Now, friends, a word at the end. What does all this mean? Does it mean that religion is in danger? So far from that, friends, I believe that religion is simply struggling to-day to free itself from these encumbrances which hold it down and hinder its growth towards the light, sunshine, and free air, up towards God's magnificent heaven.

It means simply a change of the theological conception and framework of things. It means that the world of to-day, wiser in every other respect than was the universe of the past, is daring to let in the light, daring to think and accept the grander truth which God is revealing to his children.

As I have already said in other connections, I believe that, instead of religion passing away, we are in the time of its re-birth. There is to be a more magnificent religion, a grander Church than the past has ever dreamed of. We simply outgrow that which is crude, which is ignorant, which is cruel, which is untenable in broad, clear thinking.

We are getting ready to build the new temple in which God shall manifest himself as he has not in the past, and that shall be full of light and love and peace for all mankind.

Father, we thank Thee for Thy guidance and Thy care. We thank Thee that our eyes are permitted to see this day, which prophets and kings of the past have gained a glimpse of and desired to see, but have died without the sight. We thank Thee that we are permitted to bear some little part in this great work of preparing the way of the Lord, making his paths straight, of casting up a highway along which is to travel the free and glad feet of the coming humanity. Amen.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. I. JANUARY 29, 1897 No. 17

SERIES ON

RELIGION FOR TO-DAY

III. IS RELIGION DYING?

GEO. H. ELLIS
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IS RELIGION DYING?

My subject this morning is an answer to the question, Is Religion Dying? I take as my text what may seem to you a little way removed from my subject, but which you will find to be central to it by and by,— the words of Paul as recorded in his second letter to the Church at Corinth, fifth chapter, and twentieth verse, "Be ye reconciled to God."

Any one whose studies include in their range the whole line of human progress from the beginning until to-day will become familiar with the fact that religions are not immortal. Hundreds of religions have been born, have grown old, have died. The entire pathway of human advance is strewn with the images of dead gods, of temples in ruins, of altars crumbling to decay, with books once held sacred as containing the very infallible word of life, but now looked upon only as curiosities of ancient thought.

One needs, of course, to take a long survey of human history to note how true this is. Two thousand years seems a great while; but when we remember that man has been on this earth at least three hundred thousand years, and has been thinking, feeling, fearing, hoping, through all those years, two thousand seem only a little while.

If you wish to note how religions that once towered on high and seemed impregnable from all assault, even the assault of time, have fallen, you may stand amid the ruins of Karnac or Baalbec, you may wander through India and note the remains of temples that once represented religions that were followed reverently by millions of worshippers.

Religions then are not immortal. But it is very different with the word when you drop the final "s." Religions die; religion is simply reborn and goes on forever. It is in the spiritual realm only what it is fabled to be in earthly empire: "The king is dead!" cries the herald; and then before the sound of that call has ceased, he cries again, "Long live the king!" The persons die, the king never. So it is true of religions that they die, but religion never. Religion, out of what is called death,—or thought to be death by the friends or the enemies of any particular religion,— religion finds in this experience only a renaissance.

In order that I may make this clear, that we may answer our question as to whether religion is dying, and may be perfectly certain of our ground, I need only to give you something approaching an adequate definition of religion. People who think that religion is dying, good people who are afraid religion is dying, have simply not thought deeply enough or carefully enough to know what it is that is really taking place. Let us then, if we may, try to get a definition of religion, and then we can easily comprehend what it is that is going on.

I wish first to give a definition, as a scientist or a philosopher would, in abstract terms. I ask your patience for a moment while I do that; and then I shall try to translate it into the concrete, so that it will be very easily apprehensible by anybody.

Religion — and now let me say I am not defining my religion or your religion; I am not defining the religion of the Episcopalian or the religion of the Presbyterian; I am not defining Christianity, I am not defining any particular religion. I wish to create, if I may, a general definition that will cover and include any religion that ever existed or can exist; just as a scientist, for example, when he wishes to define the vertebrate, does not select any particular type of vertebrates but gives the characteristics which are com-

mon to all vertebrates. So I wish to give you those characteristics which you will see in a moment are common to all religions.

In the first place then, religion is man's thought concerning the relation which exists between himself and the power that is manifested in the universe, whatever his interpretation of that power may be. First, the thought.

Secondly, religion is emotion,— the feeling which accompanies this thought and which takes its characteristics from it. That is, if the thought is high and noble the feeling will correspond; if the thought is poor and mean the feeling will be petty, fearful, grovelling.

In the third place, the thought and the feeling always incarnate themselves in outward forms, manifest themselves in things, customs, practices.

There is my abstract definition. Now let me translate it for you into the concrete.

Take one typical illustration,— for it is one of the grandest religions of the world, and not being our own we can look upon it without any prejudice,— take the religion of the Hebrews; and let us go back to the time of Solomon and the magnificence of his temple. Suppose we could visit Jerusalem and see it in the condition in which it was at that time. We should be struck by the glory of its great temple, crowning the top of Mount Moriah; we should see the people thronging the gates, coming up for some one of the great festivals from all over the country. When we joined that throng and entered the precincts of the temple we should find its courts full of priests engaged in their various offices. We should find the blood of bulls and of goats and birds sacrificed running down from the altar. We should hear the chanting of some one of the old Psalms by the temple choir. We should first see the High Priest enter the Holy of Holies, and then come out and sprinkle the blood of the sacrifice upon the people and pronounce absolution from their sins. We should see this whole external manifestation of the

Hebrew religion. It would include such Scriptures as up to that period had become sacred in the popular mind.

Here is the external incarnation that I referred to of the thought and the feeling of the Hebrew people.

Now let us analyse a little deeper. Beyond this incarnation we should find that there were certain theories which were held by the priests and taught to the people as the truth,— the intellectual side of their religion. And what and how much does this include? It includes a theory of the universe. And note right here, friends, that there never has been a religion, from the beginning of the world up to to-day, that did not have as a frame-work a cosmology, that is, a scientific theory of things. That is where all religions start.

The Hebrew people had certain beliefs as to how the world was created, what kind of a world it was. They had a picture of it in their minds. They had certain ideas of the origin and nature of man,— ideas as to the relation in which men stood to their God, what their God wanted them to do, and why he wanted them to do it. Here was the intellectual side, you will see, what we to-day call the "theology" of it.

Then the third element I spoke of, emotion, fear, the awe, the reverence, the worship, the love, the delight in their God that the Psalmist so frequently sings; all this is the feeling side of religion.

Now note, friends, every religion that ever existed was made up of these three elements,— the thought side, the theoretical; the feeling side, the emotional; and the cult, or the ceremonial side.

The ceremonial side includes altars, temples, priesthoods, rituals, Bibles, hymns, prayers, all the external manifestation of the religious life.

Now, all of these three parts exist in and make up every religion that the world ever saw. If you should go down and examine the worship of him who stands in fear and

trembling before some fetish, you would find that he had his thought about his fetish, about the world, his theory of his own nature, his idea as to the relation in which he stood to this mysterious and unseen power. And you would find that all these three elements,— the thought side, the feeling side, the cult or theoretical side, exist down there.

If I should take you to Rome and ask you to examine with me all the magnificent display of the Romish ritual service, and you should look a little beneath the surface, you would find there the theoretical side, the feeling side, and the ceremonial side.

Come home and examine ours, our simpler, Puritan form of worship: we have our theology, our theory of the universe, and of God; we have our feeling, the emotional side, corresponding to our theoretical side; and then we have our ritual side, simple as it may be. Our cult is plain,— not gorgeous, not beautiful, not extended; but go through our service and you will find it, the same as all other religions, made up of these three parts.

What are the people after? Why do they have any religion at all? What is the essence of religion? What is the purpose, the meaning, the endeavor of it all?

Note, friends, from the very beginning of the world until now it has been an endeavor on the part of men to find and get into better relations with the Unseen Power, with God. It has been an endeavor,— and here comes in my text,— it has been an endeavor, as Paul said, to be "reconciled to God." People have been conscious of evil, of wrong, of suffering, in the world; and they have felt, and rightly felt, that these did not belong to an ideal condition of things. They had their interpretation of these, their explanation as to how they came about. Generally they believed that God was angry with them and that these were punishments inflicted. So they have been trying to find out what God wanted them to do, and to do it.

Every religion, then, that ever existed has been an effort on the part of man to get into better relations with God. People have felt that they stood vitally connected in some way with this infinite, eternal Power. They have been conscious of the fact, which we recognize to-day more clearly than it was possible to recognize it in the past, that life, welfare, happiness,— all depend upon our knowing something about the laws of this infinite Power, and obeying those laws.

The degree of our physical health depends upon our knowledge of these laws, as embodied in our physical structure, and our obedience to them. Mental health, true moral and spiritual health and prosperity, all depend in their spheres upon precisely this same thing,— a knowledge of the laws of God and obedience to those laws.

This, then, has been what humanity has been seeking in all ages. They have felt that they were not in the ideal relations that ought to exist towards God, and the one thing that they have been after in all their religions has been to create these ideal relations. In other words, they have had their thought about God and their thought about themselves, and then they have tried to get into better relations with God. "Be reconciled to God!" is the cry of every religion that ever existed.

And, friends, if anybody supposes that the modern world is going to outgrow religion, and so outgrow this necessity, I would only ask him to notice that "be reconciled to God," stated in other terms, is the last and highest word of science just as well as it is of religion. Herbert Spencer does not use the phrase of Paul in talking about being reconciled to God, but he does use "adjustment to our environment," and tells you if you wish to be well, or wish happiness or prosperity of any kind, you must become adjusted to your environment. And to the theist, who believes that God is our environment, that it is his power, his life, his law everywhere throughout the universe, being "reconciled to

God" and being "adjusted to your environment" are only two ways of saying the same thing.

Suppose for a moment that you are an agnostic, and you think you are going to escape religion by wearing that name. Do you escape it? Think a moment. You say, "I do not know anything about the nature of the infinite Power manifested in this universe." Granted. This Power is here. As Herbert Spencer says, The existence of this infinite and eternal Power is the one item of knowledge of which we are more certain than of any other. This Power is here. It was here before you were born; it will be here after you have died. Meantime, as you are passing through this world, your health, your welfare, your prosperity, depend on knowing something about the laws of this Power and obeying them. You do not escape this relation which is the essence, the very soul, of the religious life.

Suppose you say, "I am an atheist,"—go farther than the agnostic. What of it? Do you escape this relation any the more? Whether you say that this Power is God, or Spirit, or Nature, or Force, or "It," it makes no difference; the Power is here and you are the child of that Power.

If you say there is nothing in all the wide range of the universe but dirt, then you are the child of dirt. You are the product of this universe; not only your body, but your brain, your thought, your conscience, your hopes, your fears, your loves.

Whatever theory you hold about the universe you are the child of it. It was here before you, it will be here after you disappear; and meantime, as I said before, all your life, your welfare, your happiness, depend upon so much of the knowledge of the laws of this universe as you possess and the degree of your obedience to those laws.

So, no matter what your theory, friends, you must deal with religion whether you will or no. You can no more escape it than an eagle could outfly the limits of the atmosphere in which he finds leverage for his wings. You can

no more escape it than a ship captain can outsail the horizon which closes him round on every sea, on every shore.

The essence, then, the soul, of religion, is the sense of this relationship between the individual soul and his God, and the one purpose and aim of it is to better this relation, to get into right relations with God. So that religion, friends, though you may find some manifestations of it among barbaric people to be crude and cruel and unclean and low, religion in every nation and in every age has been the best endeavor the people of the time could make to find — what? *The secret of life,* — which lies in being rightly related to this infinite and eternal Power.

The moment, then, you get a clear and right definition of religion in your minds, you see beyond the possibility of question that religion is immortal, it cannot possibly pass away.

But something has been happening in all these ages; for, as I said at the outset, religions, hundreds of them, have been born, have grown to their maturity, have grown old, have died and faded out of the life of men. What is it that has been happening? My friends, it is the simplest thing in the world that has been happening, and it is the most hopeful thing in the world that has been happening: humanity, very slowly, — so slow that it is discouraging to watch the process, — humanity has been getting civilized; has been learning something; has been getting better ideas, clearer thoughts, more nearly correct theories of the world it is living in. That is the first thing that has been happening.

You examine any one of the crude cosmologies of some barbaric people, and you smile over them to-day. You say, "How ignorant those people were!" But they did the very best they knew at the time. They had their theory as to how the world was made, and why it was made, and who made it and what it was for; and that has become the creed

side always of their religion. But, as the world has gone on, as man has developed in intellectual power, been able to think more broadly, accurately, as he has investigated and studied more widely, of course he has outgrown his childish conception of the universe, of how and when God made it, and what for, and has attained to ideas which are more nearly commensurate with the facts.

I would not for a moment assume that we to-day are through! The curse of all the theorizers of the past has been just this assumption that they were through. As though anybody ever could get through in an infinite universe! It has been the pettiest, the most conceited, most fallacious assumption that the world has ever known. But it has been made, as I shall have occasion to show a little later.

That which has been going on, then, has been a readjustment of men's thinking to bring it into accord with the facts of God.

Let me interject right there, friends, I wish you would remember all the time that these facts are God's; for, if we discover a fact, it is a divine fact. I hear people talking sometimes as though they thought scientific men were discovering these facts in order to perplex and disturb people.

When Galileo discovered the moons of Jupiter he upset all the theories of his time. He was not responsible for their being there; he simply happened to see them. So, when scientific men discover some new magnificent fact that compels a reconstruction of the theories that men have been holding, are they to blame? Who is to blame? If anybody is to blame is it not He who made it? Is it not well for us reverently to stop and consider that all facts are God's facts, and that when we presumptuously choose to deny or turn our backs on facts, we are turning our backs on God and his revelation?

If humanity, then, is to grow any, of course the partial, crude, the ignorant theories of the universe have to be out-

grown. Just as when a child grows from being a child up to a man, he outgrows the little childhood world in which he lived, and enters his man's world or woman's world,—finer, grander in every conceivable way.

Not only, then, does the creed change, the creed must change if we grow wiser.

And right in here, friends, is the reason and the only reason why we Unitarians hold the position we do in regard to creeds, and which is sometimes thrown up to us by the question, "Why do you have no fixed creed?" Because a man who is climbing a mountain cannot have a fixed and final statement of what he sees. He may make one to-day; but, if he climbs another mile, he gets another view of things and has to reconstruct it. I am perfectly willing to make you a creed of any length if you will only give me time, stating what I believe to-day. But I will not promise not to learn something between to-day and to-morrow; and if I do, and it is true, I shall have to change my creed. And I would rather change my creed by taking from it something which I find is not true than keep it when I know it is not. The only alternative to this is to stop learning or else lie about it and play the hypocrite.

This is what it means on the intellectual side.

Now what does it mean on the cult side, the ceremonial side? And here let us note one fact that is instructive. There have been periods in the past, and we have not outgrown them yet, except in certain parts of the world, when the creed or the cult, either the one or the other, was regarded as more important than anything else. You go back to ancient Rome, for example, and witness some religious ceremony, and you will find out it has never entered into the heads of the people that the gods cared anything about a man's character or conduct. A man by being religious does not profess even to tell the truth, or to be kind and faithful in his family, or to be honest with his neighbors. The gods cared nothing about that. The gods were

not very good people themselves. All that they wanted was that the sacrifice should be brought, and the rituals be gone through with the right external ceremony. Scrupulously attended to in this respect, they asked no questions about character and conduct, they cared nothing about your belief, you could believe whatever you liked, so long as the sacrifices were brought.

Then you find other religions where the creed side is everything. If you believe, no careful inquisition is made as to your conduct; you can live about as you please if you are not disobedient to your creed; the cult is not so important, the ritual, the ceremonial. The one chief thing dwelt on is the belief, soundness of doctrine.

But, friends, these are changing, as I said. As the world gets more civilized we are getting finer, broader, truer ideas about the universe, about God, about human nature, about our relation to God. And the cult, the ceremony, what are these, what are they coming to? There is no reason why we as Unitarians should not have all the stately ritual of the most elaborately conducted service on the face of the earth, if we want it. The only important thing is that the ceremony shall be living, that it shall adequately express the thought and feeling. But as the thought and the feeling change, of course the ceremony changes, if people are careful about those things and do not keep on going through what become mere mummeries because the life has gone out of them.

These are the processes, friends, that have been going on,— perfectly simple, perfectly natural; inevitable, if humanity is to grow any.

But let us now raise the question most important of all. In the midst of this process is that which is most vital to religion decaying any? Is there any period in the history of the past when people cared more for truth than they do to-day? Is there any period in the history of the past when there was more widely spread in the hearts of the people a

sense of justice and a demand for it? Was there ever a time when there was a broader spirit of charity, of humanity, when people cared more for the condition of the inhabitants of other lands? for righteousness between nation and nation? when they cared more for the slave, for the downtrodden, for those who were suffering any form of evil?

Matthew Arnold has said somewhere that "conduct is at least three-fourths of life." Was there ever a time in the history of the world when there was a higher standard of conduct, when people cared more for personal righteousness? Have we lost any of the reverences, any of the tendernesses, any of the sentiments out of religion?

You misread the past, friends, if you think so for one passing moment.

Emerson has concentrated the beautiful truth into two lines as clear as crystal when he says,—

> "One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath never lost."

There never was a time when men cared so much for these things which are the essence and the soul of religion, these things that sweeten the world and make human life divine. It shows only a superficial thought, it shows an ignorant misreading of facts, when anybody supposes that there ever was a time in the history of the world which was more religious than to-day.

Take up any phase you please of human life and I will prove to you, beyond the possibility of question, that the world is unspeakably better to-day than it ever was before. Does this mean the decay of religion? Religion has overrun the churches, it has got beyond the limits of the creeds, it is outside of all ceremonial forms; religion is taking possession of the sense of justice between man and man.

Why, friends, go back five hundred years ago. Did other nations then presume to raise a question as to whether any particular nation had a right to engage in any particular

war? They would have been laughed at for the thought! But to-day not a civilized nation on the face of the earth dares to go to war in defiance of the moral sentiment of other civilized peoples. They have got to claim, and try to make out their case, that it is a matter of justice and right, something that has to be done. And so in any department of human life that you choose to investigate you will find a similar thing to be true.

Religion is more than creed, it is more than ceremony; it is coming to be life, righteousness, truth, justice, love, human helpfulness, service; all these things that brighten and glorify this struggling and rising humanity of ours.

Now one point more I must ask your attention to before we are done.

Every little while along the line of this progress that I have been speaking of, as natural and inevitable, you find the remains of old-time tragedies,— the prophets persecuted, saviours slain, reformers burned. Why is it? As Jesus said to the people of his time: You admit that the fathers were wrong; the fathers burned the prophets, and you build their sepulchres. That is what the world has been doing from the beginning. Oh, the pity of it! Out of what sort of curious, cruel misconception of things does it spring?

Go back and trace the men who have been martyrs to a new truth, from the far-off prophets in the dim ages of the past down to men like William Lloyd Garrison, dragged by a mob of the best citizens through the streets of our modern Athens. What did it mean when in ancient Athens, Anaxagoras, one of the finest figures of his age, is condemned to death because he declared that the sun was a burning ball of fire? His sentence is commuted at the request of Pericles to banishment for life. What is it for? He had insulted their religion; because their religion had been saying all the time that the sun was Apollo, the sun-god, driving a chariot across the pathway of the heavens; and it was impious and atheistic to say it was a ball of fire.

But you will find at every single stage of the world's advance somebody has discovered a new, deeper, higher truth, and he is crucified for it. Why? Because, just as I said in an earlier part of my discourse, every religion that ever existed has started the absolutely baseless, unwarrantable assumption that it was infallible; that it had all the truth that God was ever going to give the world; and that, therefore, if you dared to find out a new truth you were insulting God and injuring humanity. I say there has not been a religion, from the miserable, ignorant fetish worships at the beginning clear up to the great churches of to-day, that has not made, and does not still make, this unwarrantable claim. And I say again — and I defy contradiction on the part of the scholarship of the world — that there is absolutely no authority in heaven or earth for doing anything of the sort. There is no authority for it in this Bible; there is no authority that will bear the light in the history of any church; it is simply a pure, unwarrantable assumption.

"I," — and the gigantic conceit of it! — "I am the depositary of God's eternal truth, and all there is of it that he is ever going to give the world; if you want a little fragment of it come to me. If you dare to doubt, then the curse, clear to the eternal hell, shall be upon you. If you dare to find out something that does not agree with this truth, why, then, so much the worse for your new discovery."

The Church has put itself on record almost from the beginning, — I refer now to the organized "authorities" that have claimed to represent the Church and speak for it, — as opposed to almost every new discovery for the last two thousand years; and every single time they have been wrong. I should think they would get tired of it after a while. They assume that they are infallible; that they have all God's truth. And there is no bitter hatred quite like that of the man who thinks he speaks for God and whose infallibility is questioned.

And so you will find that the men who have discovered some new truth have inevitably and always been persecuted and cast out, until by and by the world has found itself compelled to accept it and has gathered itself up again and gone forward as best it could.

The time will come, I hope, when people will learn that this is an infinite universe, and that any theories which they can frame are only partial, and that a new truth that is vouchsafed to men is as sacred as any old truth. There is no new truth except as related to our discovery. I find out something new to-day which I did not know yesterday. It has been true from the beginning, as true as it is now, only I have not found it out, that is all. There is no new truth, there is no old truth, except as related to the period of our discovery.

The time will come, I hope, when the world will learn this; and then, instead of these cataclysms, upheavals, persecutions, there will be a recognized and assented-to gradual advance, the world growing wiser, sweeter, and better day by day. Then the man who has discovered a new truth will not be branded as an infidel.

The only infidel in the world is the man who is faithless to God's truth. A man who has discovered a new truth which does not agree with beliefs, ideas, that have been established in the past is not an infidel. It is the man who refuses to accept the new truth that is the infidel; for he is false to God's last spoken word.

The time will come, then, when the world will evenly and broadly advance step by step, when the day of God will come as comes one of our natural days,— first a streak of light in the east, expanding, flooding the heavens, catching with glory the tops of the highest mountain, then running down their sides over the plains, until the gorges and the deepest valleys of the earth are full of light.

Father, we thank Thee that we may see Thy light and

Thy truth as they are revealed to men, dawning like the light of the perfect day. We are glad that we can have some part in the discovery and spread of this truth; that we can at least welcome the light with eyes of joy, and call the attention of others to that light, and so help them to recognize the coming of God to His world. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ...	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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NEW SONGS.

"Let us sing unto the Lord a new song,— both young men and maidens, old men and children."— Ps. cxlviii, 12, 13.

We may form some idea of the Psalmist's meaning and purpose, I imagine, as we listen to the children in some fine stress of joy, and notice the song-like quality in their words and tones they do not use for common occasions. Their voices fall then into cadences that fit the mood of the moment; and when we listen we hear a new song, the simplest and sweetest the human heart can frame.

We hear this song again when a dear friend opens his heart to us in some supreme moment in his life. There may have been no strain of music or poesy in his nature, so far as we knew, until now; but it may be he has found the one woman in all the world who can answer to his heart's desire; or he will tell me about his first-born, and then his heart for the moment is as the hearts of the children, while his voice also falls into the cadence of the new song.

So it is again, and to a greater purpose, when we are stormed by some question which comes to a white fire in the heart of the man or the nation and gives birth to the speech that answers to the time. And so Webster's noblest speeches are musical then, as the great old Psalms are and Everett's were; while men like Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, in the days that are no more, sent a strong and stormful music beating through the hearts of men that set this New World afire and melted the fetter from the neck of the slave.

We heard the new songs again when the conflict of ideas came to their crisis in the conflict of armed men. It might

well have been imagined that such a conflict would be met by wails of dismay: it was met by the spirit and temper from which the new songs are born. The true manhood of the nation was very soon aware that this was to be no mere dress parade, but a long, stern conflict with men of the same dogged determination as our own; and then we began to hear the singers of new songs.

In the West we were stormed by grand strains like the Battle Cry of Freedom; in the East we heard a woman singing "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" (and it was as when Miriam sang for the deliverance of Israel from the thrall), and the good Quaker song of "Barbara Frietchie," Bryant sang "Our Country's Call," and Emerson the "Boston Hymn" and the "Voluntaries," while "John Brown's Body" beat time to the tramp of the armies, — that strange new song which, like the priest of the old time, was without father or mother and without descent, — while the slaves began to chant their songs to a music of their own of the new day dawning after the long night of bondage to despair. Indeed, the land swarmed with the singers, so that long before the awful strife was over we were saying, The nation that can sing to such a purpose is victor already, no matter when the time shall come

> "To hang the trumpets in the hall
> And study war no more."

Yes, and Abraham Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, when the war was over, was no mere speech, when you lay your ear to his heart. It was a new song of peace and good will, sung when the great heart — great because it was so gentle and good — was stormed by the pathos of the time and place, and would clasp the whole nation in its measureless sympathy. And so there is nothing more lyrical to me, as there is nothing more noble in our time and tongue, than this song born of the supreme moment and the supreme emotion; nor can I think of a time when it will not be

musical to us as the great psalms of the ages are, and will not be said, but sung, in the nation's heart, while I dream of a time when the great tone-masters of the republic — for whose advent we have still to wait — will take these words and set them to a music as noble and as true as the great melodies

> "Which from the kings of sound were born,—
> Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn."

Here, then, is the first truth I would try to touch of the new songs, as it lies in our human heart and life. They are born from the souls that beat with noble emotions, and burn with their fires. Born of the mighty moments in the life of the singers and the times for which they sing, and born not of the will of the flesh or the will of the man or the woman, but by the inspiration of the Almighty; and so the peasant sings them with the prince, and the shepherd, watching his flocks by night, with the soldier marching to the battle for God and the right.

Nor can we confine this truth, again, to words and metres, or to that momentary impulse of the children or the man I have cited for the simplest instance of my thought, because there may be songs with no words we can read or music we can hear. For the joy which touches me in my youth I can find no words, even to tell my mother. But my mother knows my secret, because that is her song also. And in the shy, sweet thanksgiving the wife cannot whisper even to her husband, or the husband to his wife, though they live to their golden wedding as one in heart and mind.

These are to me something like the song I saw in a woman's eyes once, shining through her happy tears, when, after telling me of her one great longing as we crossed the Tête Noire in Switzerland, we suddenly saw the white glory of Mont Blanc standing high in the heavens and clothed with the sun (this was the dream of her lifetime come true; but it was a song without words, and all she could do was to drink in the glory and sing in her heart the song); and

like one which lay in the heart of a man a dear friend of mine met in London,—a New England man who had gone there on business alone, and was homesick and heartsick for the mother and children he had left in the home. So, to cheer the lone man, my friend took him to a concert where Patti was to sing. It was all noble and beautiful. "Sweet Home" was sung for an encore; and then, as they walked away, my friend said, "How do you feel now, old man?" "Well," the forlorn father answered, "I think that was the best concert I have ever heard"; but then his voice broke a little as he said, "Do you know, I would rather hear my youngest boy give one of his great yells this moment than all the music I could hear in London?"

Now, I have no doubt at all that this yell had been a trial to the good fellow many a time in the far-away home, and we who have had such children or have them now may guess how it would fare with the boy; but he was far away, while the great ocean which lay between hither and yonder had so softened and made sweet the strident noise that the distance lent enchantment to the father's heart, and his joy in the youngest hope gave birth to the song without words.

Once more this truth, as it lies within what we may call our common life, is the truth which lies in our common faith. And so, when we find our way backward to its advent, we hear them singing these new songs, or the old made new through their faith and hope in God. And so Pliny tells the Cæsar, in his famous letter, how these little bands they branded "Christian" were meeting in small chambers to speak together and to sing. Augustine also tells us that psalms and hymns were sung when the faithful met together; and then the burdens they must bear grew light to them, while the heathen would be drawn to hear them, and be so moved that they would enlist under the white banner to become confessors and martyrs of the faith of which the

songs were born. I have read also that our own fore-elders, the Arians, sang so grandly of their faith and hope in God, and so won the hearts of those who heard them, that Chrysostom concluded the best way to fight these heretics was to out-sing them. So he started the new songs; while the Arians, in the course of time, grew silent, and the saint's thought of the way to win was justified. Orthodoxy sang its way to victory.

And this is the truth you find in the advent of the Reformation, where such songs as "A mighty fortress is our God" sprang from the heart of Luther, while the people caught the glow and glory of this grand new meaning of God.

Here once more was the burning question; the new songs did yeoman service for its solution and the salvation of the souls of men from the evil yoke of Rome. It was a question of life or death. The songs gave courage to the soul and strength to the hands to fight. It was the dawn of the new day of the Lord; the sun hastened his rise to their singing. It was the advent of a new joy in God and in his Christ. The cup of their gladness brimmed over as they sang. Leave out this mighty emotion, then, of which the songs were born, and you will leave out one of the noblest factors in the great Reformation, as my own faith stands.

So it was once more in the great Puritan revolt in the mother-land, when new psalms were sung, and the old psalms born again from above rang out on the morning of great battles for England and the right, and Milton was the poet laureate of the right of a man to his own free soul; while we hear them again when the Pilgrims came, what time

> "Amid the storm they sang,
> And the stars heard, and the sea,
> And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
> To the anthems of the free."

Here, then, is the truth I fain would open this morning, of the peerless worth of the songs for the faith we hold and

one with the truth in our human life pointing fair and true towards this conclusion: that in your faith or mine,—no matter just now for the name or denomination,—what is not well worth the singing will presently be hardly worth the saying. And this also is true, that any true faith in God or in man must wait on and wait for the burning heart to sing before it can have free course and be glorified. The divine inspiration must lift us on its wings as "the music soars within the lark, and so the lark soars"; for, when you leave this primal potency out of the question, the song may be melodious as those of Thomas Moore, but it will be extrinsic all the same, and cheap as a cluster of fine jewels on a perfect hand.

And now the truth I have tried to touch prompts two questions, and the first is this: What shall I say in behalf of our own faith as the mother of new songs? and the second is this: What worth shall we find in singing them for the life that now is and for that which is to come?

For I have said, it makes no great matter what may be our name or our church: the faith in God and in his Christ which can find in its heart no new songs to sing must have seen its best days and may well be suspected of having no great question those who hold it care to answer, no battle for God's holy truth they care to fight, no new hope for the world stealing in through the portals of the soul's vision, and, in a word, no grand emotion at one with those which have always given birth to the songs.

This is the question; and gladly I answer, that, in our common Christendom, so far as I know, you will find no such singers of these new songs and most noble as we have raised in this first clear century of our separate life in this New World, and since we were branded with the name we wear for our proud distinction as the century draws to its close. And, again, should our noblest sermons also be new songs, where shall you find any nobler or more heart-whole in this primal quality than the sermons of Channing

and Dewey, of Parker and Bellows, of Freeman Clarke, of Samuel Longfellow, and of many besides,— to speak only of our great and noble dead? They are all such singers, when they rise to the measure of their genius and grace, while Beecher's sermons grew forever more lyrical as they caught the new light that shone for him in the later years; and Phillips Brooks sang always new songs, matching the best our best have sung. So the question may be answered, first, touching the sermons from the heart of the great preachers, while I say in this one century those who were and are of our faith have sung new songs also that match or more than match the sermons, and to so great and true a purpose that they are sung now in churches we cannot number, where no preacher of our faith can be heard,— or shall I not rather say of our name?

It fell out some time ago that I went, on a Sunday evening, to hear a minister I dearly loved, a man of a great sunny heart always, but strictly and rather sternly orthodox in his preaching when he must lay down the law. I went early, and had ample time to turn over the hymn-book to see what they were singing in our good old orthodox church, and found a good many hymns of the old tenor I still remember so well,— for I was raised in such a church, nor have I any stones to cast at her windows now. But then I began to notice how many new songs there were also from the heart of our own singers, and wondered at this; and all the more when I found a referendum at the end of the book, telling you frankly who they were and of what faith. I counted twenty-three, some with one song and some with more, who were marked as Unitarian, with a number more who did not bear our name, but were or are also of our faith or our spirit. And then I noticed also, as I turned over the leaves of the volume, that many of the songs of the old lurid tenor were fresh and clean on the page as when they left the printer's hands, while numbers, such as "Nearer, my God, to thee," were the color of ripe wheat,

where the hands of the faithful had held them in the singing.

I found the book in use, again, in another great church of the purest strain of orthodoxy in our city, when on a week night I went to hear a notable man from Scotland, who drew himself well together after one passage in his sermon, and said, "What do you Unitarians think of that?" Whereat, had it been good manners, I might have lifted the book in my pew, and said, "What do you Presbyterians think of this?"

I have good reason to believe the collection is the most popular in use among these churches; and, knowing this, we may well thank God and take courage. For it makes no great matter, then, that they have been saying, time out of mind, that we are only waiting for our decent burial. I say these are not death-songs we sing, and they sing, also: they shine with the light, and are wet with the dew of the new morning, while every song inspired with this faith and hope will help and bless them more, it may be, than our sermons would if they should hear them in those great old churches.

So, as he was a wise man who said, Let me make the songs, the ballads, for the people, and then who will may make the laws, I would say, "Let the folk there sing our songs born of the hundred years, and they will answer to them, as they have failed to answer to the most of our sermons in this age," while we have many things to learn yet, and more to do, and better, before our faith can win the great place destined for it in the divine decrees. But this is our joy and crown of rejoicing, that so many are singing unto the Lord the new songs, both young men and maidens, old men and children, and are growing shy of such things as this they taught me to sing in my childhood all those years ago: —

"There is a dreadful hell
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains."

I said the second question is this: What shall we do to find what worth lies for our life in the new songs and in the invitation I read for my text? and answer with this good singer of the old time. We shall also nourish the heart from which the songs are born,— songs of the new morning and songs in the night,— and ask, every day, what we have to sing for we did not have yesterday: songs without words, if it must be so, sung over the cradles; yes, and over the graves; and psalms of life that will make our homes radiant with their music all the year round; for blessed will the homes be that pulse with such music, and blessed the children held by this strong, sweet charm.

Are we looking backward, as we have been just now who have seen many years,— looking backward towards the tender light of a day that is dead? Believe me when I say a new song can be born of that backward glance; and then the days will not be dead. They will rise again and plume their wings, soaring and singing of God's eternal day. Or are we in the thick of the fight so many must make in these times against what we must deem to be our evil fortune (let the years be my authority) and a fortune as sad, sometimes, as can well fall to our lot? Yet, I say, we may hide a song in its heart which will compel that wheel we hear of to turn to our singing as it will never turn to our sad complaints. And I know when I say this how easy it may be to sing them in the youth-time, the strong prime or the ripe old age, in which all is well with us in life and fortune; and to this I say Amen. But is not this true, that a nobler song may come through the shadows than can ever come through the light, as they tell me the sweetest bird-songs are caught in a darkened cage, and as we know the songs of "In Memoriam" that go most sweetly to the heart in our time were sung over the dust of the poet's dearest friend?

Some years ago it was my good fortune to visit the Yosemite Valley — the wonder of the world to me — in a pleasant company, which had agreed that when we came to

the entrance of the valley each one of us should tell in one brief sentence of our wonder and delight. But when the glory flashed upon us we were dumb, and opened not our mouth. It was a song without words. We could only bow our heads as those who worship at some sacred shrine. I had letters also to one of nature's noblemen who had lived in the valley many years, and remember a fair morning when he went with me to a lake where I would see the sun rise over the great white domes, and mirror himself in the clear, still waters. But we must not look into the heavens, he said, only down into the deeps, and then pass on to where he would rise again and still again; so that I saw him rise, I think, ten times that morning over the great white domes, and caught the happy thought on the wing, that, good as it is always to follow the light, if you must or will walk in the shadows the light will follow you. So God will make himself "an awful rose of dawn," not once but for ever, until every soul of us becomes a child of the light and of the day.

So we watched the sun rise and rise again in the mirror; and then my friend Mr. Hutchins told me about the plants and flowers growing there, many of them strange to me, but dear to him as the meanest flower that grows was to Wordsworth. And as I looked and listened, a bird flew past us on swift wings with one bright quick note, and when I said, "What bird is that, sir?" he answered softly, "I am glad you asked me that question. He lives mostly down here on the lake, but builds his nest away up yonder on the cliffs; while the curious and capital thing about the tiny creature is this, that he always saves his best song for the winter. The note you heard just now belongs to his summer song, but when the storms beat down on the valley and the snow lies deep then I turn out to hear my bird sing." Then he said, "I love him for another reason: away up yonder where he builds his nest it is very hot in the summer time; so he finds a place, no doubt with his mate to help him, among the green things growing on the ledges, and when

they begin to wither in the heat he takes up water from the lake on his wings, shakes it over the arbor, and keeps it cool and fresh for the mother and her brood. Many a time," he said, "I have climbed up yonder just to look in on the nests and the broods in those arbors." That was a day when my friend told me many things about his life in the valley through the many years; but no memory touches me now with so sweet a charm as his story of the bird I saw only in a flash and heard in the one bright note, — the story of the way the small creature wise in our Father's very wisdom will ward off the fires, throw over his mate and her brood the shield of his tender care, and make good for them the promise, "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust." So the trust stands in the summer time. But then comes the winter when the clouds gather over the cliffs and domes, the snow falls heavy, the winds rise to storms: what then? Why, then my old pioneer turns out to hear his bird sing his bravest and brightest song. There is no cowering away now from the brunt of the battle. Such an extremity becomes his choice opportunity. The old nest is lost in the drifts and it is hard fending for them down there on the lake; but our heavenly Father feedeth them, and he sings, not as in the summer (any bird can sing then if he is worth his worm), he saves his best for the hard stern winter and the storm.

How is it done, what stirs the small creature to this peerless purpose? He cannot tell you, he can only sing. Yet, if the heart is in us to match that which beats under the soft happing of the feathers, shall we not believe he is dimly aware that after the winter comes the spring when the nest will be built again and all will be well up there? So

> "His song to windward pouring
> Makes all the cliffs rejoice."

And so he has dwelt with me for a lovely parable of the truth I fain would tell as it touches your life and mine, that

we not only do well but the best to sing in the times that are storm-stricken and full of dismay,— through our faith in God's perfect providence and eternal love.

The nest may be torn, then, and empty; the snows of our winter may lie deep; the sun may be late and dim in his rising over the white domes,— but then, *but then*, what heart-whole songs have come to us sung over these desolations of life and time! "High Heart" is emblazoned on the banner over the tomb I saw of the great prince in Canterbury, on my last visit to the mother-land.

That is the heart we can summon to our singing when we make our whole life a song. And then those who listen shall say, Songs like these never bloom forth on the sand dunes of doubt and dubitation. They are songs of deliverance from the bondage to fear. Songs of the new morning of God the Most High. Therefore,—

"Though there still needs effort, strife,
Though much be still unwon,
Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life,
Death's frozen hour is done.
What still of strength is left, employ
This end to help attain:
One common song of hope and joy,
Lifting mankind again."

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

5

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VOL. I. FEBRUARY 12, 1897 No. 19

SERIES ON

RELIGION FOR TO-DAY

IV. WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

GEO. H. ELLIS
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WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

My subject this morning is the question, "What is Christianity?" My text I take from the eleventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the last part of the twenty-sixth verse, "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch."

It happens somewhat curiously — though of course in laying out the present series of sermons it was as far as possible from my mind — that my theme chimes in with a great controversy which is at present disturbing the churches and the newspapers of this city and Brooklyn.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., minister of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, has been giving some sermons in which he has been dealing with questions of Revelation, The Bible, The Higher Criticism. He has raised a storm of protest on the part of many of his brother ministers and on the part of some of the newspapers of the time. The *Sun*, for example, had, the other morning, a long, clear, strong editorial discussing the problem as to whether Mr. Abbott himself was a Christian; and it decided that instead of being a Christian he was an infidel.

From the old point of view, from the hard and fast orthodoxy of the creeds, the judgment is an accurate one. If it be necessary to believe in the infallibility of the Bible, the infallibility of the old creeds — the Westminster Confession and others — in order to be a Christian, then Dr. Abbott is an infidel. The decision of the *Sun* is perfectly logical if you grant the premises.

Others are rejoicing in the work which Dr. Abbott is doing, and are taking the ground that it is not at all necessary to believe these things in order to be a Christian.

I say, then, that, curiously enough, my theme this morning falls into the midst of this disputatious time. And to-day, in a good many other pulpits of Brooklyn and New York, substantially this theme will be discussed.

It ought, then, to be not only of interest, but of a good deal of practical importance, for us to settle, if we can, what are the essential things in Christianity.

If one were to judge by the claims of ministers, of ecclesiastical associations, denominational newspapers and reviews, if one were to judge from the creeds, he would suppose that Christianity came suddenly and full-grown into the world; that it leaped from the thought of God as Minerva was fabled to have leaped, fully developed and in complete armor, from the forehead of Jupiter.

You would suppose that, in the time of Jesus and his Apostles, the creed, the ceremony, the practice, the entire Christian system, was developed. You would suppose that it had been recognized that the world was in a special condition of loss, and that this plan of salvation, definitely and fully outlined, was suddenly revealed to men. And yet we are face to face with a curious fact if that be true.

The Church of Rome claims to be the only and original Church, and regards the Greek Church and all Protestants as so absolutely astray as to have no right to the name of Christian. The Greek Church regards the Church of Rome and all Protestants as in a similar hopeless condition. While all the Protestant churches regard the Church of Rome and the Greek Church as departures from the primitive simplicity of Christianity and as being mixed up with, and overloaded by, forms and ceremonies and doctrines which have been borrowed from pagan sources.

If there was a clear, a consistent, a definite revelation of those things that are essential to Christianity at the very outset, is not this confusion and contradiction a little strange and hard to understand?

Let us inquire, then, this morning for a little as to what

are the facts, the historic facts, the facts which are not questioned by anybody who is simply looking to find what is true.

We shall discover, then, that Christianity is in line with evolution, is an illustration of evolution. Instead of its coming into the world fully developed, full-grown, we shall recognize the fact that a seed was planted and that it grew year after year, century after century, gathering material on every hand from pagan and Christian sources, and that, instead of its having reached a fixed and final form during the first century or the fifth or the tenth or the eighteenth, it has never reached a fixed and final form, never will reach it, never can reach it, in the nature of things. For everything in this universe is undergoing either one of two processes: it is growing or it is decaying; and in either case it is not standing still, it is changing.

In spite, however, of these obvious facts and principles, you will find the most extravagant claims made in certain directions.

For example, the Roman Catholic Church says that it believes that which has always been believed by all men everywhere. So it claims to be catholic, or general, or universal in its belief. All Protestants make a similar claim, so far as the completeness and finality of revelation are concerned. The Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the famous Congregationalist preacher of Brooklyn, is reported to have said not many years ago that the idea of progress in theology was absurd,— meaning, of course, that since, as he believes, it had been completely and finally revealed once for all, there could be no growth or change in it.

But let us now look for a little, glancing along the line of historic advance and see what we really discover; and then at the end we will try to see, if we may, what are the essential things in Christianity.

And first I wish you to note the growth of belief concerning the nature and the authority of Jesus himself.

"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." This, of course, was a good many years after the death of Jesus. It was applied to them, undoubtedly, as a nickname, a name of opprobrium, contempt. A great many of the grandest names of the world have been applied in a similar way, so that we need not be ashamed of it on that account. But what did it mean? What was a Christian, for example, in the time of Paul?

And here let me suggest to you, if you wish to read the New Testament in its order, so as to get the growth of thought, read Paul's epistles first, beginning with Galatians. For these were the first parts of the New Testament and were written years and years before either of the Gospels came into its present shape.

Now what was a Christian during the time that Paul was writing these epistles? Only one single thing was necessary to convert a Jew into a Christian. The Jew believed that a Messiah was to come; the Christian believed that the Messiah the Jews had been looking for had come and that Jesus was he.

That is all that constituted a Christian during the first century, and you will find that it is the burden of Paul's preaching. He went up and down the world proclaiming — what? Even if you have a superficial knowledge of the writings of the New Testament you will recognize the echo of this verse. The one thing that Paul drove home by argument and appeal to the understanding, the consciences, the hearts, of his hearers was that this Jesus who had been crucified was the Christ,— and "Christ," you know, is only the Greek Christos, the Greek translation of the Hebrew word Messiah.

Paul preached, then, that Jesus was the Messiah; and accepting this is what constituted a Christian. But the process of development in regard to the Christian thought about Jesus had only now begun.

And let me ask you to remember, if you think it strange

that such a process should have gone on,— remember that Christianity was born in the midst of a time and conditions when it was the commonest thing in the world to deify men. Greek and Roman hero after hero had been deified by the popular imagination and lifted up into the heavens. There was no god in all the Roman Empire so widely worshipped during the reign of Augustus, and for a hundred or two years after his time, as was the Emperor Augustus himself. His image, his shrine, lined all the roads and highways and was found in the peasants' cottages throughout the Roman Empire.

So that it was not a strange thing among the Greeks and among the Romans that this process of deifying should take place. It was, or would have been, a very strange thing among the Jews. They held such a spiritual conception of God, and regarded him as withdrawn by nature and distance so far from his world that it would have seemed to them nothing short of outright blasphemy to compare with him any creature born of woman. So that this doctrine never could have sprung up among the Jews. And as you know, it never found any lodgment among the Jews; the Jew never became Christians.

It grew up among the Greeks and the Romans, where, as I have said to you, this process was one of the commonplaces of the time. But it was not in the first century. First was the thought that he was the Messiah. The next step was the belief that he was the second Adam. You will find Paul teaching this. The first Adam was the head of this fallen humanity of ours. Christ, Paul believed, was divinely appointed to be the head of a new and spiritual order of humanity that was to supersede the old and carnal order of the past.

Then, after that, came another step. Jesus came to be regarded as a pre-existent being, the Lord or Master from heaven, the first-born of every creature,— but, remember, creature still, infinitely removed from the divine source of all.

Then at last the final step was taken, and Jesus was elevated to the position of sharing with the Father his own divine nature. But how long did it take for this process to culminate?

As you look back down the ages, facts and movements get massed together in such a way that you do not notice how far they are apart. Just as, for example, if you are standing looking along lengthwise of a row of trees, those trees might be half a mile apart, but they would look to you as if they were close together; so, as you look down the ages towards the beginning of things, events seem to crowd each other, though there were centuries between.

So, as a matter of fact, it was more than three hundred years before the belief in the deity of Jesus became a test of orthodoxy.

If it became necessary then to believe in the deity of Jesus in order to be a Christian, in order to be saved, then there were no Christians in the world for three hundred years, and none of the church members of all that time had any chance of being saved. For the doctrine of the deity of Jesus was not promulgated as an orthodox doctrine until the year 325 at the Council of Nice, at the time that the Nicene Creed was formed.

And how was the decision reached at that time? We ought to know some of these primary facts. Was it reached because the people had any new evidence on the subject that they did not have while Jesus was walking in the fields of Galilee? Was it reached because the people were wiser? Was it built out of evidence?

Nothing of the kind. It was simply the result of philosophical speculation; it was the attempt to bridge over an imaginary gulf supposed to exist between God and his world. And the bishops fought over it not in a very Christian temper. There never was a bitterer factional fight in Tammany Hall than that which finally decided the doctrines of the Nicene Creed. And they were not decided

until the Emperor Constantine threw in the weight of his imperial decision against Arius and in favor of Athanasius.

And why did he do it? Did Constantine know anything about it? Was he an example of Christian piety? He was one of the most treacherous, murderous emperors that ever lived. He cared nothing for the principles involved one way or the other; it was simply a matter of governmental policy with him.

Thus the Nicene Creed was born, born after the struggle of three hundred years and more.

Now as to the other two great creeds of Christendom, let me say a word or two concerning them.

The chancellor of the University of New York, two or three weeks ago, published in one of our great Sunday newspapers the statement that the Apostles' Creed was written eighteen hundred years ago. I do not know whether the chancellor was napping at the time he wrote it. I cannot think that he was ignorant. I cannot think that he would purposely take advantage of the supposed ignorance of his readers. You would suppose, to hear people talk,— there were twelve clauses in the Apostles' Creed,— that the Apostles stood up in a row and one of them recited one clause and another another until they finished the Apostles' Creed, and that it dates back to their time.

As a matter of fact, the Apostles' Creed was never heard of for five hundred years after the birth of Jesus. Nobody knows who wrote it or whether there is any authority connected with it or not. We know that the people of that time were very ignorant about this world, and I for one do not know why I should suppose they knew everything about the other. It is a purely anonymous production, of absolutely no authority whatsoever.

If, however, let me say, it be necessary in order to be a Christian that one should accept the Apostles' Creed, then what becomes of the people who lived after the birth of Christ for five hundred years before there was any Apostles' Creed?

Now for the other great Christian symbol, as it is called, — the Athanasian Creed. And let me remind you here, friends,— for it is a matter of a good deal of importance,— that the doctrine of the Trinity is not fully developed in either the Apostles' Creed or the Nicene Creed. It does not come to its last explicit statement until the promulgation of the Athanasian Creed.

I do not know why it should be called the Athanasian Creed. Athanasius lived in the fourth century and was the great adversary of Arius in the struggle out of which came the Nicene Creed. Yet this creed is named for him. As I say, I do not know why — unless it is supposed that it represents what Athanasius would have believed if he had lived at the time the creed was formed.

This Athanasian Creed has been dropped out of the Prayer Book of the American churches, but it is still binding on every Anglican and must be subscribed to by all the clergy of the Anglican Church. It is very long, metaphysical, and goes into a particular definition of the Trinity. But when was it promulgated?

Not until the ninth century. More than eight hundred years had gone by in the history of the church before the Athanasian Creed appeared. And this creed has attached to it what is called the "damnatory clause," very famous in theological discussion.

What is that clause? It declares that unless a man believe every part of this Athanasian Creed, he shall no doubt perish everlastingly.

Again let me ask if it be absolutely necessary to believe the Athanasian Creed in order to be a Christian. If it be necessary to believe it in order to be saved, what becomes of not only the world for several hundreds of thousands of years, but what becomes of the first eight hundred years of the Christian Church before the Athanasian Creed was heard of?

Such strange claims and such strange alternatives!

Now I want to ask you to note a few facts concerning the real teaching of Jesus and his Apostles.

If it be necessary to believe the Athanasian Creed to be a Christian, or the Nicene Creed to be a Christian, or even the Apostles' Creed to be a Christian, then we are fronted with the somewhat startling fact that not one single one of the Apostles was a Christian according to any record we have of them; and Jesus himself was not a Christian!

Study if you will, read with a little care, the first three Gospels. I omit the fourth because every competent scholar knows that the fourth Gospel is not so much a life of Jesus as it is a theological treatise. He knows that it was written, not by John, but by some unknown hand somewhere during the first half of the second century. Nobody knows who wrote it, and it carries not the authority of an eye-witness or a hearer at all.

But let me note that even in the Gospel of John there is no teaching of the doctrine of the Trinity. In it — and I have had the text quoted to me hundreds of times as though it settled the question, and that is the reason I quote it now — Jesus is represented as saying, "I and my father are one." But, unfortunately for the argument, he is represented as praying in the immediate context that the disciples may be one with him precisely as he is one with the Father.

So, if the first text proves the deity of Jesus, the other one, also reported from the lips of Jesus, proves the deity of all the disciples.

But, as you read the first three Gospels, there is a conspicuous absence of almost every single doctrine that is regarded as essential.

If Jesus, as the second person in the Trinity, came into this world on purpose to save people from the fall, does it not seem a little strange that he does not anywhere make the slightest allusion to it?

Jesus never said anything about the fall of man, or Adam,

or Eve, or the serpent, or anything of the kind,—apparently knows nothing about them. He says nothing about the doctrine of the atonement; he says nothing about the Trinity.

There is hardly anything which according to these popular creeds is essential to Christianity which Jesus anywhere touches or appears to care about in any way whatever.

There has been then, I say, this progress, this growth, from generation to generation and from century to century, of what has come to be called Christian belief. And that belief has never been absolutely fixed concerning any one of these great doctrines.

If I had time this morning to enter into a discussion of the doctrine of the atonement, I could show you that concerning it a similar thing is true.

For the first thousand years of Christian history the Church Universal believed in some form that the sufferings and death of Jesus were a price paid to the devil for the redemption of mankind. That is, they believed that by right of conquest Satan had come to be the ruler of mankind, the king of this world. And God agreed with the devil to let him have, to torture and put to death, his old adversary, the leader of the angels before he was cast out, as the price of the redemption of men. This was the doctrine for a thousand years. God is represented as having cheated or outwitted the devil. The devil supposed he was going to keep Christ forever. He did not know there was anything divine about his nature; and so, even after he had entered into the bargain, he lost the price on which he had agreed.

I am not caricaturing the doctrine: I am simply stating what was written about and preached for a thousand years.

And this doctrine of the atonement has passed through ten or fifteen or twenty transformations since that day.

So in regard to any one of the great doctrines. Instead of there having been an original and clear and defined revelation of divine truth at the first, held throughout the Church

the entire length of its history, there has been change from age to age; and there is nothing that all those who wish to call themselves Christians are agreed upon to-day as to what is essential to Christianity. Still, the Greek Church and the Roman Church and the Protestant churches are pitted against each other, and the different denominations of the Protestant churches against themselves, and all of them against us poor liberals, who claim the right to be free and accept the results of modern study and investigation.

Now, let us raise the question from the point of view of the modern world as to what is essential in Christianity.

The ceremonies, are they? The cult? Do you know, friends, there is nothing original in the cult? Almost every single one of the ceremonies in the Church are pagan in origin and hundreds of years older than Christianity. For example, the eucharist, holy water, baptism,— all this ceremonial can be traced to Egypt and other parts of the pagan world long before Christianity was heard of.

Is it the doctrines? We have already seen that there is no consensus of opinion in regard to the acceptance of the doctrines. But hardly a single one of the doctrines is original with Christianity.

You find the Trinity in Egypt, in India, all over the antique world. You find the virgin-birth in almost every one of the great pagan religions. A dozen, twenty, twenty-five heroes and demigods have been virgin-born. Almost every one of these doctrines can be paralleled in the history of Buddhism. There is, to-day, in one of the churches in Europe a statue of Isis and Horus, the virgin mother and her child, from ancient Egypt, rechristened, and doing duty for Mary and Jesus.

So little, then, are these doctrines original.

What is it, then, that Christianity brought to the world, which we cling to with passionate love to-day and are not willing to let go?

The great contribution to the world which Christianity

has made, which is original, which is unique, which is precious to every loving and tender heart, is the ideal of the life, the character, the spirit, the teaching of the Nazarene; Jesus, his spiritual attitude, his love, his human sympathy, his tenderness, his sacrifice, his willingness to help.

These are the essential things in Christianity, and these alone.

The doctrines as they have been held in the past are all of them destined to pass away. The thing that we cling to in this modern world and are going to cling to more and more is simply the ascertained truth of the universe as fast and far as it can be discovered. This is to be the external form and framework of things here, is the material out of which we are to construct our theological theories,— for theological theories we shall construct in the future as men have constructed them in the past.

But the one thing that grows brighter, and fairer, and sweeter, age after age, is this,— the Christ ideal, that luminous, leading star of human hope and of divine helpfulness. There is nothing to match it in any other religion, nothing so sweet, nothing so fair, nothing so tender.

The spiritual attitude of Jesus seems to me simply perfect. I cannot understand how in any age in the future it can be outgrown. I am not referring to the limited thought of Jesus,— Jesus shared with his age many of the intellectual theories which the world has already outgrown,— I am referring now to his spiritual attitude. Was there ever anything diviner in the history of man than that simple, childlike, perfect trust in the Father? Trust for every day, trust for every night; a trust when he was hungry, a trust when he was lonely and sorrowful; a trust when the great hopes of his life had been dashed and seemed to be passing away.

I think there is nothing so sublime in the history of all the past as that figure of Jesus on the cross that Friday afternoon outside the walls of the city, surrounded by the Roman soldiers and the mob,— he, the gentle teacher, he

who loved his friends and who so loved his enemies that, as he was swooning into death, he said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Hanging there with all of his hopes an apparent failure, wondering whether God himself had not forgotten and let go his hand, and yet with a trust that still clung in the darkness and the weakness, so that he fainted through death into immortal triumph. The victory over the thought, the love, the reverence, the worship of mankind, such as has never been won by any other historic figure in all the world! This perfect trust in the Father!

I know of nothing finer than this spiritual attitude of Jesus.

And then that other side of his nature, his relation towards his fellow-men. A service unstinted! Nothing grander was ever said about any man that ever lived than was said about Jesus: "he made himself of no reputation"; he cared nothing for fame or human greatness; "he went about doing good"; he sacrificed time, strength, love, gave himself utterly that he might help one of the least of these his brethren.

I say, then, that the Christianity of the future is to be made up of these two elements: all truth for the theological side, however gained and through whatever source; then the spiritual attitude towards God and towards man of Jesus.

Now if the churches, friends, can ever prove that these two are not Christian, then it will be the saddest day that Christianity has ever seen. For they will have proved that there is something in the world that is better than Christianity. For there can be nothing finer than this: — truth for the thought side; the spirit and temper of Jesus for the feeling, the aspiration side.

There can be nothing finer than that, nobler than a combination like that.

Now let us at the end, just one moment, notice the one

solemn utterance of Jesus on this subject. If he be correctly reported in the lesson which I read this morning,* he is setting forth for all time what in his judgment are the conditions of entrance into heaven. Here is this solemn scene of judgment, the sheep on his right hand, the goats on his left. He sends one of them into outer darkness, and the other into eternal felicity.

I am not discussing the question of future punishment now; I simply wish you to fix your attention on the conditions of admission to heaven as Jesus sets them forth.

Now, when he speaks to these on his right hand, that he calls the blessed of his Father and who are to inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world, what does he say?

Does he catechise them as to what they believed? Not one single syllable of belief in any doctrine whatsoever. Nothing about foreordination; nothing about the Bible; nothing about the Trinity; nothing about his own character or authority. Simply as to whether they have been good. Good, that is all. Have they helped, have they tried to lessen the sum of human misery? Have they cared for their fellow-man? Not a word about ceremony, about membership in a church; not a word about any priesthood; not one single thing that all the churches to-day are declaring to be absolutely essential to Christian character and Christian life,— not one word about any of them!

Those who have tried to be good and help their fellowmen are the ones before whose feet the door of eternal felicity opens with welcome. And the others are condemned, not for lack of belief, but simply for lack of character and conduct, nothing else.

Now, then, let me say here as my final word, according to the standards of the popular churches to-day, not a single one of the Apostles was a Christian, and Jesus was not a Christian; and if Jesus should come here to New York in

* The last part of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew.

this year 1897, and should go before a board of examiners, petitioning for admission into any one of the churches, there is not a single one that could take him in, provided they asked of him the same questions which they ask other candidates.

And, though they all say that we Unitarians are not Christians, I verily believe that if Jesus were here he would find himself welcome in the midst of our simple service that teaches just what he taught,— the love of God and the service of man as the great essentials of all true religion.

Father, we thank Thee for Thy son Jesus, his teaching, his example. We thank Thee that the light of that life shines up the ages a guide and a star of leadership still. We thank Thee that we are free to take, not only the light that comes from him, but from whatever source, knowing that all comes ultimately from Thee. We ask that we may be true to this light to-day and evermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ... 20 cents.
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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V. God as Inside the Universe, not Outside

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GOD AS INSIDE THE UNIVERSE, NOT OUTSIDE.

My subject this morning is "God as inside the universe, not outside."

As my text I take the words of Jesus as recorded in the fourth chapter of the Gospel of John, the twenty-fourth verse: "God is spirit."

God is spirit. Before coming to consider the problem of belief in God as it faces us to-day, I wish to indicate to you some of the steps of thought that humanity has naturally, inevitably taken.

When I was a boy I was brought up to believe that men originally knew the true and only God, and that they wilfully and wickedly departed from him and took up the worship of strange deities, of idols.

Milton, you will remember, teaches in his "Paradise Lost" that all the other religions outside of Christianity are inventions of the fallen angels; that they thus did what they could to divert mankind from paying the worship to God which they owed to him, and induced them, under these false pretences, to pay that worship to themselves. And yet we know very well to-day that polytheism, the worship of many gods, was one of the most natural steps in thinking, in living, that mankind could take. We know, indeed, that in a certain stage of human development it is simply inevitable. Polytheism represents one phase of the belief of these far-away childlike men. Awaking to consciousness, they are able to say, "I am I," to recognize their own individuality; and then they begin to look around

them, in their crude and ignorant way to ask questions, and as best they can to answer those questions. They neither have nor can have any conception of the unity of things.

Why should we expect man two or three hundred thousand years ago, or even ten thousand years ago, to know concerning this universe what we have only discovered and demonstrated during our own lifetime? As they then looked abroad, it was inevitable that they should suppose that the universe or the world, as they saw it and felt it, was the manifestation, not of one power, but of many powers,— powers irreconcilable with each other; powers which conflicted; powers good on the one hand, evil on the other.

Why should we expect them to understand that the same being that made light made darkness also, which seemed to them its antithesis?

Why should we expect them to trace heat and cold to the same source?

Why should we suppose that they would be able to worship the sun as the source and giver of life, and at the same time to recognize that it was this power that brought devastation and destruction? As then they looked over the face of things it was inevitable that they should suppose that there were many powers at work in the world and outside of it.

And note another thing. Men in all ages have naturally personified these forces. Naturally, did I say? Inevitably. Men have never been able to conceive power except as will-power. We cannot understand it any other way to-day. Down to the time of Kepler, the famous astronomer who discovered the laws of planetary motion, even he was able to understand the orderly movements of these planets only by supposing that an angel divinely appointed to that mission resided in and guided each one of them.

And our immediate ancestors here in the New World attributed blight and frost and storm and lightning and pes-

tilence and all sorts of evil things to the agency of one evil spirit or a million. It did not occur to them to trace them all to the one divine hand and source.

I say, then, that polytheism was an inevitable step in the growth of the human mind.

And, though translators have disguised it for us, polytheism is in the very first words of the Bible. The Hebrews were not monotheists from the time of Abraham down: they began as polytheists and nature worshippers, the same as all other people. The first words of the Bible, if they were correctly translated, would read, "In the beginning the strong ones (plural) created the heavens and the earth." The word is a plural word, the same word which in the Psalms is translated in one case "angels."

The Hebrews, then, at the outset were polytheists like their neighbors. They passed over the road that every part of humanity has been obliged to traverse; and to-day there are very few people on the face of the earth who are not polytheistic still. I will touch on that a little more at length when I have taken my second step.

After polytheism comes what Max Müller calls henotheism,— a condition of mind in which people, while they believe in the real existence of many gods, believe that they owe allegiance to one, and that it is wrong for them to worship any other. Precisely the state of mind of people who recognize the existence of the President of France, the Kaiser of Germany, the Czar of all the Russias, and a hundred other rulers over the face of the earth, but consider themselves in loyalty bound to only their own ruler.

The Hebrews, through a large part of their history, were not monotheists; they were henotheists. But they believed that Jehovah was their God and that they had no right to worship any other. Traces of this are perfectly plain to any one who reads the Old Testament intelligently from the beginning almost to the end.

The next step is the attainment of monotheism,— the be-

lief not only in loyalty and allegiance to one God, but that there is only one God, the father of all men and the ruler of all the earth.

I said a moment ago that very few people have attained that stage of thinking even yet. I suppose not one-third of the people on the face of the earth are in any proper sense monotheists even to-day. Throughout almost the entire history of Christendom itself the people have not been, in any proper sense of the word, monotheists in their worship.

Even if you omit the claim that might reasonably be made that the God of the Christians has been a man, the greater part of Christendom has not even worshipped this man exclusively or commonly, but has worshipped a woman,— Mary. The man had become so highly exalted, so far removed from their needs and their sympathies, that their minds naturally turned to the mother, Mary, in the expectation that she would plead with her son and so gain for them the divine favor.

And then they have worshipped in all ages, saints, patron saints, just as the Greek and Romans worshipped their tutelar deities. So that Christendom has not, in the strict sense of the word, been monotheistic.

But, not to dwell on this step which the world has taken in its way up to the lofty height of monotheism, let us face the difficulty which fronts men, thoughtful men and women, to-day. We care very little, except as a matter of history, for all these old-time theories of polytheism or henotheism or monotheism.

The great thing that faces the earnest men of the world now is the question as to whether they can believe in God at all. He seems lost in the infinite spaces of the limitless universe. Where is he? How shall we come to his seat? Can we speak to him, and will he answer? Can we cry with the thought that he will hear? Does he exist? Or shall we accept the dictum of some scientists

who tell us that all there is is Nature or Force, and that we puny creatures stand here watching the play of mighty, irresponsible, unmoral, careless, if not cruel, forces. May we believe in God at all?

My friends, I wish you to note one thing this morning: I speak to you as though you were all these questioning scientists.

I do not propose for the next fifteen minutes to assume anything. I propose to keep myself on the solid ground of absolutely demonstrated fact, and ask you to see where we are.

As we wake up, then, to self-consciousness we recognize the fact not only that we exist, but that there is what Matthew Arnold calls a "Power not ourselves,"— a Power outside of us, separated from us, over which we have no control.

Let us consider this Power now for a little while. You may call it Force, you may call it Nature, you may speak of it as Law, you may call it the Universe, you may say it is It, and not He; I care not. Use any term you please. This Power has produced you and me. We are its children. As one outcome of this Power here exists life,— foot and hand not only, but brain; the brain of a Shakspere that dreams Hamlet, the brain of a Goethe that dreams Faust, the brain of a Jesus that dreams Our Father, the brain of an engineer that dreams the Brooklyn Bridge, the brain that has dreamed a train of cars, the brain that has dreamed a steamship that ploughs the waves and brushes them one side as though they were playthings. All this, and all that these things merely suggest,— countless wonders and marvels,— are the children of this Power that is not ourselves.

Now note; this Power is eternal. I want to see how many of the attributes that are ordinarily attributed to God we are rationally justified in attributing to this Power. This Power is eternal. We can conceive no beginning, we can dream no end. It was here before we were born; it will be here

when we have passed away. It is that which has made us, and not we ourselves. It is eternal, then.

Note another thing. It is infinite, boundless in its reach. Can you think any limit to the universe? Let me give you one or two poor hints by which you may climb up into the beginning of a conception of what it all means.

Suppose we were able to start to-day on a train of cars that should go at the rate of sixty miles an hour for twenty-four hours in the day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and so should start out on a journey to the sun. It would take us, travelling every day and every week and every month and every year, more than one hundred and seventy years on that train of cars to reach the sun.

Light travels it in about eight minutes and a half. But there are suns so far away that it has taken light twenty-five or thirty millions of years to reach us,— how many more we know not.

Suppose you try to think the limit of the worlds. Suppose you could go to the edge, dream of an edge for a moment, and look over. There is space, infinite space, still beyond. Suppose you could build walls from the zenith to the nadir, fencing it in. Infinite reaches of space beyond all the walls.

This Being, then, is not only an eternal being, but it is an infinite being. It is not only eternal and infinite, this Being is almighty.

Let me give you here again one or two suggestions of power, for "almighty" means practically nothing to us. How can I suggest to you the power of gravity which holds our little moon in its place in relation to the earth? Conceive if you will, a bar of steel a mile square. Lay it down beside the Catskills and it will dwarf their highest peaks. Stretch that bar of steel if you can from the earth to the moon. Would that represent the power that is needed to hold the moon in its place? It would take eighty-seven thousand bars of steel a mile square to match the power of gravity that keeps that little worn-out asteroid in its place.

If you should take threads of steel a quarter of an inch in diameter you would need to cover the earth with them so that they would be no more than six inches apart in order to represent the force of gravity that holds the moon in its place in the sky. Then remember that the moon is a little out-worn planet, and this whole solar system of ours is only a little tiny flake of light on the borders of the blazing glory of the infinite.

Does it mean anything to you, then, to say that this Power is omnipotent which keeps all these planets in their places in all their orbits, singing their songs, and moving through the mazes of their tireless dance?

Not only is this Being eternal, almighty, and infinite; we know to-day that it is one; we have demonstrated that the power which is at the heart of this universe is not a thousand, not a hundred, not three; we have demonstrated that it is one,— one law, one power.

We have found out now that the stuff which makes up the substance of the sun is precisely the same kind of stuff that we tread underneath our feet in walking over this little planet. We have found out now that the forces in the sun are the same forces that we are dealing with here every day.

Chemistry has reduced the infinite variety of the forms of matter to some sixty or seventy elements; and the philosophical chemists, those who can predict and forecast what is coming, are beginning to tell us that they shall undoubtedly be able, by and by, to reduce all these elements to one; and this element, this one, what is it? Matter? Do you know what matter means? Nobody ever saw an atom, and an atom is inconceivable. They are beginning to dream with some of the philosophical men of the time that they shall find this atom to be a little whirl of movement, a vortex-motion; — in what? An element of which we at present have no experience under any name that we can properly call matter. We know also that never since the uni-

verse came into being has there been one slightest particle of matter that has passed out of being, never one unit of force that has been lost.

Passing through infinite changes, they still are forever in existence, forever but modifications of the one eternal reality, which, as we have already seen, is eternal, not only, but infinite, almighty, and one.

Now let us take a step further, and note another significant fact. As we look out upon this apparent confusion and contradiction of forces and movements, we find that the universe is everywhere intelligible. It is an intelligible order. What does that mean? It means, if inference ever means anything, that it is the expression, the manifestation of an intelligent Power. There is nothing anywhere that intelligence cannot trace and comprehend. So that the wisest and most devout men say, as did this same Kepler, to whom I referred a moment ago, in the time of his wonderful discovery, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee." It is an intelligible order.

One other thing of most remarkable significance. There is a trace everywhere of an intelligible progress, from the beginning, so far as we can trace it, until to-day: the universe manifests not only order, but orderly growth, orderly advance; until we can add to those great words of Tennyson, and say not only

"One law, one element,"

but

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

What do we know then? We know that there is a Being not ourselves, capable of producing life, producing all that is. We know that it is an eternal being, an infinite being, an almighty being, one being, intelligent, who is leading the march of the worlds.

So much, friends, is demonstrated scientific truth. What next? Let me raise another question,—perhaps the most

crucial one of all. Is this Being matter or spirit? Let us stop and think for a moment. On any theory you choose to hold, this Being has produced matter, not only, it has produced what we mean by spirit. I do not know what matter is. I do not know of any man on the face of the earth wise enough to tell me. I do know, however, that life is, for I live; I know that feeling is, for I feel; I know that thought is, for I think; I know that love is, for I love; I know that hope is, for I hope; I know that aspiration is, for I aspire; I know that worship is, for I worship; I know the existence of what we mean by soul, because I am self-conscious.

What do I mean by matter? All that anybody knows about the existence of matter is purely an inference. I touch this desk. Do I know what is there? I only know there is something there that reports itself to my consciousness as hard and as of a certain shape; that is, it resists my touch. But do I know what it is out there? The sense of resistance which I interpret as meaning that there is something there at the end of my fingers — that sense is up here, in consciousness. I look at this book and say its cover is green or blue. What do I mean? I know that there is no such thing as color down there connected with that book. All I know is that the light, as it is reflected from that to my eye, starts a sensation in my nerves which up here in the brain is translated into what I call blue or green. It is here, not there. I look at those flowers; I smell their fragrance. What does it mean? It means again that something there starts a sensation in my nerves which up here in the brain is translated into color and fragrance. During the service this morning I heard what I call music upon the organ. Again, what does that mean? It means only that the touching of what we call the keys starts movements of the air which strike the drum of my ear, causing sensations in my nerves, which again up here in the brain are translated into what I call music.

The world lives in my brain, in my consciousness; and, though I do not doubt for one instant the reality of this external world, I merely mean to impress upon you that I know directly the internal world, and know the other only as a matter of inference. I *know* spirit, soul, thought, feeling, love, hope; I *know* these. And if you attempt to tell me that they are produced merely by piles or aggregations of particles of dead matter, you are talking to me nonsense.

Huxley, Tyndall, the greatest thinkers that have ever lived, have said that there is no possible way of bridging the gulf between the motion of dead material particles and of feeling or thought. The gulf is impassable. It is simply impossible for me to think soul if I start with matter; but I can start with soul and think matter.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in some conversation I had with him some years ago, said, what he has since published in his books, that this force which is manifested in the universe around us is precisely the same force which wells up in us under the form of consciousness. He said, also, that whatever we may be doubtful about, there is one thing that is more certain than any other conceivable item of knowledge, and that is the existence of this infinite and eternal Power of which all material and phenomenal movements are simply manifestations.

We can think matter, then, if we start with mind; but we cannot think mind if we start with matter. For what we mean by matter is only so much of the manifestation of this infinite power as is beyond the limits of our individual consciousness.

Now is this Being personal? Is he conscious? Do I believe in the personality and consciousness of God? Not in the sense in which we use those words of ourselves. What do we mean when we speak of our own personality? We mean to refer to a being who was born, who is limited, enclosed in a body, and who will die.

God is not a person in that sense. But personality is

one of the manifestations of this infinite Power. The Power, then, which has produced countless persons must be as much as person, must he not? That which is evolved must first have been involved. The stream does not rise higher than its source. We must suppose a cause adequate to all effects.

Is God conscious? He may not be conscious in the sense that I am, but my consciousness is a part of the manifestation of God, and he must be as much as conscious.

Herbert Spencer said again (and I beg you to note the profoundness of the thought), "This infinite and eternal Being may, for all I can see, be as much above and beyond what *we mean* by personality and consciousness as we are above and beyond vegetable growths."

The Infinite God, then, having produced personality and consciousness, if he be not personal and conscious in our sense of those terms, is something infinitely and unspeakably more, grander, higher, better than these.

And now, friends, I come to the question (for the clock warns me that I must leave many things one side) as to where this God is. Let me suggest to you, before I answer that, the wonder of some of these sentiments that haunt us and appeal to us, if we imagine ourselves in a purely material universe.

Byron said in one of his lines,—

"To me
High mountains are a feeling,"

and he speaks of the *presence* that he finds on the shore and in the wonder of the woods.

Did it ever occur to you that it is a little bit strange, if this universe is all material, that one lump of matter should ever think of such a thing as going down on its knees to another lump of matter, however big it might be? If it is simply matter, where do suggestions like that come from? Why do we feel the sensation of the sublime in the presence

of mountains, or under the night sky of stars? What does Wordsworth mean when he says,—

> "And I have felt
> A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thought; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All living things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

Whence spring such sentiments, if all is only matter? And sentiment, remember, friends, is as real a thing as a bowlder, and demands to be accounted for quite as much.

Now for the question, Where is this God? Where is this Being that is eternal, infinite, almighty, one, personal, conscious, loving, our Father? Where is he? We have lost him, friends, because the universe has grown to us to be so great. We are much in the condition of the little child whose father should take him in his arms into the cathedral of St. Peter's, carrying him until his face was within two inches of one of the great pillars, and ask him to look at St. Peter's. We have lost God not because he is so far away, but because he is so nigh. He is infinitely nearer to us than he used to be in the old theology that placed him above the dome of blue. It took at least a little time for us to get to him then. But where is he now? He is nearer to me than my pulse beat; he is nearer than the throb of my heart; he is nearer than the thought of my brain; he is nearer than the aspiration of my soul. For he is the power by which the pulse beats, heart throbs, brain thinks, and soul aspires.

I am his child, and it is his personal thrilling power in and through me that constitutes my life. I bend over a tiny

blade of grass coming up through the ground in the spring, and note how it aspires to get up into the air and the light; and it is God present, pushing it up, and painting it. I look at the flower, I smell its fragrance: it is God unfolding the wonder of that flower. God is its beauty, God its odor. I look into the faces of my friends, or down deep into the eyes of my little child, and thrill with the thought that I have shared with God his creative power, and I see in these deeps the divineness of a soul that is a spark of the Infinite One looking back into mine.

Where is God? He is here, all here, and all at the farthest bound of space.

You think this is a strange statement? Let me give you a simple illustration that, perhaps, will help you to think its reasonableness.

Where am I? You think you see me. You do not. You never saw me. You never will see me. They used to talk about men as having souls. I do not believe any of us have souls. *I am* a soul. I *have* a body. You have never seen the most intimate friend you have on the face of the earth, and you never will, any more than you see God every time you open your eyes.

What do you see? You see clothes, the exposed parts of the body. You look into the eyes, you hear the sounds of speech, but do you see, do you hear me? I am invisible as much as God is invisible. I am intangible as much as God is intangible. I am omnipresent throughout my body just as much as God is omnipresent throughout his universe. When I am writing I am all at the tips of my fingers, putting myself into expression; when I am speaking, I am at the tip of my tongue; when I am thinking, I am here in my brain; when I am walking, I am in my feet. I am at any point or part of the body which calls for me in order that it may execute its functions. I am omnipresent throughout my body; but can you locate me anywhere?

A French scientist, astronomer, thinking he was going to say a profound thing, once gave utterance to this saying: "I have swept the universe with my telescope, and I find no trace of God." Strange! Why should not an anatomist, with a body on the dissecting table, think he was saying a wise thing to give expression to this sentence, "I have examined this body from head to foot with my microscope, and I have not found a single thought?" Would you consider it a wise saying? I regard it as a very silly saying; but it is just as wise for the anatomist as it is for the astronomer. When you can see me with a microscope,— that is, the soul, the I, that thinks, feels, hopes, loves,— then hunt for God with a telescope!

God is the life, the thought, the soul of the universe, as I am the life, the thought, the soul of this body.

Where is God, then? So near to you that you lose him. Let me read you, as giving expression to this thought, a couple of verses: —

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through.
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

We look for God as though we could see him with these external eyes, as though he were dwelling in a palace, like earth's petty kings, in some bright star in space; and God all the time folds us around in his arms, is closer to us than mother or father ever were. Every whisper of our hearts finds echo in his infinite sympathy, every pang of

pain thrills him through. Every up-reach of the hand clasps his for leadership. He is nearer to us than the life we live or the sympathies we feel. God is he in whom we live and move and have our being.

In the rest of the sermons of this series, then, I shall try to give you some of the results of this great thought that God, to clear-thinking people in the modern world, must be conceived of as inside his universe instead of outside. In all the old religions, in Christendom, almost from the beginning, God has been thought of as living away off somewhere in space, and arbitrarily ruling this world. God can no longer be intelligently thought of in that way. It is God inside the universe or nowhere, for there cannot be two infinites. We can no longer think of God as a great magnified unnatural man sitting on a throne. God is the heart, the life, the soul of things. And the laws of this universe, the forces of this universe, are only the manifestations of the personal order and power of Him who is all, and in all.

Father, we are glad that we need only to reach up a hand to clasp Thine, need only to have our eyes annointed so that we can see, to become sensitive so that we can feel in order to be conscious of Thy presence, Thy Fatherhood and Thy love. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per	*Copy,*	. . . .	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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VI. Religion Natural, not Statutory

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RELIGION NATURAL, NOT STATUTORY.

My text is in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelation, a part of the first verse: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."

As I look into your faces and consider my theme, I am troubled just a little over the question as to whether I shall be able to make it as clear, as tangible, as easily apprehensible as I wish. It is indeed one of the crucial subjects of my whole series of sermons, one of which I am specially anxious that you should note the complete significance. I shall try to make it luminous, easy to understand; but may I venture to beg of you to supplement any defects on my part by a careful and earnest attention?

I am to attempt to set forth two distinct, separate, opposed theories of religion; and, in doing so, I must also set forth two distinct and opposed theories of the universe,—for I had occasion to tell you, as some of you at any rate will remember, several Sundays ago, that every religion that the world has ever known has sprung out of a cosmology, a theory of things. Every religion is rooted in a scheme of the universe, and takes shape from it.

As you study the characteristics of all the old-time religions of the world, historic and dogmatic Christianity not excepted, you will find that they are characterized by certain peculiarities which they have in common, which set them apart in a class by themselves; and the declaration with which I begin this morning is that we have reached that

time in the history of the world when all these conceptions are becoming antiquated. The old heaven and the old earth are passed away; and I see a new heaven and a new earth, a new universe, a new thought about God, man, nature, destiny.

I wish to set in contrast, then, this morning these two conceptions, if I may, helping you to understand the old, helping you to comprehend and be ready to welcome the new.

In all these old religions, Christianity, as I said, historic Christianity until this generation included, the world has been something separate and apart from God. This is the first point I wish to make clear.

God existed before there was any visible universe, according to this theory. Suddenly he determined to create the world. He did this as a mechanic, as a carpenter might make something outside of himself. He did it by fiat. He said, Let light be, and it was; Let the earth be, and suddenly it appeared; Let the stars appear to give light by night, and the sun to give light by day, and it was so.

He created this universe, then, as something entirely apart from himself, while he sat off somewhere in space and ruled this new kingdom like a king. That is, he ruled it from outside: he ruled it as the czar rules his empire.

Nature, natural forces, natural laws, were something apart from God. They indeed manifested God's glory, they indeed were the results of his skill; but they were something external to, outside of, himself.

Now, in the next place,—for I must not dwell on these points too long,—in the next place, in this world men and women are primarily God's subjects. He is king: they are people to be governed. They can rebel against him, as subjects can initiate a revolution.

And right in here, friends, is the significance of a very famous saying of Mr. Moody, a reference to which will illustrate what I mean. Some years ago, discussing the

relative importance of morality, or character, and religion, Mr. Moody said very tersely — and from his point of view with perfect consistency and truth — that morality did not touch the question of salvation. A man might be as moral as he would; but he was not, therefore, at all certain of getting to heaven. Note, I say, from this point of view, Mr. Moody was accurate and consistent.

To illustrate, suppose one of the czar's subjects is a Nihilist: he has broken the laws of the empire, and is a traitor. If he is allowed to go on, the empire itself may be in danger. Now suppose somebody comes to the czar, and pleads that this man's forfeited life be granted him on the ground that he is an honest man and pays his debts, that he is kind in his family, that he is good to his children, that he is a pleasant neighbor. Do you not see that this would have nothing whatever to do with the fact that he was a traitor and had forfeited his life? The czar might say his morality, let him be as moral as he will, does not touch the question of his relation to my empire and its safety, as a citizen.

I speak of this simply to illustrate the point that in the old theology man is a citizen of God's kingdom, to be ruled and governed as a king governs his realm.

Now, in the third place, God's commandments, according to this old theory, are purely arbitrary affairs. God issues any command he pleases, as a king issues any command he pleases to his subjects. There is no natural, no necessary reason why the command should be this rather than that: it is purely a matter of God's will.

Take as an illustration the command supposed to have been issued to Adam and Eve in the garden. Do you not see that it was purely an arbitrary thing? God did not say that the fruit of this tree of life was unhealthy, would injure Adam and Eve if they ate it. There was no natural reason why they should not have eaten it, so far as the narrative goes. God simply told them they must not,

making this an arbitrary test of their obedience to him; and he threatened an arbitrary punishment, if they disobeyed.

On the old theory of religion, then, this is the point I wish to make clear, and drop as soon as possible: God's commands are purely arbitrary; they do not exist in the nature of things. Men have no natural way of finding out what they are; and this is why in all the old religions the supposed commands of the gods are sent by angels, by special messengers, or else have to be written down in a book. There is no other way by which anybody should ever dream as to what God wants him to do. Natural knowledge, a perfect understanding of the constitution and laws of the universe, would be of no assistance whatever. So they have invented the idea of a supernatural revelation containing these supernatural and purely arbitrary commandments of God.

Now, in the next place, What about the credentials? If a messenger appears in some distant part of an empire with some command of the king, the people say, "But how do we know that this comes from the king?" There is nothing in the command itself that would help the people any to settle that question. So the messenger must bring his credentials.

And here, friends, is the origin of all the signs and wonders and miracles of the world. The messenger has revealed some sign, wrought some wonder, performed some miracle, and astonished the people into believing that he had come with a word from the celestial court.

Do you not remember how the people came around Jesus, when he was here on earth, and said, "Give us a sign!" which he refused. "Give us a sign, so that we may know that you are a messenger of the Divine."

All the old religions of the world are full of these signs and wonders. This is, note, what I shall have to refer to by and by with an added emphasis.

People believe in the presence of God in these old religions, not on account of the beautiful, perfect, natural order of things, but because of disorder, because of interference of some sort, because suddenly the universe has ceased to work perfectly. And they take that as a signal that God is present.

I shall have occasion, a little later, as I said, to refer to that again.

In the next place I wish you to notice that the rewards and punishments in all these old religions are just as arbitrary as are the commandments. In other words, if you did not know from some supernatural source, it would never occur to you to attach the particular penalty to any particular action.

Take the case of Job as an illustration. God commands Job to be true and faithful, and rewards him how,— for his goodness? After his long trial and his constancy he is rewarded for being good by having thousands of cattle and sheep given him, by being made honorable among his people, by having new children given him in the place of those that have been taken away.

All through the Old Testament you will find this idea. You find it also in the New. Recall to mind for a moment the case where the disciples came to Jesus in the presence of the blind man, and said, "Master, who was it that sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

It never occurred to them that a man could be born blind except as the punishment for a sin. That is the old idea in all the old religions. The Bible is full of it from one end to the other. Disease, punishment, the blighting of the crops, the loss of a friend,— any calamity is a punishment for sin. Thousands of people to-day have no conception of any natural order or of results as necessarily following certain natural causes.

What does religion come to then, friends, all this being so? Religion is an external affair. It is the coming into

the presence of God with set and ordered forms and ceremonies and praises, or it is the bringing of cattle or birds to be slain and burnt as offerings, or it is bringing oil or wine to be poured out as an oblation.

The thing I wish you to note is that it is something entirely apart from the natural, every-day life of the people. Religion is something extra, something over beyond good living.

We make that distinction still, very foolishly, very shallowly. A man is ever so good, he tells the truth, he loves his fellow-men, he is honest in business, he is frank and free in his attitude towards all truth, he is an ideal man; but you will find people superciliously looking upon a man like that, and piously regretting that he is not religious.

And here is a man who is anything but what he ought to be in his personal character and relations to his fellow-men. He may be very religious, indeed.

On this old theory religion is a matter, as I said, of praises, of offerings, of oblations, of ceremonies, of services. And salvation, what is that? It is getting somewhere after death, and it is escaping another somewhere.

Do you think this is antique? The modern thought of Christendom is saturated with it. One of our New York newspapers within the last week has been sending around to ministers the question, as though it were a crucial one and touched something vital, as to whether a man who did not believe in the virgin birth could — what? Could go to heaven! Not whether he would be a good man, but whether he would find the gate shut in his face when he attempted to enter at the last day!

Salvation, then, I say, on all these antiquated theories of the universe and religion, is something external, arbitrary: it is escaping hell and getting into heaven.

Of course, incidentally, they tell you that you must be good; but the essence of it is not there.

Now, friends, I have not attempted to argue so far. I have tried to set forth as clearly as possible a theory of the

universe, of religion. I wish it merely as a background for that which I believe with my whole soul. I wish that you may simply note it so clearly as to set it distinctly apart from the other, which now I shall outline as simply and clearly as I may.

In the new theory of the universe it is not speculation, but ascertained and demonstrated truth, that the universe is not external, apart from God.

This phenomenal manifestation that is all around us, that makes up the magnificent scene of heaven and earth,— the sun by day, the starry sky by night, all the multiplied worlds of space, this fair earth with its carpet of green or its cloak of snow, the ocean, rivers, the mountains, the meadows,— all this phenomenal universe is merely the flowing garment of God, forever woven in the ringing loom of time,— a garment which, while it conceals him, at the same time is the only means by which God is revealed to his children. The universe is the visible mantle of the Divine.

It is not God's kingdom apart from himself that he arbitrarily rules. The laws, the forces, the life, the beauty, the glory of this universe are simply the present eternal activity of God.

Now note, in the second place, that men and women on this theory of religion are not so much God's subjects as they are his children. They are not to be arbitrarily governed and rewarded or punished forever according to what they do, as to whether they obey his arbitrary commands or not. They are his children, to be loved, to be punished if may be, but punished, not in anger, but in love, and for the sake of their reformation; to be trained, taught, educated, developed; to be unfolded into the likeness of the Divine.

This is the relation in which men and women stand to God in the new universe and in the new thought of the religious life.

And now note that God's commands, since he is related to the universe in this way, are inherent: they are natural,

they are necessary, they are simply an expression of the laws of the universe.

This theory of things abolishes the distinction, which I believe to be totally unreal, between the natural and the supernatural. There is no supernatural, because all, from centre to circumference, is the natural expression of the life and the wisdom and the love and the thought of God. All is a part of this eternal constitution of things.

Do you not see, friends, then, that the old idea of God's will being sent to us by special messengers or written down in a book is not disproved, but simply outgrown? No modern man attempts to prove that a miracle never happened. He simply finds himself in a universe where the whole thought of miracle is an impertinence, because there is no place for it in the midst of God's eternal order.

Messengers, preachers, or prophets, or whatever they may be, proclaim God's truth, utter God's law, just in so far as they are able to discern and express the eternal nature of things; and books, however holy, are transcripts of God's laws only in so far as they are correct copies of the eternal, natural, necessary right and wrong of the universe,— no more, no less.

Now what are the credentials of God's truth in this modern universe in accordance with this theory of things?

Friends, just stop and think for a moment. It is very easy for us to believe, because we have inherited it traditionally, that something might have happened two thousand years ago on the other side of the ocean that we should never think of believing if it should be reported as happening in the State of Connecticut yesterday.

The religious sphere, according to the old theory of things, is a sort of fairy country, "Jack and the Beanstalk" land, in which any conceivable thing might have happened; but we are never ready to believe that such things happen in any country that we have ever seen and known or of which we have had any experience.

Think for a moment what it means. People have talked for ages as if the ongoing of this magnificent procession of natural forces and glories was no sign of the presence of God at all; no God needed to keep the worlds in their perfect and glorious round; no God needed to make the sun rise to the fraction of a second every morning, tireless, age after age; no God needed to account for the endless circle of the seasons, the resurrections of the spring; no God needed to paint the glory of the burning leaves and bushes of the autumn! But God apparently present when there is a disturbance, an interference, of this order!

Friends, do you know what it means? We read without a pulse beating even the tiniest bit faster about a barbarian general ordering the sun to stand still until he gets through slaughtering his enemies. We read without a tremor how the prophet pleases one of the kings by making the shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz turn back fifteen degrees. Did you ever wake up to think that that means the earth stopping suddenly on its axis and going backward, and then starting on its forward movement again?

If the shadow on a dial to-day should go back by half a degree, all intelligent people of the world would stand aghast; and they would not take it as an indication of the presence and power of God. They would say, The Almighty has lost his grasp of things; and the wreck of the universe, the twilight of the gods, is upon us. It would appall mankind if the slightest miracle should ever occur.

Do you ever stop to think, friends, that it would mean that henceforth we could never know anything, if to-morrow morning we should wake up and find that water did not freeze at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, that gases in the laboratory behaved in a way that they were never known to have behaved before? We should say knowledge is henceforth at an end. For knowledge means that you can trust the universe, and know that the eternal wisdom and the eternal order can always be counted on.

In this modern universe of ours, and with this new and grander theory of religion, it is not interference that we look to as a token of the presence of God. It is this eternal, matchless, glorious order, speaking to us of the tireless power, speaking to us of the flawless wisdom, speaking to us of the eternal love of Him who is at the heart of things.

Note as the next point that in this new universe of ours there is no such thing as an arbitrary reward or an arbitrary punishment. Nobody is ever rewarded, nobody is ever punished, in the old sense of the words.

Instead of rewards and punishments, every rational man to-day recognizes simply results. If you obey the laws of the universe, such and such things will happen: if you disobey, such other and unpleasant things will happen. But these are simply natural and necessary results; and, let me say it reverently, it is inconceivable that God himself should ever help it or change it. For we do not believe to-day that we can count on God as interfering with his left hand with what he is all the time doing with his right hand. God does not contradict himself.

If a man does right, he will get paid for it. How? Let me enter here for a moment on the suggestion of a very important thought, because I have come in contact with it almost every day of my life.

I have had people say to me: Why was my child taken ill? I have loved my child. I have tried to take good care of my child. I have trained my child; I have tried to be a good mother. Why was I punished in this way? Men come to me, and say: I have tried to be an honest man. There is not a dollar in my pocket that I have not a right to. I have been a kind father, a true husband, and a faithful friend. Why do I not get along in the world any better? In other words, Why does not my business prosper?

Do you not see, friends, that all these questions presuppose an entirely arbitrary and unreasonable government of the world?

The man who has financial ability and who is able to take advantage of the markets, able to obey the financial conditions and laws of his time, will make money; and it makes no sort of difference, so far as that is concerned, as to whether he is a good man or a bad man, does it?

The theory of Job, the theory of the Old Testament all the way through, was that prosperity in this world was a sign of God's paying people for being good. You remember the Psalmist: he must have had a curious experience, certainly very unlike mine, when he says, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." He must have had a very strange experience. I have been young, and am not very old; and I have seen the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread a hundred times.

And remember, friends, there is no place in the Bible or anywhere else where God has promised to pay cash for good behavior.

Jesus said, Blessed are the pure in heart; for — Why? For they shall have a hundred thousand dollars? No, they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers. Why? Because they shall have good health? No, they shall be called the children of their Father who is in heaven. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall have what? Have their galleries full of beautiful pictures? No, they shall be filled — with what? With righteousness.

In the realm of right and wrong the law of cause and effect holds just as it does anywhere else. If a man ploughs his field and plants his crops and attends them carefully, other things being equal, he will be rewarded, or attain the result of having a good crop; but, if he neglects that for the sake of going to church, even if he sits up every night in the week and engages in earnest prayer, it will have no effect whatever on his crops.

A man may cultivate his own character; and he will reap

rewards of character. If he wants rewards out of his field, he must cultivate not his character, but his field. This is the law of God both in field and in character; but you get your results in the realm where you start in action your causes.

In the real universe, then, you are never rewarded, you are never punished: you reap what you sow.

I wish to note here, in passing, one grand distinction that you ought to keep in mind between two uses of the word "law," which are perpetually confounded. When a lawyer or a judge or a member of Congress or Parliament is talking about law, he refers to an arbitrary enactment which has been passed by a majority, and imposed upon the people from without. When the scientist talks about a law or when we talk about a law of God, we do not mean anything of the kind. We are referring simply to the orderly procession of phenomenal events. We say that it is a law of water that it shall freeze at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. We say it is a law of gases that they shall do thus and so. We talk about the law which governs the planets so that they move after a definite and ascertained order.

We mean simply, then, in the natural and universal realm, when we use the word "law," to refer to a perfect and unvarying order of events, not to a statute law at all.

Now what does worship come to on this theory of religion? Worship on the old theory, as we have seen, is the bringing offerings, or it means certain ceremonies, it is praying, it is singing psalms, it is uttering words of praise.

Worship on the real theory, in the real universe, and as a part of God's real religion, is simply, when we analyze it to its roots, admiration. He who admires that which is true, that which is beautiful, that which is good, worships; and he worships God whether he knows it or not, simply because everything that is true and everything that is beautiful and everything that is good is simply so far a manifestation of God.

He who admires, then, worships, and he who serves God serves him by being good; and that means, when it is wrought out into activity, into practical life, being of service to one's fellow-men. There is no other way.

Does God want me to bring animals and kill them and burn them for him, so that he can smell the sweet savor of them, as it is said in the Old Testament he liked to do? We do not hold that childish idea of God any more. Does God care whether we sing psalms to him? I do not believe he does. Does God like to sit up on a throne, and have us come and prostrate ourselves in the dust before him, making him glad by just so much as we abjectly humiliate ourselves? I do not believe he does. Does God care to have us spend time in telling what a great and wonderful being he is? I do not believe it.

Think, friends! Here is a man who gets up on a throne, and actually likes to have people come and bow down in the dust before him, sing hymns to him, burn offerings in his presence, and tell him what a wonderful man he is. Would you have any respect for him? I should not. You would say a man who likes that sort of flattery is by just the degree of his liking for it contemptible.

Now I think that God is fully as grand as my ideal man is; and I do not believe he likes that kind of thing any better than a decent man would like it. I am not saying that these things are not good; but, if we think that we are flattering God, buying the special favor of God with them, or purchasing cessation of his anger on account of it, we are very shallow in our thinking, that is all.

These things — that is, the expression of our admiration for that which is above us — thrill and help and lift us. If an artist stands in the presence of one of the masterpieces of the older time, admires it critically, studies it, praises it, it lifts and helps him. If we give expression to our admiration for some noble, some heroic deed, we are the better men on account of it.

What does God want of us in the way of worship? He wants us to admire all that is admirable; and he wants us to give him — what? Not the cattle: he has told us two thousand years ago that they are his already. He does not want your rivers of oil nor your burnt-offerings, nor any of these things. He wants you to do justly and to love mercy. He wants you to be a true man. Can you be anything better than that?

Suppose, for example, that I were able to place here in your presence a man of perfect physique, as beautiful as Apollo, in perfect health, and that man should have a mind that was like a pair of scales in weighing truth, as clear as an electric light in detecting error or fraud,— a mind that should be a perfect machine for the discovery of intellectual truth. Suppose he should be simply ideal, loving all that is admirable and hating all that is evil,— a child of the Infinite Spirit, linked with him by that tie that is closer than the ties of blood. You would say, There is a perfect man.

Could you make him any more perfect by making him religious?

The point I wish you to note is that this man, ideally related to all the laws of God in heart and mind and soul, is already religious just because he is that.

When I have obeyed all the laws of God and have come into right relations with God in every part of my being, religion has exhausted itself in me, and can do no more for me; and I am no better for any ceremonies or external forms whatsoever.

Mark you, I am not saying anything about these external ceremonies. If they help you to be a better man, that is the test by which you are to try them.

All this, then, leads me to the last point,— the summing up, the conclusion, of the whole matter, which is that religion, on this theory of the universe and of the religious life which I have been discussing, religion is a life. *Religion*

is a life. Let me illustrate the difference between what I mean and what people are thinking, it seems to me two-thirds of them, to-day.

You find most people, if they stay away from church a particular Sunday, no matter how good a reason they have for doing so, will feel that they have neglected their religious duties for that week. If you have gone to church every Sunday in the year, and that is all you have done, you have neglected your religious duties very sadly, neglected the most important of them. Why?

Here is a regiment that has an armory. At stated times it meets in the armory to drill, to study, to go through the exercises, to get ready for — what? To get ready to do it again? Not quite. To get ready, if the time ever should come when they are needed to fight for the country. That is what it is for.

Would you say, then, that in time of war the regiment that met regularly at the drill house and went through the arms, and then disbanded and went home again, had performed its duty by the country, had performed its patriotic duty? However badly it may be needed at the front, though the capitol be in danger for the matter of that, every regiment is doing its patriotic duty in that very way, just as faithfully as you are doing your religious duty by merely going to church. But what about religion during the week?

The drill hall is for practice, to get ready to fight in the field. The church is simply a drill hall, a place where you are to come to learn what you are to do, to get inspired to do it; but the field for your religion is Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday and Saturday. It is in the home, it is on the sidewalk, it is in your bank, your office, your manufactory,— wherever you may be.

Suppose you cheat in your business. Will the elaborate knowledge of your Prayer Book make up for it? Suppose you slander your neighbor, ruin his reputation, and injure

his chances for a decent living in the world: can you make up for it by attending church regularly?

Do these things touch each other, friends? People are always talking about religion in business and business in religion, politics in religion, and religion in politics. And I have heard ever since I was a boy about mixing up religion and politics, and religion and business. If you mean by religion clericalism, ecclesiasticism, priestcraft, then I agree with you; but, if you mean by religion the only thing that God can mean by it,—a religious life,—then you have no business to do anything except to mix it up most thoroughly with your politics, to mix it up completely with your business. It is the man who is a true and noble man in his business who is a religious man, the man who is a true and noble man in his family who is a religious man. It is the man who obeys the real, vital, eternal laws of God, inherent in the nature of things, who is a religious man. And this is salvation.

None of these external things have any necessary connection with any place in this world or any other world that you want to get out of or get into. I have no fears of going to hell: I have no care about going to heaven. I am anxious to keep hell out of me and to get heaven into me. Then I care very little what planet I am on after I have left this one. I will take care of my relations to God; and I will risk the kind of association that I shall fall into, in this world or any other world.

Father, we thank Thee that Thou art letting us see by the clearer light of this modern time that Thou art shining into our minds and warming Thy way by love into our hearts. And we thank Thee that we can do something to serve Thee and to help bring Thy kingdom to this world. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy,	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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How I have Read the Bible

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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HOW I HAVE READ THE BIBLE.

"Understandest thou what thou readest?"—ACTS viii. 30.

I. THERE was one book in our home, when I begin to remember, held sacred and separate from the small cottage library,—the family Bible. And I can still see myself, through the mists of the many years, standing by my mother's knee by the fireside, looking at the pictures, and listening with a child's delight to the stories she would tell us when we came to each picture,—stories of Abraham and the angels, Moses in the small ark by the river, Joseph and his brothers, which touched us to tears, the babe in the manger, the boy Jesus in the temple, and more besides than I can name, told in the rustic mother tongue, so sweet, so simple, and so true that I hold them in my heart as in a shrine.

They were all true to our mother, and so they were all true to me; while the Book from which she drew them was so sacred to her mind that I remember finding a stray leaf once in the lane, from some torn Bible, I brought home and cast on the open fire. And, when she saw what I had done, her face grew white and her sweet voice stern; for I had burnt the most sacred of the three things we must never burn,—a leaf from a Bible, a crust of bread, and a fragment of salt.

And so it was that I drank in awe of the Book and love for it, with the mother's milk; and, sacred to her heart, it was sacred to mine, as it is still. While, when these memories touch me, I know what Thomas Carlyle saw in a small home among the moors in Scotland, as mine was in England,

when he wrote these noble words: "In the poorest cottage is one book, wherein for thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment and a response to whatever was deepest in his heart." And I have thought of this far-away time, so full of tender memories. As with many here, no doubt, I have listened to the clamor from the pulpits and the press, in our city, over a sermon from the good sound head and heart of a brother beloved across the river,—a clamor which reminds you of the apostles word, Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! So I would fain say some word this morning about the great and most sacred book in all the world to me; but, if preventing grace is given, mine will not be another voice in the clamor, but just the story of one man's intimacy with the Book through the many years since the boy heard those stories from the mother's heart, the best of all interpreters. This, and then some results of his intimacy in the honest endeavor to find the truth touching the main question now in debate through the many years of his ministry,—first, in a church of the strictest tenor, if the brethren in council the other day fairly represent her spirit and purpose, and then through thirty-eight years in the home and pulpit he found when the mother church said, You are no longer my son, but an alien.

And mine must be such a story, because I have no option; for it was not my happy fortune, as you know, to be trained in the great schools of the Bible lore, the higher or the lower, and by the masters in this lore, so that my faith in the dogma would be beyond all question. While I was thinking the other day that, if the old mother church had taken me in hand, say, fifty years ago, and sent me to be taught in her school, I might have been sorely troubled now in my old age over a small boy I dearly love, whose mother read to him the story of Jonah on a Sunday afternoon; and, when it was done, he said quietly, "Mamma, I do not think that is a likely story, do you?"

So this young man,— the myself in the far-away time,— being called to this ministry, must read his Bible, and whatever books besides would help him, when he could buy or borrow them, and then hew his own way to where he stands this morning, by God's help and blessing, tell the truth he found in his heart to tell when the Sunday came, and the so-called sermon,— a poor thing, no doubt, but his own.

But a warning came to him, which was also a prophecy, with the first attempt to say this word to his old neighbors and friends, when a member of the small church, in good standing, said to him after the meeting: "Thou will never make a preacher like what we want. Thou wants to reason about things, and that will never do. Thou must just say, Thus saith the Lord, reason or none. That's the way to preach among good Methodists."

And I might have told the good old man how his own saint, John Wesley, had said, "If reason be against you, you will find some day that you are against reason"; and that Taylor, the Shakspere of divines, had said, "This pretence of putting down reason is one of the meanest acts whereby we can usurp a power over a man's faith and conscience." So I might have told my friend that I was in good company; but he went his way, and I went mine, reason or none, to become ever more intimate with the Book so sacred to the mother and her son, and sound then in the faith that it was divinely inspired and impeccable from the first sentence to the last, and that this canon must not be questioned on peril of my soul.

And now shall I tell how the old man's prophecy came true? I think it is Channing who says, we cannot know God aright if we do not go beyond the Bible, and learn lessons in religion from all we observe; and so, with such reading and thinking as a busy life could compass, I began soon to ask some pregnant questions about the way we have used the great sacred Book, and use it still. How

is it, I said in my heart, that through the millennium of time men have somehow managed to draw from my Bible the inspiration to save their fellow-men and the authority to slay them, to establish peace and to mass artillery, to be saints and heroes of the noblest type or bigots of the meanest and most cruel to be found in our human history?

How is it that my Bible should be the text-book of your iron-clad Calvinist and your sunny-hearted Methodist and the volume from which my good neighbors, the Quakers, draw food for their quietness, and those Millerites, down the stream yonder, draw food for their craze so pathetic, and to me so sad?

And how was it, again, that this book should be the corner-stone of the grand Puritan foundation in New England, and the volume from which he drew his infernal inspiration to flog and harry the Quakers and the Baptists, if no worse, to burn the witches, and impel John Cotton to formulate the axiom that "it is always wrong for error to persecute the truth, and always right for the truth to persecute the error," — holy master John of course being judge and jury on both questions? I was also an abolitionist by my birthright, so that this was the burning question, How is it that the advocates of human slavery here in my new home are able, as they say, to prove that the evil thing is a divine institution, and quote the words for their purpose, "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren," while men like Garrison say it is accursed of God and man? Garrison, to be sure, is an infidel, people say; but, then, there is the good Albert Barnes here, and Dr. Cheever in New York, sound to the heart's core, and they pour out lava floods of rebuke rising to damnation in their sermons, and from the prophets, to slay the curse out of the land.

These were among the questions which must be answered, soon or late, by this lone student of his sacred Book; and this was the first answer: that, as a rule, we do not come to the Bible for what we should find here, as sons of God and

brothers of his Christ, but rather for what we want to find which will justify our dogma or opinion.

The appetite is there; and we want something to answer to the appetite, and make us strong to believe or to do. We have got the question; and the Book must give the answer. And, indeed, the volume is so vast and variant that it will go hard with us, if we do not come, soon or late, on just the words we want. Therefore, the good woman was justified, no doubt, who said, If there is a queer, cross-grained text in the Book, our minister is sure to find it and take it for a sermon.

And so it was that I began to see, in the course of time, how my sacred Book may be eyes to one man and insure blindness for another, may make melody and foster discord, and be sweet to one man or woman as milk and honey or sour to another as unsunned crabs, as the heart in us may turn toward the good or the evil, the shadows or the light.

Then I began to see dimly the truth which has grown ever more clear: that, say what we will about the question of a divine inspiration from the first sentence to the last, the soul of the man must be greater for good or for evil than the book, or we should never have dared to handle it in such a fashion. And then I began to say in my heart, If we must not worship idols of wood and stone, we must not worship a printed book, no, not even the most sacred book to me in all the world. So that we dared not say in our reading, This is true, and this is not true.

We must not bring the truth for our test and standard to the Bible, but rather bring our Bible to the test and standard of the truth. And this I must do for one, because I am first a man and then a minister, not first a minister and then a man. I must find the truth to my own soul's insight in the Bible and without, and tell the truth, no matter who should be offended. "It is the highest thing a man can have," my fine old Chaucer has said; and a noble divine, "The truth is sown in us to bear fruit, not to lie torpid."

While the power in man by which the truth becomes most fruitful is freedom to tell it, and so we must fear nothing but concealment. I must tell the truth as it grew clear to me, or quit my ministry in the old mother church; and, if I went forth as a sower of the good seed of the kingdom, there must be no opening of two fingers on the sower's hand while he kept three closed. Was he a bearer of the water of life, and a drinker thereof, the water of life must come from the fountain-head. Did he also feed on the manna fallen from heaven? The minister of all men must remember the heart of the lovely parable,— that on the sixth day of the week they gathered a double measure for the Sabbath also, and must use it up; for, if they kept some for the next day, it stank. I read from the old version.

These were the fruits of many long and painful musings through some ten years of time, and then the old man's warning and prophecy came true. I was suspended and silenced for heresies of the most dangerous brand, and no longer a son, I said, but an alien. I was a stranger, and you took me in, a free man, and you said, So are we, and gave me welcome and a ministry among you. I thank God when I thank you thirty-eight years ago in this month. So ends the first chapter in my life and ministry, and my intimacy with the Book.

II. Then the teachers of your faith and mine, whose books I could read, now opened my sacred Book to me, saying, Understandest thou what thou readest? And now I must tell you briefly what I have learned and tried to teach in all these years. This first: that, if the discovery of the truth is beyond all question progressive, as we say in science, in philosophy, and in our human history, must not this be also true about my most sacred book and the way I must read it? And when teachers of another mind cite the sentences which close the volume, If any man shall add unto or take away from the words of this Book, God shall take away his part in the tree of life and the holy city, I say

to them, If you mean by *this Book* the whole great volume, —and this is a fair inference from your claim,— threats like these are not of God, but from men, and never from men who nourish a great and generous heart for the whole truth of God. The divine inspiration you and I claim for the Book as for no other in the world did not close at the vote of the great council all those ages ago. It is as fresh and full to-day as it ever was; and, as we are bidden by that grand old radical Paul to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good, this divine inspiration, perpetual and perennial, lies within the clasp of his thought. And so, if those who love the truth do not add to and take from the things we find in the Bible, they must be in danger of losing their part in the tree of life and the holy city of God. They must, we must, verify and rectify the things we find in the Bible, winnow out the grain and blow away the chaff; for we know of no other way worthy a free man's heart and mind.

We must not believe that the Eternal One, who is without variableness or shadow of turning, and with whom order is heaven's first law, made those laws and revealed them only to break them for such reasons as we find in our Bible or out of it. We all know this world and life are full of mystery; but these are not mysteries: they are anachronisms and misconceptions of a ruder and poorer time. So it is of no use saying, The things are true because they are in my Bible, when they contradict the very nature of things and the steadfast and holy laws of the universe,— no use telling me I must believe some story of what was done in a corner of Asia thousands of years ago, if that story cannot be made to chime in harmony with what may be done in the world to-day. Heaven has no anachronisms, nature has none. "All his works are done in truth. The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. Their line has gone out unto all the earth, and

their word to the end of the world." The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul. The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple. The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart. The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.

And so, when I read in my Bible how the walls of a city fell down flat at the noise of a great shout and the blowing of rams' horns, I say, No. If they fell at all, it must have been done by good solid pounding with the enginery. And how the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon on the valley of Ajalon, until one host of semi-barbarians had wiped out another, with many things of the same tenor that are written in the Book,—I say such things are myths or poems or traditions, just as I should say this if I found them in some other book from the far-away world and time; and, when those who should know and do know better, say this destroys the very foundations of our common faith, I would answer, The sooner, then, the better. Yet, as you know, I would still touch the whole Book reverently so many touch rudely in our time, because it was sacred to my mother and is sacred to me. Try to do this always, and see what germ of truth may be waiting for one in poem or parable from some forgotten singer or seer, such as I or you may find in the story of our troubled Jonah, that, when you try to flee from danger at the demand of duty, which is to you the voice of God, you run right into it, and may thank Heaven if you do not also land in the whale's belly; and this in the episode of Balaam, that an ass in the right is safer from the sword of the avenging angel than a prophet in the wrong, and may save the prophet.

And, as it was with the law, it was with the gospel in my great sacred Book, so that, when I would read it with a free mind and note how the All-Father, as our ancestors called him, loved one tribe of his children and hated another, and the question came up for an answer, What do you think of

that? I could say frankly to my soul first, and then to my hearers, I am not going to believe a word of it; and if, as a very noble man said once, I must go to hell because I do not believe, to hell I will go. And again, when the word of the prophet troubled me, shall the clay say unto the potter, Why hast thou made me thus? I remember the answer was, I do not know; but I do know that He, the All-Father, has breathed into me the breath of life, and that this is not a despotism or he a despot: it is a commonwealth of which he was the framer, it is a family of which he is the Father; and so he cannot hate one tribe and love another, or send one to heaven and ten to hell "a' for his glory." And that was a good and a true answer, when you come to think of it, the old Scotch woman made to her minister. She was sick and near the gates of life, when her minister came to see her and to probe the parting soul; and he said: "Janet, ye know how the question stands about the elect and the rest who are damned. I know how ye have striven to be worthy the crown of life; but if, after all your striving, God should let you drop doon into hell forever, what wad ye say to that?" And Janet answered, "I have thought aboot that long and sair, as I lay here on my bed, and have made up my mind that, if he does let me drop doon into hell forever after a', he will lose more by that than I will." And I clasp Janet's hand across the shadows, and say, Well done!

Now, William Law, to whose great book John Wesley and Johnson confessed a deep and lifelong obligation for the best there was in them, said the holy spirit of truth is more than the Bible, and should always be our teacher; and Bishop Watson said orthodoxy is something to which every church lays a claim, but to which no man or church can prove a title; and another of an equal eminence,— for I dearly loved to find good bishops on my side when I needed them,— another said, "The man who has nothing to offer but his orthodoxy, and may owe that to his ignorance,

will think he is right when he treats you with contempt because you cannot agree with him, and will give evil names to the opinions he does not understand." These were my opinions, grown long ago to convictions deep as my life; and so you may be sure I was glad to find myself in such good company as yours and theirs in those years of flux and formation.

So I think no graver mistake can be made than this so many make who say that, in blending reason with faith when we read the Bible, and saying, This is true and this is false, this is noble and this is mean, this is holy and this infernal, we degrade the Book and destroy its authority and divine quality. They might as truly say we degrade a garden when we clear out the weeds, or the gold when we clear it from the dross.

I come to the Bible, a great and wise man says, that my reverence for all goodness and righteousness and truth may be increased, and my love for the Most High may be enkindled, rather than to an arsenal where I may find weapons to fight those who cannot be of my particular opinion. And so would I; but the living soul, for that reason, must judge between the false and the true, the divine and the infernal, or the mingling of both. The divine, matchless, noble, beautiful, and good, to me beyond my power to tell, touching me in some moments with the sacred awe which dare not move, and all the silent heaven of love, the divine inspiration poured out of human hearts intensely in earnest to tell God's truth, as white fire is to burn and incarnate in human lives.

This and the sweet human inspiration drawn from the wells of the life that now is, the idyls, the stories, and the songs, sweet and noble, yes, and moans, like that Burns could never read without tears,—"By the waters of Babylon we sat down there," and then the infernal kindled from the nether fires,—you must read with a shudder of dismay.

And, when men say, How do you find the divine in the

human or the human in the divine? I answer, How do we find good wheaten bread or noble fruits and flowers or whatever makes life beautiful and good? The living soul must judge between the divine and the human and infernal, and what is of the greatest moment or the least.

They showed me in Scotland once a copy of the solemn league and covenant, signed in the blood, they said, from each man's right arm. It touches my final thought of the greatness and worth which abides forever for me within my most sacred book. The life-blood of the saints, the heroes, the apostles, the martyrs, and of the holy Christ, lies within this divine inspiration; and the autograph is as the ichor drawn from the heart.

They came to bear witness of the truth which grows forever more divine, and of which we can find no limit or boundary wall while the world stands.

This is the truth we must take to our hearts when we drink at this fountain, and, while we answer for our faith as free men and women, take heed that we are not and will not be as

> "Those who should have oped the door
> Of charity and light for all men's finding
> Squabbled for words upon the altar floor,
> And rent the book in struggles for the binding."

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy,	*20 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	*$1.50*
" *Cloth,* " *Copy,*	*30 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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STANDING GROUND FOR TRUST.

My text is the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm, the ninth verse: "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

How many of you believe that?

It is said that Prince Alphonso of Castile, considering one day with some friends the intricacies and difficulties of the Ptolemaic theory of the universe,— that being at the time the generally accepted one,— declared that, if he had been present at the creation of the world, he could easily have suggested a good many important improvements,— which was undoubtedly true. But his objections have been answered by the discovery of the Copernican theory, which has shown that the difficulties of the Ptolemaic were only imaginary.

The witty Colonel Ingersoll is reported to have said some years ago, when some one asked him — he was criticising the order of the world — whether he could suggest any improvements if he had his way, that he could at least suggest one,— he would have good health catching instead of disease.

It seems to me, however, that he overlooked what I regard as undeniably true,— that not only good health, but good of every kind, is catching. Good health is contagious; and the man who walks down the street smiling and cheerful and happy carries inspiration and power with him as he goes. And good of every kind is catching; and it is not only contagious, but it is so much more wide-spread and so much more effectual than the opposite that the evil is

destined by and by to be outgrown in the race and left entirely behind.

John Stuart Mill made a criticism which at the time he made it seemed to be unanswerable. Regarding the world, in its then present order and condition, as a final and finished product, Mill said: God cannot be almighty and all-wise and all-good. If he is almighty and all-wise, then he cannot have desired to make a very good world; for he has not done it. If he be almighty and all-good, then he cannot have known how to make a perfect world; for he has not done it. If he be all-good and all-wise, then he cannot have had power to make a perfect world; for he has not done it. I quote the thought, not the words.

This criticism, I say, from the point of view of a world supposed to be finished, is entirely valid; but only a little while after this criticism was formulated the science of evolution was born, and the world was brought face to face with entirely another problem.

The world as we know it is only in process. It is not to be judged as a finished and final product. Would you go into an apple orchard, and, biting into an apple in late June, — an apple that is to be ripe only in the last of September, — would you judge it as a bad apple because it was bitter? You would expect it to be bitter while it was in the process of growth. If you wish to judge anything, wait until it is finished, wait until you can see the outcome, what it is for.

And so I say of this world. In the light of the science of evolution it is to-day only in process; and, unless you can foresee the outcome so as to be quite sure as to whether it is to be bad, as an honest man and a clear-headed one, you must at least suspend judgment, and wait.

I do not wish to doubt or to blink any of the great facts of suffering or evil. They exist, open to every eye and appealing to every heart, whichever way we turn; and I do not wonder that people are perpetually brought to a stand-still as they face some new illustration of the world's wrong or pain, and wonder as to the government of the universe.

I have been asked so many times since I have been in this city as to what right we have, in the face of these facts, to trust in God. The matter has been brought to me, and forced upon my attention so frequently that it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to attempt, at any rate, an answer. You will not expect a detailed treatment of a theme that might profitably be drawn out to the length of volumes.

And another thing let me say: You have no right to ask of me that in forty minutes I should answer all the objections you can bring against human life or the universe as it looks to you. You have no right to expect that I should explain all these difficulties. I can only attempt — what? This,— to discover, if I may, standing ground for trust. If I can find a place where we may stand on something like solid ground, and rationally believe in the goodness of God, that is enough to answer the practical ends of living.

I do not expect to answer many questions. Millions have been asked, only a very few answered. Mystery faces us on every hand. If some one of you will explain to me a grass-blade a finger length high, I will explain for you all the rest of the universe. We face infinite mystery on every hand. And it is fortunate for us we do; for, if we could read the riddle of this universe, we should be reading our death warrants. There would be nothing else left for us to do. Hope of anything like immortality would be absurd,— not only absurd, but a curse,--if we knew everything, and nothing more was left for us to investigate.

So, I say, I am not going to attempt to answer all your questions. I am merely going to see if I can find standing ground for reasonable trust.

Now what are the chief objections that are brought against this world?

I think I can classify them for the purpose of the morning under three or four main heads.

In the first place is the fact of pain, suffering; next

is what we call moral evil; then comes the unsatisfactoriness of human life,— the fact that we never succeed in getting all we want, in doing all we want, in becoming all we want, that all human life, even at the best, is fragmentary; and, finally, the last and supposed overwhelming evil of death.

I wish to refer briefly to these four, and to the evils that are classified under them.

In the first place, then, let us look for a moment at this great problem of pain. Is it possible, if a good God is in the universe or rules the universe, that he should permit so much suffering?

Now, as a preliminary step to such brief consideration of this great theme as I shall have time this morning, I wish you to eliminate from the problem two things. In the first place let us get rid of the exaggeration that I believe is in the minds of most people in regard to the suffering of the world.

Do not for a moment suppose that I would take any position or suggest any thought that would harden any man's heart or make him less tender towards the sufferings of the world; but, if we are going to bring an indictment against the government of the universe, let us do the best we can to have it a true indictment, not an exaggerated one.

And so I wish to suggest to you that I believe with my whole soul that there is not anything like the amount of suffering in this world that thousands and thousands of sensitive people have come to believe there is.

One of the characteristics of this modern world is almost a morbid sensitiveness to suffering. In the first place look upon the beasts of the field, the animals of the forests, and the fishes of the sea. Take the whole lower life of the world, and in spite of the stories of pursuit and slaying and blood that we imagine, as we study it, it is almost entirely a scene of limitless joy, delight in being.

If I had time this morning to go into detail, I could show

you, I think, in the case of the pursuit of one animal by another, and the violent death that follows, that there is almost no pain in it at all. Livingstone tells us that once, in Africa, he was pursued and struck down by a lion; and the minute the lion's paw was upon him he was, as it were, hypnotized,— no suffering, no pain,— simply looking up at the ferocious monster and wondering what was going to happen next.

Scientific men will tell you that in the lower life of the world there is not the nervous susceptibility to pain that there is on the part of its highly and sensitively developed men and women.

And take the barbarous races, the wild Indians of the plains. It would be a horrible thing for one of us to go and be compelled to live as they do or as the wild men of Central Africa live. But it is not a horrible thing from their point of view: they are having a very good time indeed, and we simply exaggerate unnecessarily the problem of pain when we suppose them to be feeling about it as we should if we were now thrust down to their place. They have come to this low level, not by being hurled down to it from above, but by climbing up to it from underneath.

If a man is living on five thousand dollars a year, and you reduce it to four thousand, he is the poorest man in the city. If he is living on five hundred, and you increase his income to six hundred a year, he is rich.

All this shows us, then, that these barbarous people who have climbed up from a lower level to a higher do not go through the suffering we should if we were to take their places. They are on the up grade: we should be on the down grade.

Let me suggest, merely as another point for you to consider, that in your own cases — those of you who think you have the hardest time in the world — you have not been one-half as miserable as you like to believe. There gets to be a sort of satisfaction in being the most miserable person

in the world, if you cannot be distinguished in any other way. And you find people looking over their lives, and complaining, forgetting to look at the bright days, the sunshiny days, until their whole heaven is one mass of cloud. And it is false. I have had my share of suffering. I do not believe that there are many of you here in church who have had much more,— there may be some; but I know, if I should take the dark and sad days of my life and put them in one place, and the bright days and put them in another, the darkness would be no more than as a spot on the sun.

We easily forget a week of bright, sunshiny weather; but we are very likely to grumble if it rains, and we are caught without an umbrella. Let us not exaggerate, then, the amount of the world's suffering.

And there is another class of suffering that I wish you to leave out of the account, because you have no right to bring it against God as an impeachment of his government of the universe; and that is the needless suffering, the suffering that we passionately, purposely, wilfully inflict on each other. And how large a part is this! how much of the world's suffering is made up in this way!

Leave out of account, then, the imagined sufferings of the world and the needless sufferings of the world, and then you have left simply the necessary pain, that pain which we can reasonably regard as a part of the divine order and plan. Now what about that?

In the first place, if you stop and think of it one moment, you will see that it is an absurdity, an impossibility, to imagine the existence of a being who can feel the sensation of pleasure who cannot also equally feel the sensation of pain. Sensitiveness must be sensitiveness in both directions. There can be no possibility of pleasure, then, without the possibility of pain.

Then, in the next place, suppose that the world — that is, the whole human race — had been perfectly, blissfully happy

from the first moment of the world's creation until now. It never would have known it. If the world were all one color, it would be as though it were no color: we should be practically blind. The only way we can see things is by definition, separation, distinction,— separating things from each other. If they were all alike, it would be as though we could not see at all.

So, if we had never known anything of pain, we never should know we were happy. Happiness would be absolutely without meaning. That is a scientific truth for you to keep hold of, if you can, when you are discussing the difficulties of this problem of pain.

In the third place consider another point. If you could conceive as living here on this planet a race of creatures, no matter what their grade, from the lowest up to man, which was incapable of feeling pain, you would be dealing with a race that would not continue in existence for six months.

Suppose fire did not hurt; suppose a blow did not hurt, a stroke of an axe did not hurt, falling off a precipice did not hurt; suppose nothing hurt. Why, we should be broken to pieces and ground to powder inside of six months, the whole of us. Pain is simply God's danger signal set up, telling us to keep away from that which threatens us with harm,— that is all.

So the necessary pain of the universe, that which we have any right to bring as an indictment against the government of this universe, it is clearly to be demonstrated, is only and always beneficent. There is nothing in human life that is more clearly a token of the fact that "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works," than is just this existence of pain, which we so frequently and so foolishly bring as an indictment against the government of this world.

Let us come now for a moment to consider the next of these great indictments, the existence of moral evil. And

here, friends, I am going to take a position that may surprise you a little. I ask you to look over the world, and see if I am not correct about it. We have been taught by the theology in which we were trained — I have — to think of the world as bad, totally depraved and vile. We have been taught that God likes to have us humble ourselves in the dust, and talk about what poor, miserable, sinful worms we are. We go into the churches, and declare, in the words of the Prayer Book, that "we have done the things we ought not to have done and have not done the things we ought to have done, and there is no health in us," — when, if a single one of our neighbors looked us in the face and made that statement, we would not speak to him afterwards. You don't believe a word of it!

We have been taught to look upon human nature as something vile. One of the grandest points in the new gospel which is being preached in this regenerate nineteenth century is the precise opposite of that: man is not vile. There is infinitely more good in this city of New York than there is evil. If the evil in this city were in the majority, there would be no city. It is as absolutely certain as the multiplication table.

For what do we mean by evil? Evil is that which hurts, which injures, which tears to pieces, which disintegrates. Evil is that which separates between man and man. The simple fact, then, that there is such a thing as society, that people exist together on terms of friendliness and co-operation and mutual help, proves that the disintegrating forces are in the minority.

Our newspapers,— I have said this in an after-dinner speech at a club a year ago; but you were not all there, so I will say it again,— our newspapers, without intending it, are responsible for a great deal of the pessimism of this present time.

Consider a moment. A man committed a burglary last night; the cashier of a bank defaulted yesterday; in some

back alley a man struck his wife or perhaps one of his children; and what is the result? The whole thing, illustrated in all its nauseous details, is spread before us on our breakfast table; and people read and look up, and say, "Whom can we trust?"—as if they expected the next man they met to be a burglar or a defaulter or to be abusing his wife or children.

As a matter of fact, friends, the percentage of the people in New York who are doing any of these things is practically infinitesimal. Note the significance of this statement, —*behaving one's self is not news!* The newspapers are looking after sensation. Thousands of people yesterday behaved themselves; but nobody thought of reporting it. The great majority of people yesterday went about their business, patiently doing their work. Men with thousands of dollars that they might have stolen, and they never took a penny; men who needed it; men who could not pay their debts; men whose wives needed clothing, whose children wanted bread,—they had opportunities to steal; and they never took one cent. Men and women thrown together in all sorts of relations, tempted in every conceivable way; and yet, out of the three and a half millions of Greater New York, hardly enough persons to be worth speaking of committed a crime yesterday.

That is the clear, cold, simple fact of the statistics.

Men are not half so bad, then, as we give them credit for being. I have been over this world a good deal in my time. I think I know what is taking place in it from the top to the bottom of society; and, the older I get, the greater, the grander is my trust in men and women, the greater grows my wonder, not that they sometimes go astray, but that they do not go astray more frequently than they do. I have a great loving belief in the essential goodness of men and women; and it is justified by fact.

Remember, then, that we have not got such a tremendous problem on our hands as we sometimes imagine, in the pes-

simism of the time and in the light of the old theology When we come to deal with this problem of evil, we must turn it around. The old philosophy dealt with the origin of evil: we start, in the light of the evolution of the universe, with the origin of goodness.

Consider first a world alive with animals and birds, struggling, fighting, killing,— all these things here, but no moral evil yet. Why? Because there is no conscience, no intelligence that perceives the distinction between good and evil. When the conscience is born at last, it is out of an unmoral universe that comes a moral race of beings; it is good that is born, not evil; it is the distinction between right and wrong. And from that far-off day to this men and women have been climbing up out of the animal and towards the angel, have been sloughing off the characteristics of the tiger, the bear, the snake, all the evil of the outgrown life, and climbing up into tenderness and goodness and pity and human help,— all that is divine.

The problem, then, is not as to how evil came into the world or how to account for it. Remember that this experience with what we call evil is absolutely necessary to the culture and development of a moral being. There could be no noble men and women to graduate from this school of earth if it were not for this contest with the lower in our natures and the struggle against the seductiveness of the evil outside of us and around us.

It is out of this fight with the evil of the world, as we call it, that the sweetest and noblest and best things are born.

The next great count against the universe is that life is so unsatisfactory. Wordsworth draws a very beautiful but sentimental picture of the child born with all heaven around it in its infancy, and of how the world grows very commonplace as he gets into middle life, under the hard sky, and his feet tramp the dusty ways of the world. But I tell you, friends, it is only as you lose your higher faculty of vision, your own finer ideals, that you listen to the stories that tell you of only the harder and worse side of things.

The man who sees no more poetry in the world is not the one who has discovered the real secret of life: he is the one who has lost it, and so says nothing is there. The man who loses the ideal and beauty out of his married life is not the man who has sounded the world, and found it hollow: he is the man whose own capacity for finding sweet things has become blunted or weakened. They are all there.

And this fact that we cannot find complete satisfaction in this world,—that we are all Alexanders crying for more worlds to conquer; that no one can get rich enough, no one can get famous enough, no one can get good enough, or attain anything he wants to completely or become anything he wants to completely,—this fact, instead of being an indictment against life, is one of its grandest qualities and characteristics.

Suppose this world could feed us and bestow upon us all we desired: would it not prove that there was nothing in us fitting us for anything finer and greater beyond this world? If a man puts a plant into a flower-pot and stands it on a shelf in his hot-house, and then the plant develops so that it breaks the pot that encloses it, and it demands that even the roof be lifted so it can get outdoors, he has discovered that his plant was adapted for something larger and grander than his little hot-house, however beautiful and fine it may have been.

So, when you find a creature,—call him commonplace, if you will,—a man who finds this world not big enough to satisfy him, who demands more room, who asks to be set free, who wants to know more than this earth can teach him, who wants to become greater than the possibility of being here, is not the inference, whether you expect it or not, that you are dealing with a sort of nature that may have in it the necessity of demanding a higher and larger place for its perfect unfolding? That, at any rate, is the way I read a suggestion like this.

Now let us come to the great fact of death. Is that an adequate impeachment of the wisdom or goodness of God?

And here let me say, as I did of pain and of evil, that there are any number of things that we associate with death that do not necessarily belong there at all: they are no part of the great fact of passing out of this world into what I believe to be another.

Consider in the first place that a large part of the horror that we associate with the word "death" is born of the superstitious religion, the hideous theology, that we have inherited from our barbarous ancestors. They are no part of the fact of dying at all. They are the imagined terrors that men fear may follow after death, those things which in Hamlet's famous soliloquy gave him "pause."

Then we associate with death the pains of disease. But this is what we suffer all our lives long, and which comes — nine-tenths of it — from the breaking of laws that we have no need to break. We associate this needless pain with dying. Besides, I have found hundreds of persons who have been accustomed to attach to this one experience all sorts of imaginary horrors. They talked as though they were going to be buried; and they shrank from the thought of a grave. The grave should have no terrors for any one.

You remember, when Socrates's disciples asked him what they should do with him after he drank the hemlock, he said humorously, "You may do whatever you please with me, if you can catch me." He did not expect to be there; he did not expect to be buried.

The dread in the minds of many people is as if they were going to be buried. But these are imaginary horrors we associate with death. Let us leave them one side. Death stripped of these unreal terrors is merely a passage, at the worst, from this world to sleep; at the best, from this world to another and grander world.

Now let us look at death with this thought simply in mind. What are the alternatives to dying? If God would confer upon me the gift of immortality, and not give it to my friends, do you suppose I would take it? It seems to me

it would be simply horrible to live here year after year, century after century, with those I had learned to love and care for somewhere else. I can imagine that I might even frantically knock at the door, and beg if I might be let through to see if I could find some of those who had gone before.

Suppose God should confer an earthly immortality on everybody: what would happen? Why, it would not take a great while for the world to be packed full. There would be just as many people here as the earth could possibly maintain. Then what? No more childhood! That alone would be enough to make me want to die, and wish that I might go to some place where they had some children. All grown-up people, looking in each other's faces for thousands of years! I fancy we should be tired to death of it, or wish we might be "tired to death." We should learn all that the world had to teach us after a while, we should explore every continent and every sea; and the world would become to us like an open book. Should we not long to see if there was anything else in the universe? It seems to that me at night we should look at those radiant spheres that swing and sing above us, and long with the longing of heartache and tears to launch off into space, to get free of this cramped and crowded earth, and find out if there were not something else, something grander, something better.

Why, friends, death, when we have stripped it of the things that do not belong to it as a part of God's ordaining, is simply the divine gate-opener to let us out, to help us escape from the prison-house of one little planet, and give us the freedom, the citizenship, of the universe. Death is not something to be apologized for. I believe it to be one of the divinest, noblest, sweetest, grandest gifts of the Father to his children.

There is only one thing left about death that ever troubles me in the slightest degree; and that is the temporary separation from those I love. I have no fear of it:

I do not expect to suffer any. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred, death is only sleep; and the person passing through the experience knows no more of it than you can tell me the exact moment when you lost consciousness last night. We look on, and see the muscular and nervous movements, and imagine suffering of which the person himself is not at all conscious.

I believe, then, that death is one of the very best of God's gifts to men. Surely, friends, if I believe that it is only an experience through which we pass out into a larger and grander life, then it does not need to be apologized for. And, if there is anybody that challenges me to prove that death is a good, I will turn, and say that it is a good, and that he has no right to impeach it until he can prove to me, what nobody can prove, that it is the end.

I believe, then, that, rightly considered, neither pain nor moral evil, nor dissatisfaction with life, nor even death itself, has anything to say against the magnificent assertion of the old Hebrew singer,— "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

I must ask you now, as hurriedly as possible, to think of one thing more. I have studied it for years. Recognizing the difficulties connected with the present world, I have been trying to think out a better one; and I cannot do it. Will some of you help me? What kinds of worlds can we imagine? We might imagine a world in which there was no feeling at all,— but of course we should not be there,— so we pass that by.

We might imagine a world in which the inhabitants should be automatons, bits of curious mechanism. God might make us as a Frenchman makes a mechanical toy,— wind us up, so that we should go accurately. But all growth, all study, all achievement, all advance, all doing anything or becoming anything, would have to be left out. Would you be willing to exchange the present world for that? I would not.

We might imagine that God could create a world in which all the people would be perfectly wise and perfectly good, so that they should never make a mistake and never do wrong. But that, on the face of it, is an absurdity, an impossibility.

We fool ourselves sometimes in discussing these great questions, by thinking that God can do everything that we happen to imagine simply because he is almighty. Do you never stop to think that there are limits to almightiness? Almighty power could not have two and two make five. Almighty power could not make two mountains without a valley between them.

There are some things that are impossible because they are absurd.

Now consider a moment. What do we mean by knowledge? The only meaning it has or can have, we being constituted as we are, is this: the summed up results of human experience in the intellectual realm. So God himself cannot create knowledge except through the process of experience by which it is arrived at.

God cannot make people, then, perfectly wise in a minute. It is a contradiction in terms. Can he make them perfectly good in a minute? What do we mean by goodness, by morality, by virtue? We mean the summed up results of human experience, striving against and putting evil under our feet. Morality, virtue, goodness, have no meaning apart from this struggle of ours in conquering evil.

So this theory of the universe is an impossibility and an absurdity.

What next? We can imagine that life might be a scene of perpetually repeated miracles,— that every little child from the time it began to walk would be watched over by an angel; that, if it stubbed its toe, the angel should snatch it, and hold it up on its feet. And, then, you might think of moral falls guarded against in the same way. Every time a person was going to do wrong an angel should interpose and prevent it.

We could imagine a world like that; but think of it! Anything like the natural development of anybody would be impossible. There would be no knowing anything in a world like that. You would never know what was going to happen next. Intellectually, men and women would be only babies in a nursery, watched over so that it would be impossible for them to experience and so learn anything. Anything like moral development would be out of the question in a world where people were shielded and guarded like that. It would be a mad-house: men and women would be grown-up children or imbeciles.

Now the only other kind of world I can think of is that which we are living in,— where men and women begin by making mistakes, then correcting their mistakes and leaving them behind; where people start morally feeble, and learn the distinction between right and wrong by trying them, and learn that right is best by trying it. So they become tender-hearted and true. They learn that it is best to keep God's laws; and in such keeping is the happiness and welfare of the world. Thus the sad song of pain and ignorance and evil that has been chanted by a wandering and sinning world so long shall at last sink low, and become only a memory.

I believe, friends, that, if we look the problem squarely in the face, and try to deal with the facts as they are, we shall conclude that this is the best kind of a world of which we are capable of dreaming. If it is simply a world in which we are at school, learning how to live; if we are doing the only thing which Browning says is worth doing,— that is, cultivating and developing a soul; if the end and aim of this life is learning to be men and women, so that, when death comes, we are only graduating into a fitness for another higher field of experience, of life, of labor, of hope, of joy,— then I cannot conceive a better school than the one we are really in.

Let us learn, friends, that the best thing we can do is

not to increase the sum of animal or human pain, not to add to the amount of injury and wrong, but see to it that we do what we can in living nobly and truly ourselves to help others to live nobly and truly. Then we shall find that the darkness of the problem shall grow lighter, and that cheer and hope shall lead on and animate the hearts of the world.

Father, we believe that we stand here in the midst of the turmoil, with the sounds of pain in our ears and the sights of evil saddening our hearts, and still may trust in God, believing that this mighty maze is not without a plan, believing that there is a heart that loves, a hand that guides, and an intelligence that points out the way to that final victory which shall make the process through which we are passing here grandly worth while. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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MAN NOT FALLEN, BUT RISING.

My subject this morning is "Man not Fallen, but Rising"; and, as my Scripture starting-point, I take the words to be found in the First Epistle of John, the third chapter, and the second verse: "Now are we children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

The doctrine of the fall of man in Adam, his having been originally created perfect and having lost the divine likeness by voluntary transgression, is the corner-stone, the chief foundation, of all the historic churches of Christendom,— Catholic, Greek, Protestant.

In other words, if you will think the matter out with clearness, you will see that all the other main doctrines are dependent on this. So true is this that, if men had never believed in any fall, the other essentials of the historic creeds would probably never have come into existence.

It is, then, of the first importance for us, in the light of our modern knowledge, reverently, earnestly, clearly, to examine this foundation stone, and see whether it is secure.

At the very outset, it is most interesting and of great importance for us to notice that the Hebrews are not the only ones who have traditions of an earlier condition of humanity that is better than that which followed it. We find not only the one tradition in other nations than the Jewish, but we find, curiously enough, both among the Jews and among other peoples, parallel and contradictory traditions, showing, as we shall see in a moment, that there are two types of human mind,—one the backward-looking, the other the forward-looking,—and that they both have had their representatives in every age.

I wish, to make this matter clear, to call your brief attention to the parallel traditions, to which I have referred, as they appear among the Greeks and the Romans.

In the first place there is the Prometheus myth. According to this, men began their history on this earth in the most helpless, weak, ignorant, abject condition. They were without fire, without any of the means by which they might create around themselves a condition approaching civilization. They were despised and hated by the Olympian gods. Zeus looks upon them with contempt, and, it was thought, also with contumely. Prometheus, the old Titan, perhaps having something more of a feeling of kinship with these abject and despised creatures than the deities who sat on the cloudless summits of Olympus, steals the celestial fire, and brings it down in a reed, and makes a gift of it to men. Thus he confers upon them the possibility of advance, growth, civilization. But the god who had hated humanity is angry; and he chains the old Titan on the rocks in the Caucasus, where he lies, age after age, while the eagles devour his vitals during the daytime, which grow again, to be consumed once more, during the following night.

Here is the Prometheus myth in outline. The point I wish you to notice is, that among the ancient classical people there was a belief concerning the original condition of this world of ours which falls in remarkably with the modern science of evolution. This story teaches that men began away down close on the borders of the animal world; and it places the golden age in the future, as something to be attained, not something away from which the race has fallen.

On the other hand, having found its completest development among the Latin races, you will find the Saturnian myth. According to this the earlier condition of the world was its golden age. The god Saturn, father of the rest of the gods as well as of men, lived on the earth among his blessed and happy children, men and women. There was no death, no sickness, no pain, no hatred, no wars, no evils

of any kind. This was the blessed condition of things that was dreamed of as having existed at the beginning of human history. But evil times came upon them. Saturn departed; could no more bear or countenance the conduct, the evils, the sins, and the wrongs of his children.

Then came the age of brass. This was followed by the age of iron. And so the poor old world, according to this theory, has been on the down grade from the beginning, getting worse and worse age after age.

Here you see are these two parallel and yet contradictory traditions. Before commenting upon them, I wish to call your attention to the fact that precisely such parallel and contradictory traditions are found in the Old Testament.

If the books of the Old Testament were printed in the chronological order in which they were written, the earliest one would be the Prophet Amos. The prophetic books would go before the Pentateuch, then those we call historical, like Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. The older prophets take us back to a period about eight hundred years before the birth of Jesus.

Now I wish you to take notice that in the prophets this is, without exception, true: in the prophets, the earliest writers of the Hebrew people, there is no fall of man. There is no reference to the doctrine anywhere among them. They make no comment on it whatever. So far as any word of theirs is concerned, they have never heard of it. An apparent exception may be found in Ezekiel, who lived during the captivity. He refers to Eden in a poetical way as being a beautiful garden.

According to the prophets, then, there never was any fall of man. He began in a condition of weakness and ignorance; and the golden age, the period of the Messianic hope, is with them always in the future. They look forward to the coming of this Messianic period, when men shall have outgrown the evils of the past, and have come up into the likeness of the Divine.

But along with that tradition we find this story of Eden, Adam and Eve, the forbidden tree, its eating, the serpent, the being cast out, and all the train of evils that are supposed to have followed.

Now where did this come from? For I wish you to note, as it is of great importance, that it was not an original tradition of the Jewish race at all. It was never heard of on the part of the Hebrew people until they came in contact with the Babylonians and the Persians during the times of their captivity.

It is an old pagan myth borrowed by the Hebrews, at least six, perhaps eight, hundred years after the time of Moses, no part of the original story, something that came later, observe, into the life of the Hebrew people, not earlier than five or six hundred years before the birth of Christianity.

Here, then, you see are these two parallel and contradictory stories among the Hebrews, as we find them among the classical peoples.

And now I wish you to note that these parallel and contradictory traditions represent two states of mind on the part of humanity. You find them in every age. There are to-day certain people who are always looking back. They talk of the good old times when they were boys, of their father's or their grandfather's day, or of the early days of the republic. They are always looking back for better things than they can discover in their immediate vicinity to-day, and holding the idea that the world is coming to be worse and worse from generation to generation. You find them the prophets of evil and degeneracy in our political life. You find them in our industrial life,— the rich are getting richer, and the poor are getting poorer, and the business condition of the world is worse now than it ever was before, and there is no prospect of its improving. You find them dealing with our social problems. The world, according to them, used to be socially pure and high. In those old days there were

gentlemen and ladies such as the world has never seen since. In every department of life it is the same: the good old times are hopelessly gone, according to them.

On the other hand, you will find the type of mind represented by those who have the forward look. Who are these? They are the workers, hopeful and strong. They are the seers, they are the prophets, they are the great poets of the world.

Note one magnificent and significant truth: there is not a great poet with whose works I am familiar who is a pessimist. They are all prophets, filled and inspired with hope, with the possibilities of the race.

I must not stop to deal with this problem far enough to say which of these is true; or, at any rate, to go into a long, loving defence of the one that you must be aware that I believe in. I have studied carefully the history of man from the beginning; and I believe the statement will hold, politically, industrially, socially, so far as the family is concerned, so far as business is concerned,— in any department of human life the statement will hold, that the world is unspeakably better to-day than it ever has been in any fifty years of the past history of the race.

But that is not the subject of my sermon this morning. I wish now to recall you to this Eden story, and consider with you as to why and how such a tale should have come into existence.

Right here let me ask you to note how true it is that there is a tendency in the human mind to tell itself stories as means of explaining strange facts the reason of which they do not scientifically understand.

As an illustration of what I mean. In different parts of this country, in different parts of the Old World, you will find rocks, bowlders of huge size, miles and miles away from the places from which they must have come. That is, these bowlders are not at all like the rock formations in the places where they are found to-day. The aboriginal peoples in

Europe and America knew nothing of the glacial epoch, and how science to-day explains with perfect ease the fact that these rocks, worn and shaped as they are, have been dropped in the places where they are found; and so you will find stories of battles of the gods and of the Titans, and how these huge bowlders have been flung, as they piled mountains on top of each other for their defence. And in this way the pictorial faculty of the childhood of the race explains for itself these otherwise inexplicable facts.

All over the world you will find places where there is a depression on some mountain top, or some valley that has a shape in some general fashion of the human foot,— very large, perhaps; and stories spring up of how giants have left their tracks there. You will find in Asia, perhaps in China and Japan, footprints of the Buddha, or of the other deities who have from time to time visited the earth. On the northern coast of Ireland there is a most marvellous formation called the Giant's Causeway. It looks as though some marvellous prehistoric people of gigantic size had started to build a wonderful paved way out into the waters of the Irish Channel. So, indeed, myths have sprung up,— it is the Giant's Causeway. In the old days the giants started to build a road over to the neighboring coast of Scotland.

In this way you will find that men are perpetually telling themselves curious stories to explain things which otherwise are inexplicable to them. Thus, I suppose beyond question, the Eden myth has grown up as a philosophical explanation of the existence of evil, of pain, of death, in the world. The early peoples looked out over the face of the earth; and they saw thorns and thistles, briers and weeds, growing in the natural world. They saw that there was death, moral evil, suffering of every kind; and, as they began to believe in the goodness of God, they said to themselves, and with perfectly clear logic from their point of view, God could not have made the world after this

fashion in the first place. He must have made it good, and something must have happened that he did not intend.

At first it does not appear to them that they are thinking out a God of limited wisdom or limited power. They have not got as far as that yet. So they teach that the world was created perfect: it was a garden of only fruits and flowers,— no briers, no thorns, no ugly, no worthless, weeds. All fair and lovely; and the first man and the first woman were put into this garden, not to know anything about sin or evil of any kind, never to feel a pang of pain, never to die. The beautiful Hebrew tradition was that, if they had not committed this sin, not eaten this fruit which theologians allude to, they would have been transported to heaven without dying.

Of course, we know that a dream like that to-day is childish, absurd, impossible, by reason of the nature of the universe in which we live. But this was the old tradition. This was their way of explaining how death and sin and sorrow and everything wrong came into the world. God not only drove them out of the garden, but he cursed the soil for their sake; and he cursed the serpent, and made him, from walking upright,— a fact which scientists cannot understand,— crawl in the dust, and eat dust — another curious error — for his food.

This, then, was the story which grew up, and which the Jews borrowed from their neighbors.

Now let us note two or three points. I say this tale came into existence as a philosophical attempt at explaining the existence of evil in the world. But mark you, in the first place, it does not explain. The Hebrews tell us in their old-time traditions, as recorded in this book, that this occurred about four thousand and four years before the birth of Jesus. We know to-day that thorns and thistles and briers have been on this planet hundreds of thousands of years. We know that death has been on this planet as long as life has. We know that pain has been here from

the very beginning of the organization of a nervous system capable of sentiency of any kind.

So, as I said, this story, even if we could believe it to be true, does not explain.

Note in the second place, if it were true, we should be compelled to-day, from the higher point of moral advance which we have reached, to declare it unworthy of God and hopeless for man. It is unjust, it is cruel. We could not accept it as being worthy of any just conception of the government of this world.

Consider for a moment. Here God is represented as having created a man and a woman, perfect indeed, but absolutely without experience,—children, so far as knowledge is concerned. He does not tell them anything beyond the fact that they themselves shall die if they touch this forbidden fruit. And yet, according to the theology of Christendom, on the action of these two infantile, inexperienced, ignorant, weak people, one man and one woman, your immortal destiny hung, and mine. On the choice of these two, utterly unfit to choose, hung the destiny of the countless millions of men and women to be born to the farthest epoch of time! The eternal horror of it!

My friends, were it not treated earnestly by grave and reverend divines as a part of the theological scheme of the world's salvation, it would seem too childish for consideration,—too childish on the intellectual side, too grotesquely hideous on the moral side, to be regarded with seriousness even for a moment.

In the third place, note another thing. Whether it be true or just or not, I wish to emphasize the point, so you will not forget it, that there does not exist on the face of the earth the slightest reason for thinking that such a thing ever happened. There is no more reason for regarding it as historic than there is for treating as historic the labors of Hercules or the descent of Ulysses into the underworld. It is not even Hebrew in its origin. It is pagan, a pagan myth, with-

out the slightest shadow of a shade of evidence in favor of its being historic.

You will find a great many persons, theologians, doctors of divinity, teachers in our seminaries and colleges, who, when they are treating some matter that is hard to believe that is found in the Old Testament, will say, We might give this up if it stood on its own foundation alone; but — as in the case of the Jonah story that has been cited a hundred times this winter — Jesus referred to it, and indorsed it as true.

But note the significance of the fact: so far as the story of the fall of man is concerned, Jesus did not refer to it. So far as any word of his is concerned, he had never heard of it; or, if he had, he did not consider it of sufficient importance to speak of it.

Then note right here — for I think it is of immense significance, even decisive significance, if there was nothing else to be said — this silence of Jesus. Take for a moment the orthodox point of view. Jesus then was God. He had come to this earth, fallen and ruined, on purpose to save men. He knew that the fall of man was the beginning of all the evil and suffering, the beginning of that endless torment into which the great majority of people had entered and were to enter to the end of time.

Does it not seem a little strange that God, coming down to the world on purpose to save men from the fall, should never have said anything about it? Does it not seem a little peculiar that he should not at least have referred to it? No, not one slightest indication that he knew or cared anything about it whatever!

Now, in the fourth place, I wish to remark concerning this fall of man story, as an explanation of the condition of the race, that God has revealed to the modern world by the hand of his messenger, clear-eyed, truth-loving Science,— God has revealed to the modern world an explanation of the existence of briers and thorns and thistles, of pain, of moral

evil, and of death. And the explanation that he has thus given us is one worthy of himself, one honorable to our Father, one full of hope for his children.

For what is this explanation of science? It is that all these growths are natural products of the soil. The thorn, the brier, the thistle, the weeds, are simply the parents, the ancestors of the flowers and fruits. The new began in the bitter and the sharp and the rough; and out of them have evolved all the sweet, all the beautiful, all the helpful things that we discover on the face of the earth.

As to pain, as I had occasion to tell you last Sunday, science tells us that it is inseparable from sentient existence, and not only that, but that it is absolutely essential as a guard and a guide to this sentient existence.

Then, so far as moral evil is concerned, as again I told you last Sunday, science has taught us to know, not to guess, that we have been developed from the lower forms of life here on the earth, and that, instead of evil having originated at the start, it was good which originated at the start; and man has been climbing ever higher and higher, sloughing off the evil and reaching on towards the attainment of the good.

Then, too, death is absolutely essential to an organization like ours, essential to the further growth, deliverance, and advance of man as a spiritual being in another higher and finer world. Death is no after-thought, then. God did not create a world intending to leave death out, and then find that he had been outwitted by his adversary and ours, and that so death was the invasion of an evil power from without, devastating his fair world. Death is part of the intention of God, part of the original universal divine order.

God, then, I say, has revealed to us in this better day not only that the old borrowed mythical pagan story is not true, but he has revealed to us the magnificent and entirely satisfactory explanation of what that fairy story utterly failed to explain.

Now I wish for a little further to dwell upon this doctrine of the fall of man as it is related to the theological schemes of Christendom.

I was talking with a friend within forty-eight hours; and this friend raised an objection to certain parts of the sermon which I am preaching this morning, based on the supposed conditions and needs of you who I am addressing. I wish to speak of this objection, and appeal to you as to whether it be valid or not.

This friend said that, possibly, making so much of this story of the fall of man was not needed; that people did not believe it now; that perhaps it was threshing old straw which had been sufficiently threshed before. My answer was a twofold one. In the first place, that it seemed to me that we Unitarians need to be educated as to the thought of the past not only, but as to why we hold it no longer, why we are compelled, religiously and in deference to our love and reverence for God, to leave it behind and go on to something which seems to us unspeakably better; that we ought to be able to give others, who inquire what we mean by being Unitarians, an adequate and intelligible reason for the faith that is in us.

Again, in the second place, another reason, I said, is this: people are all the time saying these old doctrines are outgrown, they are not held any longer. And this friend asked, How many ministers in New York do you suppose really believe in the fall of man? My answer was: I do not know. I presume there are some — a very large number of them — who do not believe it. But I added this statement or this question: How many of the ministers in the city of New York to-day would dare to say in their pulpits that they did not believe it? How many of them would thus risk their standing as ministers?

Why, New York and Brooklyn are in an uproar now, over what? Over the mildest kind of heresy on the part of Dr. Abbott,— heresy that has been commonplace to us for a

quarter of a century. Ministers are attacking him; ministerial associations are calling him to account; newspapers are saying he is an infidel. And, if Dr. Abbott were a weaker, smaller man, he might not hold his position for a month.

So long, then, as a childish, utterly absurd pagan story is seriously regarded as part of the divine and infallible revelation of God, and the ministers, whether they believe it or not, dare not say they do not believe it, it seems to me that the time has not passed for speaking on the subject.

I wish now to ask your attention for a little while to the vital relation existing between the doctrine of the fall of man and the creeds.

Let me say again, for emphasis and clearness, that there is, so far as I know, so far as I can imagine, not a single doctrine in the great creeds of Christendom that would be there at all, if the fall of man being given up, the creed-makers were logical, and followed that step to its necessary logical conclusion.

Take, for example, the doctrine of the total depravity of the race; that is, that man is in the condition that the churches say he is, so that he needs what they have to offer. Of course, that is supposed to be the result of the fall.

Take again the supposed necessity of having an absolutely infallible book of revelation. If man is in a condition the nature of which he cannot possibly discover by his own reason and experience, and if on account of that condition he needs to do something which he is not wise enough to find out, why, then, perhaps he does need an infallible book of revelation to tell him these things.

Then it has been the story of theologians for thousands of years that not only was the moral nature of man depraved by the fall, but his intellectual nature broken and disabled, so that he was incompetent to find out truth. Of course, if the fall of man is given up, that doctrine goes, too. And the competency of man, so far as his brain is concerned, to

find out what kind of a world he lives in and what kind of a being he is, is conceded.

Then, again, why the necessity for that terrible, stupendous tragedy, the death of God himself at the hands of his enraged and blinded creatures? The blood atonement supposed thus to be wrought out, they tell us, is needed because man is a fallen, ruined, sinful creature. If the fall is given up, then no need of such a terrific imagining as that.

The old doctrine of conversion, that man must be miraculously changed, his old heart taken away and another one put in its place, that also naturally goes, if man is not a hater of God, but only a weak and blinded seeker after the right way. So, too, the old doctrine of salvation in the other world is no longer needed, if the fall be not an historic fact.

The point I wish to emphasize is, then, friends, that, if the fall be given up, these things go with it. The old earth and the old heaven have passed away.

O friends, having been born as I was in that old universe, having struggled and wept and prayed through a boyhood overshadowed by the smoke of the pit as it ascended and blotted out the stars, it seems to me that, in coming out into this new universe, as though I had escaped from the underground caverns in which the barbaric ancestors of the race began, and had come out breathless, panting, but so glad and so thankful, into God's sunlight, where his winds of reviving blow upon my cheeks, and where I can look into the clear, serene heaven without seeing the scowling face of hate looking down upon a hopeless world.

Can you dream what it means to me to have found God's real world, to have found, in the place of the old conception of the Divine, my Father and the Father of my elder brother, Jesus of Nazareth, who teaches and helps me to love him? Can you imagine what it means?

All this, then, if the fall of man be not true, fades like a hideous dream of the night when the sun is up. We are not in that kind of world. We have not fallen. God does not hate us. God did not need to die and himself suffer torments in hell before he could forgive us for our mistakes and errors. Jesus teaches another doctrine than that in that marvellous parable of the prodigal son. All the son there needed was simply to come to the father, and tell him he was wrong; and the arms of the father were about him, and the tears of gladness falling on his neck.

That is the God of Jesus. That is the salvation of Jesus, which has been displaced and hidden away by the barbaric conceptions of the pagan world, that had no place in the thought of the loving, gentle, great prophet of Nazareth.

The world does not need to be saved in the technical, theological sense of the word; for it has never been lost. We do not need an atonement to make it possible for God to clasp in his arms his own children. We do not need any arrogant, conceited priesthood standing door-keeper between us and the welcome of our Father, which is extended to the poorest and meanest of all his children. We do not need this whole elaborate scheme and framework that has been dreamed out and built into cathedrals and churches and institutions and creeds,— built into a power that overshadows the world and tyrannizes the brains and the souls of men. It is an impertinence, it is worse than a crime: it has no justification in the history of the world or in the justice or the loving thought of God.

What does man need? Consider the fact that he started close on the borders of the animal world, and along a pathway of dust and tears and blood has been climbing, striving, slipping, falling, struggling on his feet again, but climbing, ascending, from that far-off beginning until to-day. He has been making mistakes, and trying to rectify them; has been struggling ever to attain some fairer, finer, better thing than he has known. What does he need?

He needs first, friends, intellectual cultivation and training. He needs to see. He needs to understand. He needs to comprehend something at least, of the kind of universe in which he lives and of the kind of creature he is, the relations in which he stands, and ought to stand, to his fellow-men. He needs to be educated,— not educated in the mere sense of having facts given him, but by being evolved, unfolded, let out and up, until he gains mastery of himself and his surroundings. He needs to be morally educated, taught the distinctions between right and wrong; and taught that right, how many times ever it may be crucified, is always success, and that wrong, however much enthroned, is always failure. He needs to be taught that this universe is a moral universe to its core. He needs to be taught that righteousness is life and peace and joy, that all good is along that line. He needs to have the worshipful, the aspirational side of his nature developed. He needs to be taught to look up, to look up with reverence, to look up with admiration; to be filled with the sense of the fineness and the beauty of those things not yet attained, so that he shall naturally and necessarily struggle after their attainment.

You know perfectly well that men gradually become wrought over into the likeness of the things they admire.

Man, then, needs to be cultivated as a worshipper; and then he needs to be trained in his spiritual nature, to have that wrought upon, developed, until there dawns upon his upward-looking vision a sense of kinship with Him who is our Father, our Mother in heaven and on earth. He needs to know that now are we all, whether we realize it or not, children of God, and that, as we look forward to some destiny so magnificent, so much beyond anything we can at present dream, it doth not yet appear, is not yet apparent, what we shall be. He needs to be thrilled with that divine longing out of which comes all the advance of the world.

This is what religion from the modern point of view pro-

poses to do for the race; and that means creating the kingdom of God here on earth, until among men the will of God shall be done as it is in the starry heavens over our heads.

Our Father, we rejoice that we can say Our Father; that we have been permitted to see this day, the day that prophets dreamed of, that wise ones foresaw, that poets have sung,— the day when the old, outgrown, evil conceptions of God and of man should be sliding down the horizon behind us and disappearing from view. We rejoice that the morning dawns, and that this light greets our gladdened eyes. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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REVELATION NATURAL AND PROGRESSIVE.

My subject this morning is "Revelation Natural and Progressive." I wish to read four or five brief passages of Scripture as bearing upon different phases of my theme.

First from the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, the hundred and fifth verse, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Then from the nineteenth Psalm the first four verses: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth the work of his hand. Day uttereth speech unto day, and night showeth knowledge unto night. There is no speech nor language, their voice cannot be heard; but their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." And then from the book of Job, the twelfth chapter, the seventh and eighth verses: "But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." From the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the fourth verse, "But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And then one more, from the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the thirty-fifth verse, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him."

The contest which, among the critics, the theologians, the preachers, the newspaper writers, and the people on

the streets, is at present raging around the Bible, is not — as I understand it, at any rate — at all the question as to whether God has revealed himself to his children; it is only a question as to how he has done it. Is revelation supernatural, partial, confined to only a part of the people of the world and a limited portion of its time and history? and is it finished once for all and written in a book? Is revelation natural, universal, reaching all God's children, progressive, never finished, but having some new word to speak to us with every new epoch, with every new day?

The question, then, I beseech you to notice, is right in here. The critics, those who do not accept the view of revelation which is crystallized into the old creeds, are hastily, ignorantly, maliciously, called destructives. It is said they are enemies of God, and willing to take away his truth and hope from the world.

I beg you, therefore, to notice just the nature of this contest. Not, as I have said, a question as to whether God has revealed himself, but as to how, and as to whether that revelation is worthy of God and full of hope and comfort, not for some little chosen body of the elect, but for all God's children.

There is more than one way of revealing God. Placing a new fact or a new book before us in which is contained something that the world never thought of before is one way; but God is equally revealed to us afresh when we gain some new insight, when through experience we have discovered something unknown before, but which has always been a part of God's truth. By means of the telescope, one of man's most magnificent discoveries, new suns are revealed and new worlds laid bare to the thought and imagination of man. By means of the microscope the infinitely little — as marvellous to those who think as the infinitely great — is also revealed. If the eyes gain new insight and are able to interpret afresh any of the old truths, then God reveals himself anew to his children.

It is a question, then, not of taking away hope from men, it is a question of giving hope to men: it is a question dealing, I believe, with the very thought of our Father,— a question as to whether we can cherish a conception of him that we can love and reverence and adore.

Do not, then, be led astray by any one who tells you that he who dares to open his eyes and see the new light with which God is flooding the modern world is an enemy of man. Do not let any one persuade you that he is anything else than the only consistent friend of man, and the only one ready to do real honor to our Father in heaven.

With so much of preliminary, let us then reverently, but fearlessly and earnestly, confront our theme.

I wish to begin with that part of my text which I first read to you. The old psalm-writer — we do not know who he was, and we do not know just the year in the history of the world in which he lived — says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

It has been assumed, I was taught as a boy to believe, it is taken for granted in nearly all the pulpits of Christendom, that, when the Psalmist wrote these words, he was referring to the Bible, and that the Bible, and only the Bible, is that word of God which is a light to the feet and a lamp to the path. But consider, friends, for one moment. When this psalm was written, there was not one single word of the New Testament in existence, and only a part of the Old. And that part of the Old Testament which had been written was not gathered into a book: it was not spoken of as one book. Each separate book that up to this time had been composed and had come to be regarded as sacred was made into a separate roll and had its own place in the synagogue. That part of the Old Testament that was in existence then at this time was simply a little library, not one book at all. So that any one referring to it would never speak of it as a book. And it was not in any exclusive sense called the word of God.

So, of course, the Psalmist, when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet," meant more than the truth which is contained in any book. He did not have in mind a book at all. Any word of God, no matter how uttered, no matter by what method spoken, no matter by what ear heard,— whether it come from the stars over our heads or spoken to us by the unfolding beauty of a flower,— all, whether it be the utterance of some heroic deed in the character of one of our fellow-men, whatever is an utterance of the divine truth, is a part of the word of God.

Then let us remember that, even if we should call this Bible the word of God, which in any exclusive sense we have no warrant for doing; if we should believe that at the beginning God did inspire certain men to write just these particular books, and to give them to the world without error or flaw of any kind; if that was the nature of the book in the first place,— we have no such infallible, no such inspired copy to-day. For, remember, the oldest manuscript of any part of the New Testament, for example, which exists anywhere in the world at the present time, does not take us much nearer to Jesus than we are to-day to Chaucer.

In other words, the oldest manuscript we have takes us back to the fourth century only. What lies back of that copy? We have no assurance that the copyists were infallible or inspired; and we know to-day that there is hardly one man in ten thousand who can copy six pages of manuscript and do it with precise accuracy. We know, for example, that the manuscripts which we have of the New Testament contain thousands of various readings. These differences extend in some cases to half a chapter; in others, to three or four separate verses; in thousands of places, to phrases or words.

Suppose, then, we could know that in the first place the Bible was infallible and inspired, we know now that we have no such book. I grant you we can be about as cer-

tain of the accuracy of the wording of the New Testament as we can of the works of Cicero or Xenophon. But, mark you, that is not enough in the face of the claim that is made on behalf of this book. The destiny of our immortal souls does not hang on the accuracy of a phrase in Cicero or Xenophon. If it did, or were supposed to, then you would find the critics as exercised and anxious over these as they are over the New Testament manuscripts themselves.

Think of it, friends! Does any one, can any one, believe that the all-loving Father in heaven makes the matter of eternal salvation of the soul hang on the accuracy of a text which is four hundred years away from the speaker's time, in an age when there was no such thing as short-hand writing heard of, no reporting, no printing; and when we know that theological bias and passion and prejudice have handled and played with these manuscripts; and when we know that the ignorance and carelessness of copyists have filled them with errors of a hundred different kinds?

I wish now, friends,— I say I wish: I do not wish, but I am under compulsion,— to consider a little the nature of this wonderful book.

I beg you to notice, and do not go astray here any of you, that I am not going to say one word against the Bible. Note, if you please, the Bible does not claim anywhere to be inspired. Some of the writers, the speakers, claim that they are proclaiming God's truth in some particular message; but they did it naturally, earnestly, as I claim this morning that I am delivering to you God's truth, that I am speaking to you some of God's words.

You will perhaps,— or, if you do not, some critic of what I am saying will,— ask me if I have overlooked a passage in the Second Epistle of Timothy, which in the old version of the New Testament reads, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God." I have not overlooked it. In the first place, if you will read it in the Revised Version, read

it as every scholar knows it ought to be read and has known it for years, you will find it runs in this way: "Every scripture which is given by inspiration of God is profitable." It does not say what scripture; and, as I said before, the New Testament was not gathered into a book at the time when this Epistle to Timothy was written. There was no book, New Testament or Old, which the writer had in mind when he used the word "scripture."

Perhaps some other critic will remind me that the writer of the last book in the New Testament issues a malediction, a curse, upon any one who has the temerity to add anything to or take anything away from this book. Remember, however, he is referring only to the book which he is writing,—not to the New Testament, not to the Old Bible, which I need to say to you over and over again was not then in existence, in the sense in which we speak of it to-day. And this book, the writer of which dares to curse his fellows who have the presumption to question anything which is said, is the one book which for hundreds of years was regarded as not fit to be in the Canon by the fathers themselves; and it is the book which Luther and which Calvin as late as the sixteenth century declared had no business to be there at all.

This simply means that that saying does not apply to the Bible as we have it to-day; and, if it did, instead of being frightened at the malediction, I should question the Christian character and courtesy of him who uttered it.

The Bible, then, does not claim to be infallible, does not claim to be exceptionally inspired. No claims are made for it except such as are made for the scriptures of other people. The Chinese, the Hindus, the Brahmins, the Buddhists, the Mohammedans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and Romans,—almost all of the ancient nations of the world,—the Norse people, have had their infallible Scriptures. And let me tell you, friends, they have precisely the same and as much reason for regarding their Scriptures as infallibly inspired as we have for so looking upon ours.

What reason is that? Nothing save the reverence which has gathered about that which is old,— nothing!

Now will you be patient with me while I consider for a little some of the characteristics of this Book? And do not think I am finding fault with it. I love it so much, friends, that it is a pain to me sometimes even to tell the truth about it, lest I be misunderstood. And pardon me for saying, as you may misjudge my attitude towards it, I never loved it as I love it to-day. When I was trained to believe that every single word in it was absolutely infallible, when I dared not use my reason about it, dared not ask any questions, bowed myself in its presence; even then I did not love it as I love it to-day. Grand, inspiring, magnificent, one of the most wonderful books of the world! Some of us are compelled into an attitude that is misunderstood as antagonistic merely because we are anxious that the world should know the truth, and should read freely and fearlessly that larger book of God which includes the truth of the Bible, but which runs over it on every side, and which has always been being written, and is being written to-day, and will be being written forevermore.

What have we here then, friends? Take the Bible in your hand, and look at it. Why is it bound in one volume? For no reason in the world except a bookmaker's reason and the reason of public convenience. It is not one book: it is sixty-six little books or pamphlets; and they were written during a period covering something like a thousand years.

And who wrote them? Concerning three-fourths — I speak roughly, without having counted — of these books, we have to notice that they are purely anonymous. No one in the world is wise enough to know who wrote them.

Concerning the most of them, no one knows with any particular accuracy when they were written.

Concerning the most of them, nobody knows where they were written.

Now, friends, let me give you an illustration.

Suppose a book should be made up of the choicest culling of English literature. Begin with "Piers Ploughman"; include in it the old English ideas as to the origin of the world; include in it scraps of lore, bits of verse, fragments of the sayings of the sages; let there be history, let there be poetry, let there be all kinds of literary productions in it; and let it extend from "Piers Ploughman," down to Kipling. And then bind these all in one book; and you would have a book made up very like the Old Testament, very like the New,—a large number of little pamphlets bound in one, covering a long period of time, representing different ideas.

Read with your eyes open, friends; and you will see that the Hebrews started as polytheistic, man-sacrificing beings, where all barbaric people started, with the crudest ideas of the world and of God and of man. And they grew and developed as other people have grown and developed; and their morals and their religion climbed as their civilization climbed, until from these ignorant barbarians you have the magnificent — still barbaric, however — kingdom of Solomon. You have the utterances of the second Isaiah, some of the grandest utterances of the world; you have the magnificent mountain summit of the Nazarene; you have all the spiritual teachings of the New Testament. But perfectly natural, human growth that can be traced along every step, from the beginning to the last point that it has reached.

This is what we have when we face this wonderful old book. And is it unnatural, is it strange, that we should find in it the traces of its origin, the finger-marks of the people who composed it and for whom it was composed? Ought we to expect to find it infallible? Ought we to expect to find it historically or scientifically accurate? Ought we to be surprised that one writer contradicts the teaching of another? For only the most violent and blinded partisanship of the men who hold briefs for particular cases which they are

bound to defend can question for an instant that there are different theories of morals, different theories of history, different theories of science, different theories of ethics and religion in the Book.

The Book of Ecclesiastes, for instance, was written by an atheist and an infidel,— an infidel, at any rate, if not an atheist, who teaches in the most forcible way that there is no future life, and that the best we can do is to get all we can out of this one and not worry about anything else. This is not precisely in accord with the New Testament! Precisely similar things hold good in every department of the Bible's teaching.

Now I wish you to note one or two points a little further.

In the first place the Bible is full of historical inaccuracy. I cannot go into details this morning or point them out and explain them: it is not meet. Nobody doubts it except those who are blindly determined to uphold a particular theory concerning the Book. You need only to read it with a little care to find it out. And it is just what we should expect. Not only that, but take it in the domain of natural knowledge. There is no scientific knowledge of this universe displayed by any of the Bible writers. Why should there be? There was no such knowledge then in the world. The order of creation as outlined in the first chapters of Genesis has been proved over and over and over again not to be the order in which the world was created and not the story which science tells to-day.

And, friends, do remember that when you are reading the record that God himself has left on the earth, that he has made, you are reading God's word. When you are reading what some very ignorant people two or three thousand years ago thought of it, anonymous people, too, people concerning whose opportunities for knowledge we know nothing whatever, are you going to place those opinions in competition with that which God is saying to us right here to-day in language absolutely unmistakable?

The old Hebrews had no better ideas about God, not much better ideas about the heavens and the earth, the stars and the moons, than any other people of their time. They teach us distinctly and definitely that the earth is a flat surface fixed in the midst of surrounding waters, that the sky is a dome overhead as real and as solid as the metallic cover of a dining platter. There is not a point where they commit themselves to any opinion about the heavens or the earth, not one where they are not wrong.

Then let us note the ethical teachings of the Old Testament. I shrink from speaking here; but I must. My task demands it of me. The Old Testament upholds polygamy; it defends human slavery; it teaches the doctrine of retaliation; it teaches and indorses moral ideas which I shrink from speaking of here. It calls David a man after God's own heart. And this David all his life long was a man of treachery and blood; and the very last word he spoke was to command his son and successor to see to it that one of his old generals did not die a natural death, but went down with bloody hairs to the grave.

Is that the ethics of Jesus, of him who said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?" Can you get the two ethical ideas into any sort of vital relationship to each other?

Do you know that there is a place in the Old Testament where God directly commands the indiscriminate slaughter of all the men, all the married women, and all the children of a particular city, and directs that the young women shall be distributed among the brutal soldiers? Is that the ethics of him who stooped down and wrote on the ground, while the woman who was a sinner was brought into his presence, and at whose rebuke those who had accused her silently slunk away and said no more?

Friends, the ethics of many parts of the Old Testament are simply barbarian ethics, such as you would expect to find among barbarians, but not the ethics of the civilized world to-day. I have not time to go into any longer detail.

Then the religion of the Old Testament, the first part of the Old Testament, the conception of God, God's nature, God's character, is it the same, friends, as the religion of the New Testament or the highest and grandest religion of the world to-day? God comes down in human body, as they tell such tales of Jupiter, walks around in the garden: he comes to Abraham, sits down and eats with him; and yet the Bible tells us "no man hath seen God at any time." Note the naïve, beautiful, child-world fairy story, but grotesque for an infallible book, of that scripture which tells of God hearing one day in heaven a rumor that men were really building a tower in the plain of Shinar which was to reach up to his sky; and he says, Let us go down, and see if it is so.

Is that the God who knows the secrets of every heart? Can we believe that this is our God who is represented as being pleased when he smelled the smoke of burning flesh, the sacrifice of Noah after the flood? Can we believe that he is the God of Jesus, a Spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth?

Why, friends, it is so plain that an intelligent scholar is almost ashamed to argue about it,— that the Bible outlines the pilgrimage of man from his lowest barbaric condition clear on and up to Jesus, a course that it took thousands of years to travel. And the Bible is marked with the characteristics of every step of the way. Why should it not be?

And note, friends, that the Bible never says one word to contradict anything which I am saying. It rather proclaims it on every page.

What is it that I am antagonizing? What is it that I am criticising? It is the utterly baseless claims of the most fallible, prejudiced, ignorant kind of men,— that is all. I cannot accept a theory which certain people used to hold concerning the Book; but I accept the Book with all my heart, and love it, and thank God for it every day I live.

Do not dare, then, any of you, to misunderstand me! Do not dare to misrepresent me, and say that I am criticising

or opposing the Bible! I am only criticising and opposing men's claims concerning the Bible which have no foundation in history, no foundation in reason, are simply baseless traditions,— nothing else and nothing more.

Another thing let me say. Some day, friends, I am going to preach you a positive sermon about the Bible, why I love it, and what it means and what it is. I cannot preach two sermons this morning; and so I must pass that by.

I wish now to ask your careful, reverent consideration of two points vital to this whole discussion.

The Bible, the oldest book in it, takes us back only to about eight hundred years before Christ. Up to that time there were traditions and fragments, parts of books perhaps, which reached back possibly five hundred years earlier. But now note, according to the teaching of all the great popular churches, the people who have lived on this earth, and have never had any revelation from God, have been pouring a ceaseless, hissing stream of souls into the pit of eternal torture.

Can you believe, do you dare, looking God in the face, to believe that he created his children and made them live here, wandering over this little planet of ours for two or three hundred thousand years, and the minute they died sent them to eternal torture, and had never sent to them one single word of guidance or warning? Dare you believe it? And they will say in the next breath that God is good and a Father!

That is what I was taught as a child, is what is taught in every one of the great authoritative creeds of Christendom to-day; and I challenge the clergy of the United States, if they do not believe these things, to be men, and stand up and demand that they be taken out of the creeds.

Not only that, but according to the common theory, God gave his word only to Abraham and his descendants, a little people inhabiting a country on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, the whole of which is not larger than the

State of Massachusetts. Until about two thousand years ago God had never sent any word of revelation except to that little narrow strip on the Mediterranean shore. And though he is almighty and all-wise and all-good, and has been presumably trying for the last two thousand years to get this revelation known to the rest of the world, there is not more than a third part of the population of the earth that have ever heard of it.

Can you believe that? Can you believe it, and then say "Our Father who art in heaven"?

O friends, let us turn now at the end, and note what a conception of the word of God, of the revelation of his truth, so much more magnificent, so much more honorable to God, so much more hopeful to man than this,— as much so as the dawn of the morning is beyond the light of flitting fireflies in a field at night,— we hold. God the Father of all his children from the very earliest time, away back and down for hundreds of thousands of years when the first barbaric man, half-animal, half-human, climbed upon his feet, and looked up with a dawning wonder in his eyes at the stars, and said, "Who made all these?"

From that time do you not think that God, who made him, was with him, holding him by the hand and leading him? If we have a child sick, crippled, incompetent, mentally inferior, do we not spend the larger part of our care upon him, and leave the others to look after themselves?

Do we not believe that God is somewhere near a thousandth part as good as we are? Do you believe that God had left his children wandering, stumbling, without any light, radiating his truth on one little tiny people, radiating darkness everywhere else from the beginning of the world until now?

I believe, friends, that man has been spelling out some little letter or word or message of the divine revelation, making out some word of God from the very beginning of the world until to-day, and that each one in any nation any-

where has been able to read enough to help him take the next step in that eternal search of the human soul for the Father soul which is the essence of all true religion.

The universe is only the living expression of God's life, God's thought, God's power. Whether we know it or not, we face him, whichever way we turn. It is God's word that we are studying, God's revelation we are reading, when we find out about these wonderful bodies of ours, and learn some, at least, of the secrets of health. It needed no divine revelation to teach man the difference between food and poison. He could find out by trying; and he did. It is experience that has taught us in this direction; and we have read only a small part of this marvellous book of the human body as yet, made so cunningly. And, as we read each new word, it is a new word of God.

We are following his footsteps: we are learning the lessons of how to live. For, note, the only thing we need in this world is to know how to live, how to come into right relations with God.

So you take it in the industrial world. Read that marvellous history of man's discoveries, of man's inventions, and note that every step man has taken there has been simply reading some new word of God. We talk about this "nature" as though it had no God in it and as though we did our great things ourselves.

Note what a ship-master does when he wants to sail across the Atlantic. How much can he do without God? He goes into the woods with metal which he has discovered, which God made, all the conditions and powers and forces of which are divine, and cuts down trees which he brings into his ship-yard. He raises the hull, builds it upon ways that slope down into the sea. When it is finished, he asks God's power of gravity to push it out into the ocean for him. There God's waters take it in their arms. They hold it up. He lifts the masts, spreads his sails upon them; and then he puts himself into right relation with God's eternal

forces, and God's winds blow the ship across the sea. Or God's steam down in the hold, used so as to work upon a cunning machine which he has invented by observing the system of God's law in that respect, pushes his ship over the sea.

Whatever way we turn, we are dealing first hand with God: we are, as Kepler said, reading over his thoughts after him. And every advance step is only through reading a little more of this eternal, universal, progressive revelation of the Divine.

And, when you come into the moral sphere, did man need any supernatural, unnatural revelation to teach him the Ten Commandments, to teach him the law of ethics? Do you know, if I had time this morning, I could trace you the very beginning and birth of morals down into the love of man and woman, into the birth of the child, into the beginning of human society.

Men learned, easily enough, that, if they were to live together in society at all, murder must be prohibited; if they were to own anything, theft must not be allowed. So you may trace every similar conception of the world as plainly, as naturally, necessarily, sprung out of human experience, born of these social relations of ours, none the less God's truth,— more God's truth, assuredly, because truth is more than speculation written in a book.

Concerning the birth of moral ideas, you travel all over this world, you go one mile above the sea anywhere or at any particular level, and you do not find precisely the same growths of tree and shrub and flower. But you do find similar growths. So you come to any definite level of the advance of human society. You do not find the same moral ideas; but you find similar moral ideas. There is hardly an ethical idea in the New Testament that is original with the New Testament. The Sermon on the Mount was hundreds of years older than Jesus. Before Jesus was born, Hillel had said all the law is summed up in these two com-

mandments: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.

All these ethical ideas sprung up out of human experience as the result of the growth of human society. And so men's ideas about God in every nation began in barbarism, men making God in their own image; and they are not through with that process yet. Higher, finer, nobler conceptions of God, as men have grown higher and finer with nobler ability to think and feel!

And so, friends, I present you, in contrast with this limited, this partial, this supernatural conception of revelation, this other one,— natural, universal, unlimited, embracing every child of the Father; and progressive, advancing step by step with the eternal progress of man.

What has been the result of these fallible human conceptions that have been held about the Bible? These theories have kindled martyr fires: they have riveted chains upon the wrists of men and upon brain and heart. These theories have given birth to bigotry, to hatred, to animosities, to self-conceit, to self-righteousness.

The other makes us able to say, indeed, the one God, Father of all his children. It makes us humble, it makes us glad, it makes us hopeful. It thrills us, it lifts us up and leads us on.

And so, friends, I bid you, sucking as the bee does from the flower all the honey, the sweetness, the truth, the beauty, there is in this wonderful old book, not neglecting it, not leaving it one side, to remember that there are other flowers, and that God's world, and, yes, God's universe, is his garden, and that sweetness and truth and light may be found everywhere.

Do not look back to find your God. Look up to find him. Look on for him. I thank him for every word he spoke a thousand years, two thousand, ten thousand years ago. I thank him for the word he spoke to me this morning out of the gray sky. I thank him for the brighter word which

he speaks out of the sunlight. And I look with wide-open eyes, expecting to see some new word of his revelation: I listen to catch the latest whisper that comes down out of his loving heart, out of his brooding sky; and so I wait and watch and reverence and love him to-day and evermore.

Father, we do thank Thee that Thou art not tired of our folly, our weakness; that Thou art not done delivering Thy messages to us, but that Thou art patient as mothers are patient with wayward children; that Thou dost give us the same lesson over and over again; that Thou art ready to help us, to lead us by the hand now and to-morrow and always. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ...	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

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THE FOUR EVANGELISTS

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

"The gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."— MARK i. 1.

THERE are four books within our Bible you may easily read in a forenoon's leisure which, for good reason, find no match in their hold on the heart of the finest manhood now on the earth.

These books are the Gospels written by four men who would fain tell the story of the dear friend's life who had won their whole heart's love and reverence,— what manner of man he was, what was done by him and unto him in his lifetime, this and the truth he taught in the years of his public ministry from the time when he left his father's work-shop and his own to the day of his death, what befell some of his lovers and friends through some brief space of time after his death; and then what we may call the fourfold Gospel closes.

And, touching these Gospels, Thomas Carlyle says: "If thou wouldst see the divinest symbol of the God-like, look on Jesus of Nazareth, his life and his biography; for higher than this human thought has not reached." And "I would rather have one glimpse of the face of Christ than see all the Raphaels in the world." While I have heard or read that in the last months of his life his heart turned to the Gospels as to no other book, so that the latest blended with the earliest time, and the great thinker's study with the kirk and the fireside of the days that were no more.

There are gleams of light also in the preface to the Third Gospel by which I love to think we are made aware of the spirit which moved and held these men in its sweet, strong

spell. It is for his friend's sake, this evangelist says, that he has been moved to write his gospel,— his friend Theophilus, whose name may be translated "a friend of God." Others, he says, have told the story, still it is not all told, and so he will see what can be done to make good once for all what has been left undone, having traced all things from the very first; and this, as I love to believe, is the spirit which animates them all. Again there is another gleam at the close of the Fourth Gospel and the last to be written by many years,— a gleam which flashes forth the inference that, when this was done and sealed, the mine of memories was not exhausted; for the scribe is lifted into the regions of imagination now, and says, "There were also many other things Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written,"— a figure, as I take it, which has nothing to do with the width of the world, but only with the untold wealth of memories and traditions current then among the faithful.

And, in reading these four Gospels, which are still one in the sincere and heart-whole purpose of the men who stand within them to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as this lies in their power, you are soon aware of this: that these good men, and true, have by no means given us books we might liken to your Waltham or Elgin watches turned out by the machines, but that each man has hidden something of his own genius and — shall I say? — his own heart's turn in the Gospel which answers to his autograph, so that the whole result reminds one of those diverse lives of John Sterling, written many years ago by that good sound Churchman, Archdeacon Hare, and by our Thomas Carlyle,— true Thomas.

They were both sincere men, and true to their light and leading, and were alike perfectly at home touching the story they would try to tell. But the rugged Scotchman felt, when the archdeacon's biography was published, that he

must also take the story in hand, because there were still truths to tell of a great moment he did not find in the volume from the good divine; and so he gave us another life, informed by his rare genius and insight of the man. So we are glad to have them both, but especially the last, as my own liking runs.

So it has been with these diverse lives of our good President Lincoln,— all true, as I take it, and all fair, when you reckon with the man who stands within each book, which is of a native and primal worth; and, again, we may be glad for them all, if we have the time to read them.

So this is the truth we touch first of all in these diverse Gospels, as it seems to me. Each sincere and true man stands within his own book, and must not be taken or *mis*-taken for another; while each man will tell me out of his reverent and loving heart the things he most surely believed to be gospel true, subject still to his own genius and his limitations. Every man must have his own way in telling the great divine story, his own instinct, intuition, or inspiration — call this what you will — touching the words which were said and the things which were done through those great and most pregnant years; while there is no hint anywhere in these Gospels that they wrote as some do in our time, who do not know what is written until they come out of the trance. They are all there, as we say,— all men, and not machines.

I. Shall we glance at them, then, in the order we find in the book? Here, first of all, is the man Matthew; shall we ask how he came to write the Gospel which bears his name and the impress of his own inspiration? He will answer: "I could not do otherwise. It was laid upon me for love's sake and I could not refuse. I was an old man when I felt the time had come to write down what had lain so many years in my heart and memory, and so it must be now or never."

Again, when we know who the man was and what he was

doing when Jesus said to him, "Follow me," I think we possess the master key to his Gospel. He was a publican, a low-down man and an outcast, who must herd with his kind, for self-respecting folk, though ever so poor, would not be seen in his company or harbor him in their homes; for he belonged to one of the three classes with whom your promise need not be kept,— murderers, thieves, and publicans,— and no money known to be given by a publican could be received in the temple treasury,— a thing which seems almost past belief with the modern usage in some of our churches. He would be the servant of a syndicate in great Rome, that farmed the taxes as they did in France so long after, and ground the poor into the dust. So he knew their story by heart. He was one of them, and spoke their dialect, that in which his Gospel was written, the books say, and as it seems for good reasons.

He was the man, therefore, who knew how hard and bitter was the poor man's lot, borne down with anxiety and carking care; and so you do not wonder that what he wrote should have been a gospel to the poor, and especially the poor of the house of Israel he has always in his mind.

He must tell the story of the dear Master's love for them and what he said which would help these poor to bear their sad and bitter fortune. So you do not wonder again that he alone should gather into one grand wholeness, at the very outset of his tender purpose, the Sermon on the Mount, jewelled with the beatitudes,— the poor man's sermon, and good for all time. And he alone remembers that story of the treasure hid in a field, to bid such men look up as they toil and slave at their day's darg; and that of the wheat and the tares, with its suggestion of patience while we wait for the time when the wheat will ripen and the tares be burned; and that of the laborers waiting to be hired, where the poor man stands in the market-place through the weary hours, looking wistfully in the faces of those that come and go, but with no answer, and then, when hope is dying, he is bidden forth to the vineyard, and wins his penny.

These are among the things our good Matthew will and must remember as he bends over his task you do not find in the other Gospels. And with these the rebukes poured from the Christ's indignant heart-fire, hot as lava, over those who were counted among the "unco guid and most rigidly righteous," but wore the mask of piety to rob the poor of their pittance, who shrank from natural duties under a pretence of holy vows, were saints in the church and cheated in the market, gave short measure and made up the shortage by long prayers,—whited sepulchres he branded them, full of dead men's bones,—wearing words from Holy Writ on sleeve and vesture which did not begin to go skin-deep in the conduct of their lives; and with much more I cannot stop to name,—that splendid sarcasm, which must have cut like steel, about straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel.

He knew his poor like a book. He had summered and wintered with them aforetime, no doubt, as peasant or fisherman. He knew what was in them, and how hard life was on them, and it may be in the times of the tax-gathering had been compelled by the syndicate to make it harder; for Cicero reports such devil's work. But here he was, as I think of him, an old man now, with a heart full of pity like that of the dear friend; and so, in writing his Gospel, he must write to this noble and beautiful purpose, while here lay the line of his work and its limitation when the publican slip, grafted on the stock of Christ, had come to its flowering and its fruitage. So they tell us the book was written in the vulgar tongue, and, it may be long after he had done his good day's work, was turned into the strong and musical Greek; but good scholars say that the fruit still holds some tang of the old rude speech, some intimation of the strength and verve of the peasant and fisher folk, like that which would remain, I suppose, if you should translate old Bunyan into the French or the Italian.

II. But, when you turn to the man who stands sponsor for the Second Gospel, Mark, whose name means the brill-

iant, you find quite another personality. Here is a man whose work has been well compared to a picture by one of the great old masters in the Netherlands,— so sharp in its outline it is; so full, without crowding; and so lucid and clear,— a picture in which a single line will bring forth some new light or shadow; and the briefest, by far, of the four, so graphic in these touches that you are reminded of Tennyson or Carlyle now and then.

So Mark alone tells you of the green grass on which the crowd sat down who have come after the loaves and the fishes. And, when they went after the colt on which the Master would ride to his doom, they found the beast tied to a door at a place where two ways meet. The young ruler again does not stroll round, as we should say, to ask his great question. He comes running, and kneels down. And in the great storm, he says: "Jesus lay asleep in the stern on a pillow. And, when they brought young children to him, he took them in his arms, and put his hand upon them, and blessed them." Again he sets the picture before you, strong and clear, of the hapless demoniac, saying: "No man could bind him; no, not with chains and fetters. Nor could any man tame him; but always, night and day, he was in the mountains, crying and cutting himself with flints."

There was the poor woman also who was cured of her infirmity. Mark paints a picture where the others tell a story. He will tell you again how Jesus stayed at a certain place, coming there at sunset and leaving at gray dawn. So you see him for a moment in the golden light of eventide, weary, and then in the morning haze going forth on his holy errand, rested and refreshed. He does not seem to care much for the parables, only preserving four in the thirty, all told; but he sends down one,— the others miss that,— of the seed growing secretly, so full of a divine truth touching our life, while he alone also has saved for us that magnificent aphorism,—"The Sabbath was made for man, and not

man for the Sabbath." This is Mark, the brilliant; and the traditions of the early time make him the penman of Peter in this Gospel, but the man's own genius and inspiration pervades the book. I said it has been compared to some picture by the great masters, but there are also things that are like a fine-cut gem flashing strong and clear in the sun.

III. Once more, when you ask why Luke, the luminous, should feel bound to write the Third Gospel, I think we find the answer in the book again. He could not be content as we have heard with what had been done already, because it is clear, as you read, so much had been left undone of the most vital moment that he must bend that grand head you see in the early frescos over the treasure-trove he had collected from those who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word, and so write his Gospel for the dear friend's sake and for the world. Nor is it hard to find the heart of the man as we found that of our good Matthew, and to see and say, This is the Gospel of human sympathy, and, therefore, divine; sympathy for the infidels, as we should call them, if we were given to calling names, —the infidels and outcasts, the hapless and hopeless, the heretics, the come-outers, and the lost in our great human family. He must tell the story of the tender concern for these, and most generous, which beat in the heart of the Son of Man: this must be done, or the loss cannot be told. This must be a gospel of the Father's love for his children, for the man or woman you cannot have on any terms within the pale; and, as I think also, of a communism like that we dream of in the good time coming, when the rich shall no longer rot in their wealth or the poor be left to perish in their poverty.

And so he alone will tell us that parable of the publican and of the Pharisee who looked down on the outcast in scorn and contempt, saying, "God, I thank thee I am not as this publican," while the poor creature he scorned could only moan out his poor scant prayer, "God help me," yet

was nearer to the heart of the divine pity in that prayer than the saint by his own reckoning was in his pride. Then I hear him say, as he bends over the treasure-trove: I must not miss the story of that prodigal, the swineherd and worse, who wasted his substance with the harlots, and then crept home, a mere bundle of rags, with only the poor semblance of a man within them; how he would fain be a serf in the home where once he was a son, and begged for that poor boon, but the father would not hear him, for mighty love's sake ran out to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him, no matter about the grime, enrobed him in the best, put the ring of dignity and sonship again on his finger to make all sacred and sure, made a feast for him, and set the whole commune aglow sharing his joy. And that story of the Samaritan, the heretic of the last and worst brand, the man whose soul is like a star and dwells apart because he forgot all about heretic and orthodox when he saw the man of the adverse creed left for dead, where the priest and Levite had also seen him, and gone swiftly on their way through the Via Mala.

You heard the story in our lesson. I think our good Matthew could not have told it; but I can dream I see tears in my Luke's luminous eyes as he tells the story for all time of that man. Brother Matthew gives us the parable of the lost sheep, and says the good shepherd goeth after his sheep, if haply he may find it. But no, *no!* my Luke says, the words were, he goeth after his sheep until he finds it. There was no "haply" which would infer such a mishap. The shepherd is master of the situation, not the sheep. And Luke alone tells the story of the woman who was a sinner, in a pathetic perfection. She is standing behind at his feet, — who had been so gentle with her and so tender,— wetting them with her tears, wiping them with her hair, kissing them for divine love's sake, and anointing them with the balsam from her cruse. While his host says, If this man had been a prophet he would have known what manner of woman this

was who touched him. Here, then, to my own insight, is the master-chord in the Gospel we are glancing at. It is the Gospel for our whole human family. He will join hands, and leave no one of us out. He will hear of no upper ten, and the balance in the thousand left out in the cold. He alone has caught into his Gospel the parable of the great supper, where the Lord of the feast bids his servants scour the highways and hedges for the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and compel them to come in, that his house may be filled. He will not, because he cannot split the holy light of the pity and love of the Father into prisms, as it was revealed by the dear Son. He will do what he may to make it luminous and fair as the clear shining of the sun at noon. They say Paul's great heart must be reckoned with in this Third Gospel; but he is no mere amanuensis as he bends that noble head over his welcome task. He is God's free man and gospeller.

IV. The Fourth Gospel stands in some sense alone. You find no parables here, and I have to wonder whether you can find the overmastering sympathy with our common human life we have touched in our liberal Luke. It is the Gospel which lingers most lovingly over the tender concern of the Christ for those who were nearest to him and dearest as this man thinks,—the words he said to them especially, and for them to the Father, and the things he would do for them, as when he washed their feet,—a passage my dear father in the faith, Dr. Furness, would read to me often in the many years, but seldom when his voice would not break and his eyes be wet with tears. It is the Gospel also in which the broad humanity you find in that of Luke gives place to what we gladly call the divinity of Jesus, as this for us stands distinct always from the dogma of his deity; but on this I have no mind and no time to dwell.

And now may I say that I have longed to find the men who stand within the four Gospels, that we may come to them with a fresh human insight and interest? The good

Matthew, so eager to tell us of the deep concern for the poor who of the house of Israel swarmed about the dear Friend and Master, how he tried by all means to help them by word and deed in their hapless lot, and the words he said to their oppressors that burn to the bone, the wrath of the lamb against those who would grind them into the dust.

And of Mark, who also has his own story to tell, but mainly of what was done in those fruitful years rather than what was said,— the man with that fine instinct for the words which will best set forth his purpose, adorned by touches that make perfect the picture, as I have said, like Carlyle at his best.

And Luke, the man with the great human heart, who has caught so many things into his Gospel that may help us to hope and trust in the eternal love of God for the outcast and doomed, to our poor vision the wrecks that strew the shores of time.

And this John,— no matter who he was or when he wrote,— who would tell the story of the Son of God — shall I say? — rather than the son of man. There was room for them all; and the need was imperious that each man should write a Gospel which would be true to his own soul's insight and inspiration, no more than that and no less,— these four Gospels which hold, so far as books may, the life of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God,— four books so precious that, if it had been possible for one of them to be lost in the maelstrom of time and only some fragment been thrown back to intimate its worth, we should lament the loss as of a treasure beyond all price, and long for the finding as we long in some moments

> "For the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

Eleven hundred and forty-two years ago in the coming May an old man lay dying in his monastery, on the border, in my old mother land. He was her first historian; and it

was laid on him, when his work in this world was almost done, to translate this Fourth Gospel into his mother tongue. So he sat down to the welcome task, and wrought until the time drew near that he should die. And on a day the youth who was his scribe said, "Dear master, only one chapter remains; but you are feeble." But he answered, "That does not trouble me: take thy pen, and write quickly." So the day drew on to evening, and then the youth said, "Dear master, only one sentence remains"; and again the old saint said, "Write quickly." And, when the scribe said, "It is finished," he answered, "Thou sayest truly, it is finished"; and to the brethren, "Raise up my head," for he lay on the floor. Then in a clear voice, at which they all wondered, he sang the "Gloria," and breathed out his soul unto God.

Ten hundred and ninety-seven years were as a tale that is told, and then in the ripe autumn a man sat in his home, looking on the Tweed, as so long before Beda was looking on the Weare. He was quite worn out also with the hard day's work, so noble and good as you know, when on one of the last days he said, "Lockhart, please read to me the fourteenth chapter in the Gospel by Saint John." Way-worn and weary after the long battle, the tears running down his face but the other day because he could hold the pen no more in the home he loved so and with the treasures from all time about him in books, there was only one he wanted,— these Gospels,— and only the chapter about the many mansions; and so he clasped hands with Beda, our good Sir Walter,— across the eleven hundred years, and fell on sleep. He would have only the dear son speak to him now who had said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest,"— the man, human and divine, who had "fronted a sorrow deeper than his own, and had made it holy, and built of it a tabernacle for all the sorrowful." The Gospels had come home to the great old man, wearied as the honest heart was with the world's hopes and ambitions, waiting for the angel of release.

They held Luther in their spell, making him all the braver man, and Erasmus all the wiser man, who could not be so brave. They touched the rude Kentish speech of Latimer as with fire from heaven, so that, when he stood in the royal presence, he was the true king. They cheered Milton in his blindness, and made all sweet and mellow in the last sad years, pouring through his darkened vision a light that was not of the sun. They came with Columbus over the trackless ocean, and their great symbol of the cross was lifted for consecration over this New World. They were in the hands and the hearts of the Pilgrims who came here first to stay, and touch the charter they drew up on the "Mayflower,"— the charter in the germ of the freedom we have won, as in a grain of wheat the gold at the heart is the germ of all the harvests that are yet to be. Quite early in his ministry the dear Son said, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." That was the holy purpose on which he came. All the ages have confirmed the truth he spake that day. And these Gospels, born from the heart of these men and their like, are the treasure we hold in trust from them to make good his presence in the world's great life and in our own.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ... 20 cents.
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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X. Is God Incarnate in One Man Only or in Humanity?

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IS GOD INCARNATE IN ONE MAN ONLY OR IN HUMANITY?

My theme this morning is an attempted answer to the question, "Is God incarnate in one man only or in humanity?"

I take as my text from the first chapter of Genesis the twenty-seventh verse: —

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

I shrink from the treatment of my theme this morning more than I have from that of any other in this entire series. Not because I have any hesitancy in expressing my opinion or because I feel any doubt concerning the magnificent truths involved, but because, considering the state of the public mind, it is so easy to be misunderstood, so easy to be misrepresented, so easy to find some one who thinks that, in attempting to state the real truth, or what I believe to be the real truth, about Jesus, I am criticising him or derogating somewhat from the dignity of his position or the beauty of his character.

I beseech you, therefore, give me impartial and patient hearing, and make up your mind as to what my position is only when I am completely through.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for recalling to your minds the fact that I preached as a minister of Trinitarian churches for eight years. I was trained, lovingly, reverently, worshipfully, in the old thought about Jesus; and yet never, even in those days, did I occupy such a position of loving reverence towards the Nazarene as I occupy now.

I never reverenced him so, I never found him such inspiration, such uplifting, such guidance, such help. He is closer to me a thousand-fold now than he was in the days of old.

So much as to the point of view from which I am to speak this morning.

Now, at the outset, I wish to put clearly before you, if I may, the precise question which we are to discuss. It is not as to whether God incarnates himself in man, but as to whether he did incarnate himself once, and once only, in one man belonging to one race at one period in the history of the world, and as to whether his divine incarnation is limited to that. Or, on the other hand, has he always incarnated himself? Is incarnation a universal, a progressive fact? Did he really make men and women in his own image, so like him that he is always at home in their brains, in their hearts, in their lives? Is humanity God's child, his real divinely begotten child? and is he progressively incarnating himself in the race?

I wish now to ask your attention for a moment to the actual state of thought of the people in whose minds the ordinary old doctrine of the incarnation sprang up, so that you may see the world, if possible, for a moment as they saw it, comprehend the problem as it presented itself to them.

You must forget, then, all modern discoveries; you must forget all the magnificent reach of our knowledge of this great universe; you must picture this earth as a little flat affair, heaven just above the blue dome, God an outlined being sitting there on a throne. You must think of this world as something apart from God, something that he made, as a carpenter builds a house. Put it before you so that nature and natural law and the working of natural forces are something entirely external to God, that he controls the world from a distance, that he can interfere with the working of it if he pleases, and so produce what is called a miracle.

You must think of God as a being apart, quite removed from his world,—what Carlyle used to refer to as an "absentee God." You must think, then, of this gulf between humanity and God, and of the necessity that lay in the minds of the people who first dreamed out this special form of the doctrine of incarnation that somehow the gulf between humanity and God must be bridged. And there was only one way in that kind of universe to bridge it,—by miracle, by creating a being who should be neither man nor God, but partly both, or wholly both, if you choose; an incomprehensible being that should bridge over and so unite these separate lives, God on the one hand, the world of men on the other.

This was the problem that was in the minds of the people when this doctrine of incarnation sprang up.

Now I wish to note for a little while the beliefs of the disciples, the belief of Jesus himself as to his own nature, so far as it is recorded, and then note how naturally, how inevitably, the ordinary doctrine of the incarnation grew. Then I shall ask you to note what seems to me so unspeakably grander than that, a doctrine that does not deny that, mind you,—a doctrine that affirms a thousand-fold more than it denies, that includes all the divinity there was in the Son of Mary, and includes unspeakably more.

Suppose this was entirely a new idea to us, and we were seeking to find what ground there was for holding it. Of course, we should say, There is no ground whatever except what we can find in this book. And of course we must say, to be perfectly fair and honest with ourselves, that, whatever we may find to be the beliefs of the writers of these books, we are not absolutely obliged to agree with them.

Does it seem strange to you, for example, to say this? I am intensely interested, if I may, to find out what Paul thought; but the world is nearly two thousand years older than it was then, and there has been an expanding of knowledge and discovery in every direction so great as to be

almost immeasurable. Is it strange, then, that I should not feel obliged to agree with Paul in his opinions on every subject? I know he was wrong in any number of directions. I know at the same time that he was one of the grandest and most heroic men, and one to whom we owe an unspeakable debt.

But let us see what doctrine is really taught concerning the person, the character, the office, of Jesus.

Who is our first witness? Paul. For you must note — and it will throw a great deal of light on the teaching of the New Testament, if you remember it — that the first writer in the New Testament, the one that stands nearest to Jesus in point of time, is the apostle Paul. His Epistles were written before either of the Gospels came into its present shape.

Now does Paul teach that Jesus is identical with the God who created the universe? Nothing of the sort. So far as any record appears, Paul has never heard anything about the miraculous conception: he nowhere refers to it. It would have given him tremendous power in his preaching if he had known it and believed it, and could have proclaimed it; but he nowhere alludes to it.

But note right here, in passing,— for I shall not have time to go into it at any length,— suppose Paul had believed that Jesus was miraculously born. There are thousands of people who take it for granted that that is the same thing as proving that Jesus is divine. If God is to work a miracle, and a child is to be born without a human father, would that prove that the child is anything more than human?

Suppose he had wrought a similar miracle in the animal realm, a miracle anywhere, so that there should be special and miraculous generation and birth: it would prove nothing as to the nature and character of the creature so born. This simply in passing.

Paul teaches that Jesus was the second Adam, the head of the new order of a spiritual humanity. He teaches, if

you please, that he was supernatural, that he was pre-existent; that he was sent into this world to perform a special mission, to save mankind. But that does not prove at all that he was the equal of the Father.

Suppose he was "the first-born of every creature." Note the word "creature." Suppose he was created before an angel had ever lived. Suppose he had spent what is practically an eternity in close communion with the Father. Suppose he had been the head and leader of all the angels. That does not make him God.

Mathematicians tell us that you may pile up numbers year after year, and make the largest statement you can in figures, and that, when you are done, you have not even begun to approach infinity. There is an infinite remove between the infinite itself and anything finite.

Paul does not teach any doctrine, then, of the Godhead of Jesus,— nothing of the kind to be found in him.

Then he says that, at the end, Jesus is to deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, and God is to be all and in all.

Now let us turn and see what Jesus is reported to have said about himself. Of course, friends, you must understand I cannot quote passage after passage. I will make these general statements; and you can take up your New Testament when you are at home, and study it, read it over and see if what I say is not true.

Jesus is nowhere even reported to have claimed to be God, in any word which the scholarship of the world is agreed in regarding as his authentic utterance. Always it is "the Father." He prays to the Father, he depends on the Father. When he claims to exercise any special power, he says, This power is conferred on me by the Father. Then, when it comes to the matter of being able to lay down his life and take it up again, he says, This is the gift of the Father. Everything, all the way through, is a recognition of the fact that he is the son of the Father,

comes as the Father's messenger to declare the Father's word and execute the Father's will. That which he speaks, he says, he speaks not of himself: he speaks that which the Father has commissioned him to say. He does not claim even anything approaching superhuman knowledge. When the disciples asked him a certain question, he says, I do not know: only the Father knows that. And, when some of them ascribe to him special goodness, he says, Why do you call me good? there is none good but one, that is God. His goodness was derived, reflected from the Father.

In that passage which I referred to, I think, once before this winter, that is frequently quoted, where Jesus is represented as saying, "I and my Father are one," he says in the immediate context that the disciples are capable of being one with him and the Father as he is one with the Father. So you see it proves too much if we depend upon that passage. You can find none anywhere in which Jesus does not frankly recognize the fact that he is the son of the Father, having committed to him a special work, engaged in this divine service for his fellow-men. And, when you turn from the words that are put into the lips of the Nazarene himself to the testimony of the other disciples, what do you find?

I have already referred to Paul for the simple reason that his testimony comes first. What do the other disciples say? Nowhere, friends, is there any clear testimony even to their belief that Jesus was other than a nature derived from God and having committed to it a special service to be rendered here among men.

Let me hasten to speak of one case because it is the extremest that any one can suggest. I am aware of the word in the prologue in the Gospel that is called According to John, where it says, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and this Word was with God, etc.

Now let me suggest to you one thing. We do not know who the author of this Gospel may be, we do not know the

value of his opinion if we could cross-question his testimony to-day; but we do know this,—that at about the time this Gospel appeared there was in vogue throughout the early Church a system of philosophy called "Gnosticism," from a Greek word which means "to know." They were the people who claimed to know — the opposites of the agnostics of our time. These people say they do not know: the gnostics said they did.

The Gospel of John bears many traces of this gnostic philosophy. It has in it some of the technical terms of this philosophy, which show that the writer was familiar with it; as the use of the phrase "survival of the fittest" in any book would show to future ages that the writer was familiar with the philosophy of Evolution.

Now what did these gnostics believe? They believed that God was a spirit, of an infinite remove from matter. They believed that all matter was evil, essentially and necessarily. They believed, therefore, that the infinite God could not, being perfect purity, have anything to do with matter. So, when the gnostics would have the world created, they declared that it was not the work of the primal, infinite Deity, but the work of a demiurge,— a sort of deputy, sub-deity,— somebody appointed by him as his agent to create the world.

So, if you should find in a gnostic fragment of writing the statement that Jesus was the creator of the world, that would be proof beyond question that the man who wrote it did not believe that he was God, because, as I said, it was a cardinal doctrine of the gnostics that God was not the world creator.

So, when you find this doctrine in the early part of the Gospel of John, along with gnostic phrases in a book subject to gnostic influences, you are to interpret it in the light of the prevailing ideas of the time.

You find nowhere, then,— I must content myself with this general statement,— nowhere in the New Testament any doctrine of the absolute deity of Jesus.

Neander, the famous German historian of the Church, may be presumed to know what he was saying, and his testimony is without bias in this direction, for he was thoroughly orthodox in his belief; but he makes the frank admission that the doctrine of the Trinity was not one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church, as is plainly evidenced, he said, from the fact that it is nowhere explicitly taught in any part of the New Testament.

This is the testimony of the orthodox and scholarly historian, Neander.

Now, then, let us pass to the belief of the Fathers of the Church. We find ourselves in the second century, between the years 100 and 200. What do we find there? Lactantius, Tertullian, Origen,— man after man of those whose names are familiar as the representative Fathers of the second century of the Church,— you find them, without exception, teaching the doctrine of the derived and subordinate nature of Jesus. Justin Martyr, one of the most famous of them all, goes so far as explicitly to say that our Lord Jesus had his own Lord, God the Father, who had created him, and to whom he was subordinate.

Tertullian, a man passionate, fiery, not specially scholarly, is the first one of the Fathers who suggested the doctrine of the Trinity; and he himself testifies that it was a surprise and a shock to everybody at that time.

The doctrine of the Trinity in such form as to declare that Jesus was of the same nature as God did not take shape, as I had occasion to tell you a few Sundays ago, until the year 325, at the Council at Nice, where it was propounded and championed by Athanasius. It was only in the year 381 that the Emperor Theodosius packed a council, only one hundred and fifty bishops, chiefly selected by himself, to declare what has come to be recognized now as the doctrine of the Trinity. He had violently driven all the bishops and ecclesiastics who did not hold this doctrine out of the Eastern Church, and then he

called this council, selected by himself, to legalize what he had already done.

Saint Augustine is the first one of the Fathers who teaches in perfectly clear fashion, and consistently, the doctrine concerning the person of Jesus which is now held in the Westminster Confession of Faith and the ordinary Protestant formulas. And he himself says that he had not seen the matter clearly until he had discovered the doctrine of the Logos in some Platonic writing.

It can be traced,— the growth of this idea, as a pagan idea, and not as one that was taught in the Gospels, or the New Testament, or that was natural to the disciples or to Jesus himself. For the Jewish mind always looked upon this idea with abhorrence as blasphemy; and the gospel has never found any acceptance among the Jewish people, and for that very reason.

Now, friends, if,— and I wish you to note the importance of this suggestion,— if nowhere else in the history of the world had there been any claim made that any human being was supernaturally born or was an incarnation of God, then it would indeed be very, very striking that such a claim should have been made on the part of the Church, and for the person of Jesus of Nazareth. But what are the facts?

Why, when I study early church history, the only thing that surprises me is that it took three hundred and twenty-five years for the doctrine to grow. I wonder that it did not appear earlier. For, as we look back and trace the thoughts of men concerning questions like these, what do we find?

We find that among barbaric people in nearly all the pagan nations of the world the idea of God appearing in flesh has been one of the very commonest from the first. And he has not confined himself to men. He has appeared in fishes; he has appeared in the form of birds; he has appeared in the form of almost every kind of animal, if we are to believe the testimony of those who claim to represent this type of religion or that. Note, for example, that the

number of incarnations of God have been almost countless; and some of the stories told in regard to the supernatural birth, the marvels of the infancy, of the childhood, are so strongly similar to those that are told about Jesus that it is almost impossible for us to believe that they had a separate origin.

There have been no end of appearances of the Buddha; and still they are to come. Whenever the world goes very wrong, degenerates, plunging down into evil, then, according to the belief of the Oriental nations, God is to come and rescue and lift up his world again, and bring it back to himself.

And, as I had occasion to tell you the other day, among the Roman people as well as among the Greeks, the doctrine of apotheosis, of either the gods coming down in the form of men or men being lifted up to share the conditions of the gods, was the commonest of all the beliefs.

Read the poems of Homer, the great poem of the Latin race, the Æneid of Virgil, and you will find that the gods were forever appearing in the form of men, having human passions, engaging in human conflicts, and deciding human battles. And these ideas, I say, are as natural as the growth of a blade of grass in the park in the month of May.

Shall we wonder, then, that the loving admiration that gathered around the person and work of Jesus should take this form? Shall we wonder that philosophical speculation should at last result in this doctrine in its attempt to bridge over the gulf between God and his human world? I say the marvel of it is not that the doctrine grew up, but that it was so long in growing.

Now then, friends, I wish to suggest one or two thoughts concerning the implications of this old doctrine,—not the doctrine that I am going to present to you in a moment.

You know the doctrine of the exclusive incarnation of God in Jesus is a part of a hopeless and a terribly unjust

scheme of the world. The pity, the love, the tenderness, of Jesus, have been dwelt upon in all ages. And, if he were a man, a divine man, then the pity and the tenderness and the love are something superb and grand.

But think a moment, friends. I can only hint it, turn a flash-light on the darkness for a moment. Let us look at this matter of the divine mercy. What is the doctrine? God created a world that did not ask to be created. He, omnipotent and all-wise, created the world; and he launched it forth in space, and then either did not wish to or was not able to prevent its falling into the hands of the Devil almost immediately. And then he left that world swinging on its darkened way for two or three hundred thousand years, and all the people dropping off of it one after another into the abyss, with no light, not a word of hope, no sign of pity, no salvation, until by and by, late, after thousands on thousands of years, he comes and gives a whisper of his revelation to one little people, and then four thousand years later comes down in his own person to save the world, save a few people, save the elect.

Is that to be held up to us as typical of divine mercy?

Let me give you an illustration. Suppose a shipmaster here in New York should send, starting for Liverpool across the Atlantic, a ship freighted and filled with passengers that he knew would go down before it was half-way over. And then, after it was out of sight of land, he should send a ship to the rescue, that should get there just in time to save one in fifty of the passengers while the rest were hopelessly engulfed.

Which would you do? Would you praise a man like that for his mercy, or would you think of what would be the unspeakable infamy of the first launching of the ship for such a doom?

Mind you, I am not attacking the work of God. I am attacking unjust, infamous representations of what God is said to have done, but which he never did.

That doctrine of Jesus is not a part of a scheme of divine and tender mercy, if you judge it from the point of view of the Westminster Confession. It is something unspeakably horrible, too cruel to be put into words. Then, if that be true, the coming of Jesus as God into the world has been the most lamentable failure that human history has ever known. God himself trying to save the world, omnipotent, all-wise! and, since he came down two thousand years ago, he has been at work as hard as he could, presumably, to save men! And, as I told you the other day, not a third part of the people on this little planet have ever heard anything of it. And the most of those, the most intelligent of those who have heard it, do not believe a word of it. If he did it, he has not given enough evidence of it, so that the people who are seeking earnestly for the truth can find it. If that be true, it is the most lamentable failure that the history of the world has ever known.

But, on the other theory,—Jesus a man, a divine man, our brother, born like us, to die like us, to search and seek and trust and pray to God like us, and give himself to the service of his kind like us,—then it is one of the unparalleled successes of the world, infinitely full of its story of divine tenderness and mercy, as I shall show you in a moment.

One other point I wish to call your attention to before I come to my own positive statement.

Consider the problem for a moment. Suppose God,—and I am talking in this free way now from the point of view of the old ideas,—a God that works outside of things, and rules them as he pleases,—suppose God should attempt to put as much as he could of himself into a man. What would be the result? Consider carefully, think earnestly. Could he produce, as the result of an effort like that, anything else, anything other, anything more than a perfect man? If he broke over the limits anywhere, this being would cease to be human, would he not?

If God should fill a man with himself, the result would be simply a perfect man. He could do no more: he could do no other. How, for example, would anybody be able to prove that a man walking this aisle was God? Suppose John, the beloved disciple, should appear to us to-day, and should make affidavit, signed with his own name before a notary, that he believed that Jesus was God. How could he prove it? What evidence could he give that he was anything more than a man, or that this opinion of his was anything other than his personal opinion?

If somebody should come to us to-day, and say that he really believed that such and such a person was God, incarnate in any supernatural and miraculous sense, is there one of us who could believe it or pay any attention to such a statement? Why, then, should we pay any attention to similar statements, because they are two thousand years old, and were made by people we know nothing about?

Think of it, friends, for a moment, and see where you are, on the basis of an honest, reasonable attempt to find the truth.

Now, friends, let me come and state what I believe to be the magnificent, inclusive, universal, progressive reality. And I need here now at the outset of this part of my theme to call your attention to the universe as we know it to-day. I pictured the old universe out of the old doctrine of the world. I want you to note the new universe which is the field and scene of the new revelation of God. I want you to think how modern it is. We are apt, without thinking much about it, to project our ideas away back into an indefinite past. Why, it is only within two or three hundred years that we have begun to have glimpses of this wonderful universe in which is now our home,—only two or three hundred years! And a large part of the revelation of God has come to us during your lifetime and mine. Do you know how modern it is, and what is this modern thought?

The universe is no longer a piece of mechanism away from God — nature governed by natural forces and in accordance with natural law, while over here somewhere is a supernatural and divine world entirely separated from it! That idea, friends, is utterly gone from the minds of intelligent men and women.

What is the universe? Note first the significance of the word I am using. In ancient times they believed in any number of antagonistic forces, confused and working against each other. Now, we know, from the dust under our feet to the light just starting from some star on its thirty millions of years of journey — we know that this is a *uni*verse, not a multitudinous manifestation of antagonistic forces, no dual thing,— a universe. One law, one life!

And we know that the old antagonism between matter and spirit is fading away. Pursue a particle of matter, and you find yourself lost in invisible and intangible force, which is what we call spirit. No one can tell where one leaves off and the other begins. It is one manifestation of the divine, — matter and spirit, too.

And matter is no longer something impure. It is something perfect, divine in all its parts and fragments. It is a universe, then. It is one substance. We know now that this which we call matter is seen in the glittering stars over our head and the roadway that we trample under our feet. It is one substance; and we know that all these various elements that we talk about are coming to be considered by the deepest thinkers as modifications of one substance. We know that all the forces about which we speak have been demonstrated to be only modifications of one force. And we know that life is one life, only one life in the universe, and that life God; and there is one humanity. Not variety of races,— one humanity, one family, one child of God. So we have found out at last. And this is unquestioned revelation, the word of God spoken to us in demonstrably clear and unmistakable tones.

Herbert Spencer says,— and I wish you to note the mighty significance of it,— he says it is the last and deepest and highest word of science that the power, the force, which is manifested in the universe outside of us, is the same force precisely as that which wells up in ourselves under the form of consciousness,— one God, one life, one substance, one God and Father of us all!

This is the kind of universe we are in to-day. And note, friends, that gulf between a spiritual God and an unspiritual matter that the early Church tried to bridge,— and the old unused and unusable bridge is left still in the creeds,— that gulf is not there, there is no such gulf. There is no separation by so much as a millionth part of the width of a hair between God and his children.

You know what I believe, friends,— I believe it has been demonstrated beyond question, by scientific revelations of the modern world: I believe in the divinity of man and the humanity of God. I do not believe there is any difference in kind between our souls and the world's soul.

Even Dr. Lyman Abbott has dared to say that he believes there is no difference in kind between God and Jesus and man. He says that God is man plus infinity, and man is God minus infinity. I believe this is magnificently true.

Now see what the upshot of it is, a grand doctrine of incarnation that we are compelled to hold to-day and in the coming time. Let us look, if you will, at a pebble stone in the street. That could not exist one instant but for the present vital life of God. And God is incarnate in that stone; that is, that stone contains just as much of the divine life and power and wisdom as, being a stone, it is capable of holding.

Take a crystal. Here you have a beautiful organization which you do not find in the pebble. The crystal, again, is an incarnation of God, holding just as much of the divine

wisdom and force and love and beauty as, being a crystal, it is capable of holding.

Come next to vegetable life, the first form, a grass-blade, that you will notice on your walk home after service this morning. That grass-blade is God incarnate: there is just as much of God in the blade of grass as the blade of grass is capable of holding and expressing. More of it in the rose, merely because the rose is capable of holding more,— the fragrance, the poetry of God.

Then, when you come higher yet, to the amœba, one of the lowest forms of animal life, there is sensation and movement, the germ of that which is in us. There again is God incarnate, just as much of God as the amœba is capable of holding and expressing.

And, as you climb up, following through the fishes, the reptiles, the birds, the animals, and up to man, each in its degree is a divine incarnation, holding and manifesting just as much of God as it is capable of containing and showing forth.

Now let us note, if you will, a few illustrations to emphasize this magnificent truth, from the different departments of our human life.

We look at Jesus; and we see in him the glory of God, the divine speaking on his lips, ministering with his hands, going on errands of goodness in his feet, shining out of his eyes. We say that is divine. But are we to follow the example of the creed-makers, and draw a distinction without a difference, and say that precisely similar things in other lives, in other nations, in other ages, are only natural, only human, not divine?

For example, we say the golden rule is divine as it fell from the lips of Jesus. What was it, pray, when it fell from the lips of Confucius four hundred years before? Was it only human, was it wicked, was it wrong, was it just natural? Is the same idea, the same thought, the same love, in China undivine, and only divine in Palestine?

Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself: on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." We say, Divine, wonderful, glorious! Was it less divine when Hillel said it before Jesus was born, in almost precisely the same words?

We read in the New Testament; and our hearts are touched, and they grow tender with the thought of the comforting, heavenly Father who shall "wipe away all tears from their eyes." Divine, surpassingly beautiful! But was it not divine in ancient Egypt before Moses was born, the identical thought and saying, and almost the identical words, dreamed by some noble Egyptian and put into the lips of his God, who shall wipe away all tears from their eyes?

Was it divine to see Jesus hang upon the cross, and say, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," and then bravely, with however much of human shrinking, to meet death for his truth? Divine! I say, friends, one of the divinest, grandest scenes in all the history of the world. But, mark you, if Jesus was consciously God, the God of this universe, then that scene is theatrical, spectacular, unreal. Could God, who came on purpose to do it, shrink like man from a little pain? Should we think it less wonderful that he was great and wise if he was a man, believing in his great truth, consecrating himself to his Father and our Father and for our sakes, if he was ready to stand by that truth through scourging, being outcast, maltreated in every way, if he stood to it before the judgment-seat of Pilate, and when he was spit upon and the thorns placed on his head; and, if a man fainting under his cross, he went out to that hill outside of the city, faithful unto death, trusting in God even when the doubt swept over him for a moment as to whether he had been deserted? Then I say it was one of the divinest, most magnificent scenes in all the history of this world.

But, if he was not a man, this pity, this glory, this wonder,

all change into tinsel and unreality. Could such things be difficult and marvellous for a God?

Thousands of men, for the sake of their love for and belief in a cause, have met death as bravely as he did; have met more cruel deaths,— deaths prolonged through unspeakably greater torture; met it gladly, met it bravely, without flinching or fearing.

Is it divine in him, not divine in them?

I can only catch at illustrations here and there in dealing with so wide a theme.

Take the matter of what we call sacred and profane history. The history of the Jews, they tell us, is sacred history. The history of America, which has done unspeakably more for the deliverance of man from bondage than did the history of the Jews,— this perforce is profane! Why, is there no God in the history of America from the time the Pilgrims, under the inspiration of that grand old John Robinson, sailed for Massachusetts, down through the heroes of the Revolution to our Lincoln and the thousands of men that gave themselves for the land?

Is this sacrifice, this devotion to God,— is this all natural or human, no God in it, nothing divine about it?

Take Lincoln, a magnanimity not surpassed by the tenderness and forgiveness of Jesus himself; a consecration not matched, I can almost say, in the history of the world; tenderness, love, devotion to truth, faithfulness unto death. Is there no God in Lincoln, nothing divine in Lincoln?

I believe, friends,— I do not brush it one side,— I believe God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. I believe God was in Socrates, reconciling the world; in the Buddha. I believe he was in Confucius, reconciling the world unto himself. I believe he has been in all the great line of witnesses and martyrs, the true, faithful men in every age of the world, in any religion, under every sky, who have consecrated themselves to the truth and given themselves to the love and service of their fellow-men.

I believe that God has been progressively incarnating himself in his child, man, from the very beginning; and that to-day, wherever you look upon honesty, wherever you look upon faithfulness, wherever you look upon pity, human help and human kindness and human care, there you are standing face to face with God himself.

Humanity is divine. God is living in humanity, unfolding himself in the growing and expanding life of this wonderful race of ours.

And I believe that we are entitled to look forward; and, as we dream of the coming time when the beauty and the glory of the world shall appear, we can say, in the words of Tennyson: —

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

. . . . . .

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

And, seeing God in that future, we can add: —

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever" *up* "the ringing grooves of change!"

So we will look for the time when the light and the love and the goodness of God shall be in all the earth, and evil shall have been outgrown, and men shall live here, looking trustingly to the sweet heavens above them, and drinking in the divine air around them, and looking upon death only as another birth by which they enter into a grander and higher life. Then we shall be on the road towards the complete incarnation of God in his one child, man.

Father, we are sons of God. We do not know how much more and how much grander we shall be, what is possible in the future; but we look forward to the time when there

shall be such an unfolding, such a complete revelation of Thyself in the hearts and the lives and the love of Thy children that the evil of the past shall seem only the darkness of a night that the sun has dissipated and that has been almost forgotten. We thank Thee that we hold this grand trust, that we may glean a glimpse of this great truth, and may open our hearts and our lives to Thy coming. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ... *20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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XI. The Divine Fatherhood and Our Human Childhood

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THE DIVINE FATHERHOOD AND OUR HUMAN CHILDHOOD.

My subject this morning is "The Divine Fatherhood and our Human Childhood."

For our text I take from the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew the first two words of the ninth verse, "Our Father."

I do not go on, and say, "Our Father which art in heaven," because from the point of view of our modern thought he is not only or chiefly in heaven, but is here equally and as well. Then "Our Father."

If you study the lines of human advance from the beginning until to-day, you will note that one of the most difficult things — if we are to judge by the results — has been the attainment of any worthy thought of God, the attainment and the keeping of any noble idea of the Deity.

This is natural when you remember that God is infinite, and that we can think him only according to the degree of our development. We cannot comprehend infinity: we can think God only as we are able to think him, and he is to us, in his influence upon us, what we think him.

The barbaric man had, of necessity, a barbaric God; for men have always created God, or their thought of him, in their own likeness. So, as man has become more civilized, tender, noble, the ideal of God that has been worshipped has grown more elevated, been purified from earthly and human elements of passion and change.

But you will note that it is a necessity growing out of these facts which I have stated that the organized thoughts

of God, so to speak,—those which have become crystallized in creeds and institutions — are always no better than the average thought of the time. They are more likely to be the thought of the past: they are never the highest and finest thoughts of the noblest representatives of the age. You cannot get organized into an institution anything above, beyond, better, than the average; and generally, as I said, all organizations and institutions represent phases of thought that are being outgrown.

In other words, the best things in any department of human life, the best things are always in the air,—the highest, finest intuitions of the noblest and most developed souls; so that the ideals of God which have become crystallized in creeds, and around which organizations have been formed, are rarely the worthiest and noblest ideals of the Divine.

Read the Old Testament, if you will, or the New as well, and you will find that there is a progression in the ideas of God. He becomes spiritualized, ennobled, purified, less like the old-time men who first began to talk and think about him. Difficult, then, let us remember, is it for us to frame and keep worthy thoughts of God.

Among the earliest of those that have ever entered into the dreams of the race is figured forth by the word "Father." I would not have you to understand that Jesus originated the idea or first taught the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. It is one of the oldest in the history of the world. As I had occasion a few Sundays ago to intimate to you, one of the first names given to God in India, before perhaps any part of our Bible was written, was Heaven-Father. Because God is called Father in any particular age in the history of the world, you are not of necessity to suppose that they had the same conception of him that Jesus had when he uttered the word "Father"; for we put into words what we are capable of thinking and making them contain.

The word "God" in different parts of the world does not of necessity mean the same thing. It means something barbaric, jealous, revengeful, cruel in one age or among one people. It means all that Jesus could dream of the divine Fatherhood in another age and among another people.

The Father, then, is the highest and finest thought, it seems to me, that we can frame of God. But at the present time, perhaps as never before in the history of the world, there are certain difficulties that stand in the way of our making the Fatherhood of God mean anything real to us.

There are three special difficulties which I wish to note and put one side, so far as I may be able to in a word.

Modern science has revealed to us such a conception of nature as the world has never known before. This is no little world, with God close by, in the old sense of the term. We are in the presence of what seems to us material infinity. We can think neither beginning nor end, neither length nor breadth nor height nor depth nor limit anywhere. And this nature, they tell us, is without heart, without any feeling. It is a great machine, rolling on like a Juggernaut, crushing whoever and whatever gets under its wheels. It is simply an infinite power, but with no thought in it, no care, no tenderness, no love.

This is the conception of nature which many hold as the result of the scientific studies which they have pursued.

Not only that. They say that the existence of evil, of pain and of cruelty,—that these things demonstrate that there is no Fatherhood to be found, at any rate in the natural world.

Tennyson sings sadly to us of "Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine." They tell us that pain is everywhere, heart-ache and heart-break and sorrow of every kind.

How, then, in the face of these facts can we believe in any Fatherhood? And, then, the Church, to which we ought to be able, if anywhere, to fly for relief, has only made the difficulty more for us; for will you note this fact: that,

though the ministers, the priests, the ecclesiastics, talk to us constantly about God as our Father, the emphasis is never laid on the Fatherhood. There is not a theological scheme in existence, the centre of which is Fatherhood, which has been developed from the idea of Fatherhood.

It is always God as king, despot, governor, and we his subjects. We are under his law, which must be maintained. There is a justice that has to be appeased. There are always those standing between us and God. They say we must believe this doctrine which they have invented before we can come to him; we must perform certain rites before we can be accepted; we must come through some mediator or another. They tell us there is no direct and immediate access of the child-soul to the Father-soul, either in heaven or on earth.

Here, then, are these three difficulties. What shall we do with them? The sermon might be devoted to either one of them alone. I can, however, devote only a fragment of it to them altogether, because simply to establish the idea that we have a right to call God our Father is not the purpose I have in mind, but to treat some phases of belief in the light thrown on them by the ideal of Fatherhood.

So let me note these objections in just a few brief words, not answering all your questions concerning them, but merely hinting the direction in which I believe we could find an answer if I had the time and this was the place.

Take this great fact of nature, a machine. Is it a machine? Is there any God in it? When they talk about nature, and say there is no heart, no life, no feeling in it, they have left out you and me. Humanity is a part of nature; and it is the crown, the outcome, the highest, finest part, in which, if anywhere, we may expect nature to find its fruitage and its purpose. And here in humanity is personality, thought, love, tenderness, pity, fatherhood, motherhood,—all the sweetest and highest things we can dream.

These are a part of nature; and no one has any right to speak of nature with these left out.

And, then, they talk of the uniformity of nature, as though it militated against the ideal of the divine Fatherhood. If there were not uniformity, it would be disastrous to the thought of Fatherhood; for there could be no study, there could be no learning anything, there could be no human experience, there could be no building up of character, unless we knew the forces and the methods with which we have to deal.

And, then, note, in a word, the uniformity of natural law does not necessarily mean mechanism at all. It only means what the old seer said, that "God is without variableness or shadow of turning." If God does the wisest and best thing in certain conditions, then, when those conditions repeat themselves, he must do the same, or else a poorer and less wise thing.

The uniformity of natural law, then, does not mean a force that God cannot or does not choose to break through: it means simply the wise and perfect and loving method of God's constant working.

Then, as I had occasion some Sundays ago to tell you, in regard to pain, suffering, evil, death: these do not militate against the loving Fatherhood of God. Pain is a token of his goodness and his care,— all the necessary pain. Moral evil is a condition of moral growth and development. Death is simply an open gateway by which we enter into a larger and higher life; and the dissatisfactions of this present period of our growth are only a prophecy and promise of a grander, an unfolding capacity, meaning only that we are not yet all that we are capable of being.

Along these lines, if I had time, I think I could demonstrate that none of these things are inconsistent with the mercy, the tenderness, and the love of God.

Let us put them one side, then, this morning, while we consider for a little while two or three phases of this sonship as it works itself out in our practical attitude towards God as our Father.

And, in the first place, what is our access to God? Can we come to him directly, without the intervention of any church, any priesthood, any ceremony, any mediator of any kind? Is that true, is God just our Father and we his children, folded close in his arms, whispering into his ear, and a way to him always open to our wandering feet? What shall we say of this phase of the divine Fatherhood as related to us, his children?

There have been in the history of the growth of religion, not only among us, but among other peoples as well, two tendencies, diverse, antagonistic. There is always — what I will call for clearness — the priestly type of thought, and there is always the prophetic type of thought; and the priestly and the prophetic are almost always in antagonism to each other.

The priest is he who loves the laws, the forms, the ceremonies, the organizations. And he emphasizes these, and often makes them, not means of approach to God, but barriers in the way of that approach, unless we make our terms with the priest who controls these things.

There are always these tendencies in the religions of the world. If you go back, for example, to the Greeks and Romans, you learn that the cult for a long period of time, the ceremony, was everything. It made no matter what the character of the worshipper was,— no one asked whether he was a good man. It made no matter what he thought or believed. He might believe anything he pleased; but he must come to the priest in the prescribed way, bring the offerings and perform the ceremonies, or else there was no way by which he could find access to his God. It was specified in the most minute way. The priest must wear a particular gown, he must use a particular kind of knife in slaying the sacrifice. The sacrifice must be just this particular thing, and nothing else. The altar must be built in a peculiar way. The priest must stand facing a certain point of the compass; and a part of the time he must stand on

one foot. He must turn around in a certain order; he must pronounce the formulas and perform the ceremony with accuracy. He must go through all this ritual before the worshipper could approach the Deity. And, if he made a mistake in it, however inadvertent, the whole thing was vitiated, the God was angry, and there was no acceptance.

This is only an exaggerated illustration of what has been true in the whole history of the world. Study the growth of the old Hebrew religion. There you must bring your sacrifices in a particular way, at a particular time. You must go through the whole ceremony and ritual law, or else there was no possibility of acceptance on the part of Jehovah. These from the priestly point of view.

But ever and anon there came the voice of the prophet, speaking the authorized word, as he claimed, from the Father, and denouncing this whole type of religious life and supposed religious service, saying: If I were hungry, I would not tell Thee. The cattle on a thousand hills are mine. What do I care for your pouring out your rivers of blood and your barrels of oil? Instead of all this what I want is the child heart. I want love, I want truth in the inward parts, I want sincerity of life.

This, the intimate, immediate relationship of the child with the Father, is what was asserted by all the old prophets. Then, when we come to the new era, was it not this, and this alone, which was taught us by every authentic word of our elder brother, the Nazarene? Nowhere in any authentic teaching of his is there any doctrine of mediation,—none,—not even with him as mediator.

Look at that parable of the Prodigal Son, which I read this morning, as throwing light on this problem. Does God ask the prodigal to come to him in the name of or through the merits of the son who had stayed at home? Is there any priestly intervention? Is there any ceremony required, any sacrifice, anything?

Nothing, absolutely nothing, between the infinite tender-

ness of the father heart and the yearning of the needy heart of the child.

And yet, when the Church that claimed to stand in the name of the Nazarene had organized itself, it had placed a hundred barriers between the immediate contact of the child-soul and the Father-soul,— ceremony, ritual, money, prayers, priestly intervention, all sorts of things it put in the way. And for the larger part of the last seventeen hundred years the great popular churches that have claimed to speak for God and for his Son, Jesus, have taught another doctrine than that which Jesus himself taught, a different doctrine from that which helps us to believe in the immediate love and guidance of the Father who is in heaven and on earth.

And to-day — let me give you one single illustration — there is going on a prolonged and scholarly controversy between the archbishops and the bishops of the Anglican Church and the pope of the Church at Rome — over what? Over the validity of orders, over the question as to whether the Anglican bishops and archbishops and priests have any power — for what? Why, they have arrogated to themselves the power of God himself. They are discussing the question — while we are expected to wait until their dialectics have settled the dispute — as to which church, Rome or England, has the right to tell us whether we can come to God or enter heaven or not.

Unless God has been transmitted by the physical contact of ordained priests from the time of Jesus himself without a break anywhere; unless they have power magically to change the bread and wine into the body and blood of God; unless they have power to forgive sins; unless they have power by touching with their moistened fingers the brow of a child to convert the babe — born of the devil, as they believe — and give it a new nature; unless they have power to work miracles,— there is no salvation for any of us. For they are the only ones who are authorized to save men;

and they are now fighting over the question as to which one it is.

And we are to wait and find out. We cannot come to God unless either an Anglican or a Roman priest takes our toll at the gate, and shows us the way. And we do not know which of them has the right! They are not agreed themselves as to the matter!

This is an illustration, I say, of how the Church has thrust itself between the child-soul and the Father-soul in heaven, and presumes to arrogate to itself the power, the tenderness, the love, the forgiveness, of our Father.

I tell you, friends, there is no more dangerous thing in the religious life of the world to-day than that which, presuming to speak for God, tells the world, and makes thousands believe it, that we cannot come to the Father except by a creed, by a ceremony, by a ritual, by a sacrament, by the permission of a priest. False, impious in every part is such a claim!

No church has any rights or powers except humbly to point the way, open all gates, throw down all barriers, and proclaim the universal and eternal truth that God is ready ever to fold every one of his children close to his Father's heart,— readier, Jesus tells us, than we are to be folded; readier to give us all the good things — his life, his spirit, his eternal love and care — than we are to take them.

That is the doctrine of the Fatherhood as touching this matter of our access to God.

One other phase of belief needs to be looked at in the light of this great truth. That is the doctrine of forgiveness. I have been speaking of merely the matter of open access to God, as to whether we can come to him freely and personally on our own account and simply because we are his needy children.

Now what shall we believe of his forgiveness? It is popularly said of us liberals that we preach a loose doctrine of forgiveness; that, just because we believe in the eternal, lov-

ing Fatherhood of God, we think it does not make any difference what a man does, he is doomed anyway to be saved,— it is only a little time, more or less, that must elapse, that is all.

This, I say, is what is said of us. But, friends, we are the only ones, I believe, who teach the hard doctrine, the severe doctrine. If I may sin as much as I please until I am sixty or seventy years old, and then by the touch of the priestly hands and the administration of consecrated oil I may be forgiven, the past wiped out, and the gate of paradise flung wide open for me; if I may live as I please, and then on my death-bed repent by feeling badly, and by tears and prayer wipe out the past and start afresh on an equality with the best in heaven itself; if I may secure all this by committing my soul to the care of a priest as a guide, claiming a fee for his services,— these are the easy ways of being saved.

But not, while with one breath I proclaim to you the infinite, tender, eternal Fatherhood of God, I proclaim to you, in the next, that there is no such thing as forgiveness in this universe, in the sense of suddenly or miraculously wiping out the past.

One of the most dangerous doctrines, one of the most immoral doctrines, that can possibly be proclaimed, is that which deludes people with the idea that they can live any life they please,— sensual, cruel, dishonest, unkind, deceitful,— and then, by any process, suddenly wipe the soul clean again. It cannot be done!

I break one of God's laws; and the result remains. God cannot help it unless he will contradict himself; for these forces that determine the results of action are God in operation, God working, the changeless, the eternal God. God does not need to forgive us in the sense of feeling like a loving father towards us. He always forgives us in that sense; but, if I break a physical law, the penalty follows,— not arbitrary punishment, but the natural and necessary

result. If I break a moral law, the penalty follows, the result just the same.

I stamp my foot on this platform, and it is felt in the sun. I think, I feel, I speak, I act, and I have set into activity causes that make the life of the world other than they would have been; and I can never trace those forces or obliterate those results.

Every law that you break, friends, entails its natural and necessary result of evil. You may, indeed, work out your redemption, your deliverance. You may make your mistakes and faults stepping-stones on which to climb to higher things; but that which you have done is done, the record is forever and forever, and the results, until they are worked out into good, continue and remain irretrievably as evil.

If you injure another, that injury remains until you make restitution. If you have been the means of another person's going astray, and that person causes a third to go astray, and so a long line of evil is started, you may never be able to reach to the end of it or to discover how far it has gone. Forgiving you, taking you in arms of love and mercy, does not stop that process.

Do not be careless, then, in dealing with these problems of right and wrong under the idea that you can be forgiven in that sense, merely because God is a loving Father. God is a loving Father; and, because he is a loving Father, he will compel you to work out your own salvation through the suffering of the natural and necessary result of every word you speak, every thought you think, every act you perform.

That is the only way by which you can build yourself up into noble and fine and high character again.

Now, what time there is left, I must dwell, altogether too inadequately, on another phase of this question of Fatherhood, of approach to God, that which might well take an entire discourse,— the problem of prayer. Is there any use in this great universe, of which we are a part to-day, in our

praying? Can we pray? Is it reasonable to pray? Can we produce any effects by our prayer?

I must only suggest a few things; and perhaps you will be able to think them out along the line suggested for yourselves.

There are several phases of prayer which are absolutely gone and can never be recovered again. Our forefathers believed that they could produce rain for their thirsty crops as the result of prayer. They believed that they could cure disease by prayer. They believed that they could work all sorts of miracles, changes in the order of the world, by prayer.

If I believed I could interfere with the order of this universe by praying, I should never dare to open my lips in prayer again. It is because I believe in the perfect order of the universe of God that I do pray, and that I believe in prayer,— not only as much as, but more than, I ever did in my life. Only, mark you, certain discriminating definitions!

To illustrate one phase of this matter, let me refer to a conversation I had some years ago with a lady in the West. She was troubled over this question of prayer. I was beginning to be troubled over certain phases of it myself. But that which troubled me was my belief in the wisdom and goodness of God, not the opposite. I said to her as we were discussing the matter, "What would you think of me if I should come to you, and plead with you, and beg you to be kind to your own children,— to give them something to eat, to give them clothes to wear, to treat them kindly and lovingly?" I said, "What should you think of me if I should beg you and plead with you to be a good mother?" She said, "I should feel insulted." I said, "Of course, you would." And then I asked: "Don't you think God is almost as good as you are? Do you think we need to tell him over and over again what he knows a good deal better than we do? Do you think we need to argue and plead with him, as though, if we could only influence him to do something,

we might have our will? Do you think it is wise for us to beg God to be good, to talk as though, if we could only rouse him to activity, something might be done?"

I have been in prayer-meetings in the old days a hundred times when the praying seemed to me impious and profane, only they did not mean it so. They were talking as though, if God were only as much interested in the welfare of souls as they were, they could get him started to do something about it.

Does that kind of prayer seem to you right and wise to-day?

Nay, friends, I do not believe there is any use in teasing God, in begging God. I do not believe I can change his purposes or plans. I do not believe I can make him wiser than he is already, kinder than he is already.

Is there any use of praying, then? Sometimes it is said that, if you leave all that element of prayer out, that it becomes only a sort of spiritual gymnastics, producing a certain effect on us, but nothing that might not be accomplished in another way.

Let me illustrate, if I may, in a word, one phase of my belief on this great subject. I believe, in the first place, that the more we love God and the more we trust him, the less we shall ask for things, the more we shall simply commune with him. Communion of the child-soul with the Father-soul is the essence and most important thing, as I believe, in prayer.

But do we accomplish anything in the spiritual realm by prayer? I believe we do. And let me hint by an illustration what I mean and how it may be possible: I have a plant, say, that seems to need something to make it grow. It is pining as if it lacked air or sunshine. I am keeping it in my room. Now I wish to produce certain definite and very vital results in that plant. I take the plant out into the sunshine. I take it where it will have the dews and the rain, and where the free airs of heaven will blow around it.

I do not change the dew or the rain, or the air or the sunshine; but I make my plant live, which would have died otherwise. I change the vital relationship between my plant and the sun and these eternal forces that are concerned in its life and unfolding.

And so, by my prayer, I do not change God any,— I do not wish to change him any; but I may vitally change the relation between my soul and his changeless and eternal love. And so I find life, I find health, where there was weakness and decay. I find strength, I find comfort, because I have changed the relation between my soul and the soul of my Father.

It seems to me that right in here is the essence, the one most important thing touching the meaning and import of prayer. As we get more spiritual, as we trust our Father more, we shall grow less and less to ask for things; and at the same time, perhaps, we shall grow less and less critical in our use of words.

I sometimes wonder whether in public prayer I am not giving utterance to phrases which I should not approve of if I looked at them critically. I try not to do it; but yet, the older I get, the less care I have on this subject.

My little boy comes and climbs up over my knees, and pours out his child nature in my ears, tells me all sorts of extravagant and foolish things he would like to have and do. Do I criticise him as to the use of his English? Do I care very much what words he uses? I am not going to give him, even if he cries for it, what I believe would be to his harm. I am going to love him against his will and against his wish and wisdom, if need be; but I am going to let him tell me his stories, and let him pour out his soul into mine, and I will clasp him close to my heart, whether he is wise or whether he is good, or whether he is the opposite.

This is the essence, it seems to me, of Fatherhood. Let us, then, not make much of public prayer. Did you ever

notice that, if you followed strictly the teaching of Jesus, you would never pray in public at all? If people were as careful to obey his words in these directions as they tell us they ought to in others, public prayer would cease, once for all. Jesus says, "Go into your closet, and shut the door, when you pray, and pray to the Father which is in secret."

Learn to feel and act as though he were close beside you, watching over you, guiding you. This is the essence of prayer.

Let us, then, friends, as we study the theological teachings of the world, the conceptions of God that are given us to worship and follow,— let us bring them to the test of this idea of Fatherhood. If they will not stand that test, you may be sure they are wrong. And remember that God is not only Father, but he is as good and tender and sweet in his Fatherhood at least as we are.

Remember those words of Jesus where he appeals to the fatherhood of the people who are listening to him. Would you treat your children so? If a child asks bread, will you give him a stone? If he asks fish, will you give him a serpent? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good things to your children, how much more shall the Father give good things to them that ask him!

Dear Father, we believe that Thou art all and more than these words can possibly contain. Thou art the might and the wisdom manifested in the universe; but Thou art at the same time, over and above all these, our Father, our Lover, our Helper. Let us, then, whether we can see our way always or not, reach up our hand in the dark and take hold of Thine, and let Thee lead us, and follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERIES ON

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IMMORTALITY FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE MODERN WORLD.

My theme is "Immortality from the Point of View of the Modern World."

My text you may find in the twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke at the thirty-eighth verse: "He is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him."

It seems to me a matter of immense importance to prove, if we can, to demonstrate, that death is not the end of personal conscious existence. We may hope, we may dream, we may cling to this faith lovingly, tenderly; but it is something else for us to be able to say we know.

Why is it important? Does it change anything? It seems to me that it changes certain things in the most important of all conceivable ways.

If I am going to live fifty years, I would certainly lay out my life on a different scale than might be perfectly appropriate if I were to live only six months or one year. If, when I get through with this little scene of affairs on this visible earth and under this visible sky, I get through for good and all, then there are a thousand things that it would not seem to me at any rate worth while to attempt to do or to become.

If a man with his friends is going out on an excursion to camp in the woods for a few weeks, he does not consider it of any great importance that he build himself a substantial house that would stand for five hundred years. If a young man is going through Columbia University, and if he knows that he is to die and that is to be the end of it on the day that he graduates, will he feel stimulated to study,

to make himself master of all those things that otherwise he might strive to acquire? Would you blame him any if he tried simply to have a pleasant time during those four years? He need not injure any one, he need not lead what we would call an immoral life; but, certainly, you would not think him culpable for not bending all his energies to the acquirement of knowledge that was to be of no practical use to him whatever!

But, if the graduation day is not the end, but only the beginning of a long career, then would he not feel that it was worth while to brace himself physically, mentally, morally, to acquire self-mastery, to learn all those things which will make him mighty in shaping his future life among his fellow-men?

So, if I have before me an immortal career, that is one thing.

I wish you to note, friends, that, whether we have or not, the essential principles of morality, of right and wrong, are not changed. If we should wake up on a floating raft at sea, knowing that our lives were to extend no more than twenty-four hours, even then it would not be right for us to injure each other, and make our position more uncomfortable than it need to be. But, if men are not to live in the future, I do not believe that your grandest moral ideals are going to have leverage power enough to lift them out of their selfishness, and make them lead grand, magnificent, consecrated lives.

I know that George Eliot sings her wondrous song of the choir invisible, and tells us how grand a thing it is to live for the coming generations here on earth, though she herself held and cherished no belief in an immortal career beyond. But tell me why, friends! If a man says to me, looking me straight in the face, Why should I sacrifice myself for the sake of another man whose happiness is no more important to the universe than my own, what can I say to him?

It seems to me that if I believed that when I died that was the end, I should try not to injure anybody. I should indeed work hard, perhaps, to make the lives of my fellow-men a little easier, to lessen the amount of pain and suffering in the world. But I should certainly not think it worth while strenuously to endeavor to build up in me a spiritual nature that can find scant room for exercise here. I do not see how any one could find fault with me so long as I injured no one, but tried to help on the common happiness, if I made the aim of my life the seeking of happiness,— happiness in innocence, harmlessness to others.

But, if I believe that the day of my death is the day of my graduation, that I am just beginning to live then, that this life is only a college course by way of preparation for the next,— if I believe that with my whole soul, then nothing else becomes of any great importance.

You remember that significant word of Browning's in the introduction to his poem of "Sordello," where he says, "The culture of a soul; little else is of any value." If I am a soul, and if my soul begins its career at death, then indeed it is true,— and I can look the world in the face and preach it with all my power,— it is indeed true that little else is of value.

What difference does it make whether you are very rich in this world or not? What difference does it make whether you live on one of the finest avenues or on a more common street? What difference does it make what kind of clothing you wear? What difference does it make what office you hold or what social position you enjoy? These things are all well in their places; but, if you really believe the other thing with your whole soul, then the main purpose of your life — and it is the only rational thing — will be devoted to what you can become and to what you can achieve for others. Then indeed those words of Jesus gain magnificent significance: He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for the truth, for God, is the only one who saves it.

You see, then, that knowledge on this subject has a tremendous bearing on the kind of life we should lead here. I believe indeed — I suggest this in passing — that there is nothing like demonstrated knowledge here so well fitted to help us solve the great social and industrial problems of the world. The masses of men in Europe and America are saying, You have been trying through all the ages to put us off by telling us that we ought to be content in that position in which Providence has placed us, and look for our reward in another world. And they are beginning to say: We doubt about that other world: it looks like a device on the part of the comfortable, with the assistance of the priests, to keep us quiet; and we do not propose to be fooled by it any longer. We wish our share of the only good about which we really know anything.

And can you blame them? I cannot.

But, if I can look these men in the faces, and say, I know and you know that you are souls, that you are to live forever, then I can say to them also: Do you not see that it is only reasonable that you should go through this world in such a way as to start with all the advantage possible over there? Do you not see that these men who have the money and the social position have what is relatively of no importance whatever? You have God and the immortal life,— all that is capable of making wealthy a soul, a child of the Infinite.

So I say, look at it however I will, it seems to me of immense importance that we should be able, if we may, to demonstrate continued existence.

I ask you now to look over the face of the world with me for a little, and see where we are as touching this matter of belief concerning a future life.

I use the word "future" in connection with this life. Let us remember, however, that it is not future except as related to us who are speaking. If our friends who have passed over are alive at all, they are alive now in the same natural sense as we are, and under the same universe and beneath the guidance of the same Father that we are.

What is the condition, then, of the modern world as to this matter of belief in continued existence? There are, I know, vast numbers of people in all the churches who have taken this belief for granted. It has come to them from the past as a tradition. They have said, There must have been adequate reason for the belief when it first took possession of the hearts of men; and they have not been troubled by any manner of doubt.

Blessed, in one way, at least, are these souls that are untroubled. I would not speak one word that should touch the beautiful fabric of their belief. I would not undermine their trust: I would help them to maintain it as long as they may. But I am compelled to recognize the fact that only a small part of the people to-day are thus contented and satisfied. There are those in our old churches — and this is another class from the one I have just been speaking of — who have accepted this belief as a tradition, who have not questioned it, but who, when the great strain of sorrow comes, find that the cables which are attached to the anchors of their hope down in the deep sea give way; and they find themselves adrift and in doubt.

I had, for example, not a great while ago a letter from a lady only two or three years married, looking with hope and joy towards the future, whose husband suddenly was snatched out of her arms by death. And she wrote me — I had never seen her — and said: "I have for years been a member of one of the old churches. I supposed I believed; but now, when this great trial comes, everything is gone." As I read the letter, I could hear the tears drip from the first word to the last. And she wrote: "Tell me, do you believe, is there any reason for trust in God? May I hope for a future life? I have written you, and not gone to my own minister, because from the position which you occupy I know you would tell me just what you think, not what you think you ought to think. If I go to my own minister, I am afraid he will tell me what he thinks the Church will expect him to say."

So, when these great tests come, so frequently the faith gives way.

I attended the funeral of the wife of one of my old friends in Boston this last week. The wife's father was there from a distant city. The relation between the daughter and father had been peculiarly close and strong. He whispered in my ear just as soon as the service was over that he wished he could believe. He said, "I have been trained in the old church; but I find my faith growing very dim as I get older."

And it seems to me that most men, as they get on into middle life, find this trust getting unreal to them; and they wish they knew.

Only a little while ago a novel was published and widely read. One of its characters was an Episcopal rector and another an old gentleman, his long-time friend, with whom and others he had been accustomed to play a quiet game of whist of an evening. The old gentleman is dying, and he sends for his rector; and, when he comes, he looks into his face, and says: Now I want to ask you a question; and I want you to answer me as man to man. Do not give me your official opinion. As a man and a friend, do you know anything about it? And, so adjured, he says, No, I do not.

I instance these cases simply to show that so many times, when this traditionally and generally accepted faith is put to the test, it gives way.

You find, on the other hand, some who have given it up. Harriet Martineau used to say, as she grew older, that she did not care for any future life: I am tired. All I want is rest. I do not desire any future life. She did not care to have it proved to her. I have had the same thing said to me in the course of my life a great many times. But I have replied: —

You are mistaken, if you say this, in interpreting your own state of mind. You are not tired of living. You are tired of carrying burdens. You are tired of certain condi-

tions that are hard, and from which you have not been able to escape. You are heart-hungry, you are weary: you are not tired of living. And so I say concerning this state of mind, as Tennyson says in "The Two Voices":—

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death.
>
> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want."

Another class of thinkers at the present time are those that call themselves agnostics. If you go back a little ways, two or three hundred years, you come to a time when the people thought that they knew more about the other world than they did about this one even. Read Dante. He maps out the Inferno and the Paradiso as no geographer could map this planet; and they all believed that it was real,— they lived in the other world. The strongest men of the age believed so thoroughly that everything else gave way in view of preparation for that which was to come after death.

But there came the Renaissance, which was a sort of re-awakening to the life of this present world. Out of that sprung the scientific spirit; and out of that has grown the agnostic.

What is the scientific spirit? Is there any evil about it? No. It is nothing more nor less than the reasonable demand on the part of reasonable men and women that they should have proof for that which is presented to them for acceptance.

Mr. Huxley went so far as to say that he believed it was immoral for people to believe without any proof. A doubt is as sacred as faith, and the only object of either of them is to lead to the discovery of truth.

The scientific man, then, is no enemy to the future life: he simply wishes what I wish,— to know.

They used to sing, you know, about making their "title clear to mansions in the skies"; and it was lovely, so long as people could believe that the titles were clear. But, when the scientific investigators asked leave to look into these titles and see if they were valid, the most of them were found not to bear a very close or careful investigation.

So people woke up, and were obliged to confess that they did not know so much about the other world as they had supposed. So here is this agnostic position.

I have never met an agnostic who was glad to be one,—not if he was a sensible man at the same time. He simply says: I must confine myself to that which is true. I must know: I cannot rest in simply what is called "faith," which is shutting the eyes and believing in the dark. I wish evidence for these great things that we are told are founded in the eternal nature of things.

Now let us look for a moment at still another class. We come to those that are ready to argue with us to-day that we have adequate reason for believing in continued existence simply on the basis of the story that Jesus, after being crucified, was raised again from the grave, in the same body which he wore when he was on the cross. This is offered to the world to-day. I have seen two or three times, several times within the last week or two, the argument made that here is the Gibraltar of Christianity, here is the one reason for our believing in continued existence.

I wish, as carefully as I may, to look at this for a little, and see how much it means. You are not to suppose that I am done with it when I have treated this point with which I am immediately concerned. I shall wish to refer to it a little later on.

I say then, friends, frankly to you that, even if I believed that the physical body of Jesus was raised from the tomb, I should fail utterly to see how it carried any hope or adequate comfort for me.

Take it on the old theory that Jesus was God. If God

continues to live through what is ordinarily called the fact of death, how does it prove that I am to continue to live, when I am not God? If a physical body is raised from the grave, how does that prove that I am to continue to live when I have no sort of expectation that my physical body is ever to be raised? I cannot see the vital link of connection that is supposed to make this belief valid.

And, then, I must say to you with perfect frankness that I do not regard the evidence that is offered to us in behalf of the contention that the physical body of Jesus was raised from the dead as valid in any way whatsoever. We have not even one first-hand witness of such an occurrence. Paul tells us that he saw Jesus; but he does not claim to have seen him in the body,— it was a vision after his supposed ascension. We have no first-hand testimony.

And, then, I wish you to note another thing. A story like that never could have grown up in the modern world. When heaven was supposed to be just above this arch of blue, and when an atmosphere that any man could breathe was supposed to fill the space between where the throne of God is and this earth, then it is conceivable that a body might pass up through this atmosphere, and enter into that abode. But, when we know now that anything constituted as we are cannot possibly live for five minutes after it has passed beyond a certain distance in the sky; and, when we know that there is no heaven with the throne of God, on the right hand of whom any one could sit down, just above this dome of blue; when we know it would take light thousands of years to reach the centre of the universe, if there be any centre,— which no man knows,— do you not see that a conception like that cannot reasonably live for five minutes in this universe where we find our home?

We must dismiss that, then, it seems to me, as the basis for our belief in continued existence after the experience of death.

And yet, in spite of agnostics, in spite of all the clear-

headed and earnest-hearted criticism of the modern world, in spite of the doubt that is everywhere in the air, the human heart still pleads for its dead, still longs for some hope that those that have been loved shall not be forever lost. And, in the face of these critics, we find men like Oliver Wendell Holmes uttering his passionate remonstrance: —

"Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er,—
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,—
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

"Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her Sphinxes,
The stony convent with its cross and beads!"

I sympathize with and my whole heart leaps in response to this plea of our beloved poet Holmes, all but the last part of it, which I utterly repudiate. Would it be better to have faith in a future life with the Sphinxes and the civilization of ancient Egypt? Would it be better to have faith in a future life with the convents of the Middle Ages and the cold and hard creeds? Nay, friends!

I do not know whether you will say Amen to this utterance of mine or not, but I must say it with all the fervor of my soul: If I could have an immortal heaven, with all I love, ever have loved, ever shall love, grouped around me there, and have it at the price of the eternal loss and wail of the poorest, meanest soul that ever lived, I would turn my back on it, and go gladly to sleep in eternal night.

I have no respect for that man who is willing to take heaven for himself at the price of hell for anything that ever lived. I do not say, then, better the dreaming Egypt of the Sphinxes, better the stony convent with its cross and beads. No belief at all is better than a belief that God is heartless and cruel, and that the smoke of the torment of the great majority is to ascend and cloud the fair heavens for ever and ever.

But that is not the alternative, as I believe.

Let us see, then, where we are. Now I do not propose at first to offer you what I regard as proof. I only propose to outline for you two or three considerations which seem to me to establish a tremendous, a magnificent probability in that direction.

And, first, it seems to me one of the most striking facts in the history of this world that practically all men everywhere have believed. No matter what their reason for believing, the simple fact that they have cherished a belief,—is it not wonderful?

Here is a body from which the life has departed. It looks, friends, does it not, as though it were all over? Whence, then, springs that audacious, that magnificent trust that there was something in this body, or connected with it, that is able to overleap that black and apparently bottomless abyss, and start on its endless career of light on the other side?

If you should see a dog bent pensively over the body of one of his fellow-dogs, and you could know he was asking the question: If a dog die, shall he live again, you would think you were in the presence of something unspeakably strange, wonderful.

The simple fact, then, that men have dared to dream of a future life seems to me marvellous in its significance; and I am inclined to believe that trust everywhere connected with love and hope in human souls comes from a whisper of our Father in heaven. I believe that it means something very grand and full of cheer and peace.

Another thought. When modern science first began to gain its wondrous development in the world, there was for a a long time the feeling and fear that some theory of materialism would ultimately gain dominance, and control the beliefs of men.

But, friends, it is not the Church, it is not religion, that has killed materialism: it is fearless study that has killed it.

Materialism, as philosophy and science to-day, is antiquated and dead. It has no standing among the finest and most scholarly thinkers of the world.

There is no possibility out of any combination you please of dead matter of producing a thought, feeling, love, or hope. And the simple fact, then, that we place man, soul, first, and matter afterwards, seems to me to have a tremendous significance in this direction.

Spenser, the old poet, the author of the "Faery Queen," is the author also of two lines suggestive in this direction. He says,—

> "For of the soul the body form doth take;
> For soul is form, and doth the body make."

I believe life is first. Life creates and shapes what we call matter,—without knowing anything about what it really is.

One other consideration: This universe, just as far as we are able to trace it, we find to be a reasonable universe. So we are compelled to believe that rationality runs through and characterizes all that which to us at present is still unknown. It is a reasonable universe. Now think! I, for one, cannot believe that it is reasonable to suppose that the universe takes such pains through millions of years to accomplish magnificent results for nothing at all! From the fire-mist, millions of years, until this little earth of ours swings, a globe, around the sun; thousands on thousands of years while it cools, and until it becomes the abode of sense and life; thousands on thousands of years while the lower forms of life dominate it, while it is climbing up through fish and bird and mammal to man; then thousands on thousands of years while man is going through the process of preparation; thousands on thousands of years while humanity climbs up at last to the height of Homer, Pericles, Virgil, Goethe, Shakspere, to the more magnificent heights of Confucius, Gautama, Mohammed, Jesus; climbing up to these magnificent peaks of intellectual and spiritual light and power.

Now, friends, I find it almost impossible to believe that through millions of years of preparation the universe should have reached on and on up to the production of these marvellous results for the sake of — what? Nothing! To snuff out all that it has taken such pains to produce, to end in a blank after such elaborate and careful preparation!

It seems to me absurd. And so, if I had no other reason than this, I should still trust in continued existence after death, trust that this magnificent work which the universe has been at such pains to perfect would continue, and mean something in the ages that are to come.

But I frankly say to you, friends, these things are not what scientists would call demonstration, they are not absolute proof: they are simply magnificent probabilities.

Then is there anything else? I wish now to call your attention to a class of facts that have only recently come to be recognized seriously by the earnest and competent students of the world. A few years ago a man appeared in France who claimed to have discovered a power that after him came to be called "Mesmerism." Now the same thing is called hypnotism, the name only being changed.

A biassed scientific commission was appointed to investigate the matter while Mesmer still lived; and they pronounced it all delusion and fraud. To-day there is not a competent thinker on the face of the earth who does not know that a hundred times more than Mesmer claimed is true.

What does this mean? It means simply that we are beginning to study these wonderful minds of ours. The mind of man is the last continent on earth to be explored. Until these very modern years it has been more unknown than the wilds of darkest Africa itself. We are, however, beginning to study the mind of man. We have found not only that these marvellous things are true; but we have found that clairvoyance, clairaudience, and telepathy are real. I mean by this, — be sure you understand me, — not

that all that is said by those who claim to be clairvoyant and clairaudient is so. No. I simply mean that these powers exist.

What does this mean? It means that these wondrous minds of ours, these souls, ourselves, can, under certain conditions, see without any eyes and hear without any ears, and communicate half-way round the globe, without any of the ordinary means of communication. What does that mean? Does it prove a future life? Not at all. But I suggest to you as to whether it does not take a significant step in that direction.

It is said that Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker were one day taking a walk in Concord when a believer in the Second Advent rushed wildly up to them, and told them that the world was very near its end. I omit Theodore Parker's reply, which was very witty, but irrelevant here, and call your attention only to that of Emerson. Emerson said: "Well, my friend, suppose the world is coming to an end! I think I can get along without it!"

Now the point I wish you to note as the suggestion of this reply of Emerson's is this: If a mind can see without eyes, if it can hear without ears, if it can communicate without a tongue, and that without much regard to distance in space,— in other words, if I can get along for awhile without so many of these faculties and powers of the body,— may it not be reasonable for me to believe that I can get along without it entirely?

There is another whole class of facts which I must suggest to you. I shall not go into them to-day in the way of giving specific and detailed experiences. I now simply make certain assertions, which I am ready to prove whenever called upon to do so.

There is in existence, as most of you are aware, in England and this country, a Society for Psychical Research. It is a society that investigates that whole class of alleged facts and happenings which have been believed in from the

beginning of the world, but which, by educated people in our modern life, have been brushed one side and treated with contempt.

I have been studying these matters now for over twenty years, with no personal bias, with no personal wish,— why should any one have a wish of that sort?— to believe what is not true, but simply with a desire to find out what sort of being I am, and whether there is any scientific reason for trusting that I may overleap the fact of death.

Now I wish you to note, friends, one thing. The things that are asserted to be taking place in the modern world are precisely similar to the happenings of which the Bible, Old Testament and New, is full,— precisely similar facts. There is not a religion on the face of the earth that has not had its birth in the midst of alleged facts of a similar kind. There is not a nation on the face of the earth that has not been telling these stories from the beginning.

What are they? They are visions, they are voices, they are messages coming from across the border. They are based on the idea that the other world is as real as this, and that at times the partition is so thin that we can gain glimpses through and hear words that are uttered, that sometimes even the denizens of that world on special missions do appear in this.

If you are not ready to investigate facts like these in the modern world, why should you believe precisely similar facts two thousand, three thousand, four thousand years old, on the testimony of nobody knows who, when you cannot possibly investigate them to find out whether they are creditable witnesses or not or whether they really saw what they asserted took place?

I leave you face to face with that dilemma.

There is not a belief in a future life on the face of the earth to-day that does not reach back to some asserted happening of this particular kind.

Now a word in regard to the reappearance of Jesus after

death. I told you that I did not believe that the body, the physical body, of Jesus, was raised from the dead. I do believe, however, that his disciples saw him and talked with him. I do not consider that the evidence that has come down to us, two thousand years old, is sufficient to establish that belief. But I believe that similar things have happened in the modern world. Therefore, I can believe that they may have happened then.

I believe that Jesus was seen. I believe that this magnificent fact is that which inspired the early Church and given us our Easter morn. I believe that the story which grew up years and years afterwards (that his physical body disappeared from the tomb of Joseph) is not supported by adequate proof; and, if it were, it would only be a difficulty to my faith.

Jesus did not want his physical body any more than I shall want mine; and what the early disciples needed was not the belief that his physical body was raised from the dead,— for that must die again if it were,— but that Jesus lived right through death.

I do not believe in death, friends. I believe in life. I believe I am to go through that process that they call death no more disturbed or troubled or changed than I am by the fact that I went through the sleep of last night and waked up this morning.

This is my belief: I believe that Jesus lived, that all live unto God. "He is not a God of the dead, but of the living."

Now at the end. I should be ready, friends, at the proper time and place to adduce what I call good evidence in a court of justice for all that I have said. I cannot go into it this morning; but here at the close I wish to suggest one thought for our comfort, and give you two or three quotations, because they are such beautiful expressions of what is my real belief.

You know there are certain high mountains which catch the first rays of the morning's sun; and it is hours and hours

after that before the plains and the valleys are light. So there are mountainous men, seers, taller men intellectually and spiritually than you and I, who can see away over our heads. The divine sunrise smites them first; they look away down the future; they see things which are not yet visible to us. So we call them seers. Their vision is not scientific proof; but the experience of the world has justified our trust in them so many times that I find it easy to believe them.

Now I wish to read you the expression of the trust of two or three of these seers.

First, a few lines from Edward Rowland Sill, a young American poet who died of consumption at about the age of thirty, but who had the promise in him of wonderful things, could he have lived: —

> What if, some morning when the stars were paling
> And the dawn whitened and the East was clear,
> Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
> Of a benignant Spirit standing near:
>
> And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
> "This is our earth, most friendly earth and fair;
> Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
> Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:
>
> "There is blest living here, loving and serving
> And quest of truth and serene friendship dear;
> But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer —
> His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"
>
> And what if then, while the still morning brightened
> And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
> Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
> And take my hand and say, "My name is Death"?

Then just those sweet words of Tennyson, the last that appear in his volume of completed poems, "Crossing the Bar": —

> Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me!
> And may there be no moaning of the bar
> When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

And now one more word, and this time the last thing in the volume of Walt Whitman's poems: —

Joy! Shipmate — joy!
(Pleased to my soul at death I cry)
Our life is closed — our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last — she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore;
Joy! Shipmate — joy!

Father, we thank Thee for our great faith in life, in Thee, in love, — that love shall never lose its own; that somewhere, some when, we shall find all that belong to us, and shall know that this life was only a portal, a gateway of that house of many mansions, in which dwells the family of God, visible and invisible, forever. Amen.

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HELL AND HEAVEN.

My subject this morning is "Hell and Heaven." As my text, you may take the words to be found in the sixth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Galatian Churches, the seventh verse: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

This figure, borrowed from the experiences of the farmer, chimes in perfectly with the law of the universe which has only been clearly discovered and scientifically demonstrated in our own day. We are under the reign of law. What we are, what we have been, what we shall be, is determined in accordance with it. And this reign of law is not confined to this life or to this planet. It is universal, one God, one law, throughout the universe.

I leave this, then, simply as the underlying principle which is to determine for us our course of conduct concerning the essential things which make up hell, which constitute heaven in this world, in all worlds.

In order that the matter may be made very clear to us, I shall be obliged this morning, in the first place, to touch on the doctrines of hell and heaven as they are set forth in the Old and New Testaments and in the traditions and creeds of the popular churches. Then I shall consider the question as to who are to inhabit these hells or heavens, as to what reason we have — if we have any — for holding to the traditional views, and then outline for you what seem to me to be the eternal and necessary truths connected with character, and which therefore must determine the matter of happiness or suffering in any part of the universe.

If any one supposes that I might omit the earlier part of my theme, I simply say in reply that we cannot know any-

thing alone, anything as set apart and separated from everything else. In order to understand the present conditions of theological thought in regard to these matters and what I believe to be the thought of the future, we need to understand, at least in outline, the thought of the past out of which present conditions have sprung.

And we must remember here the principle which I have enunciated possibly more than once during the course of this past winter; and that is that theologies, religious theories, are necessarily and intimately associated with geographical and scientific ideas,—always a cosmology intimately linked with every theological scheme.

In order, then, that you may know where hell and heaven have been conceived to be in the past, you need to have in your mind again a clear conception of the world or universe as it was held in the past.

I have already told you — I simply remind you of it — that the old universe was very small. Until within a few hundred years, in the thought of mankind, the entire universe was not so large as we know the orbit of the moon to be to-day. Here was the little, flat, stationary earth. A few miles only above the blue dome was heaven, as material and real in that sense as the earth itself.

Visit the Plains of Shinar, for a hint of Hebrew thought, and see the builders starting their tower with which they verily believed they would be able to climb up into heaven. This indicates how small the world was to their thought, and how short a distance away heaven was supposed to be.

It was not confined to the Hebrews. Go back among the Greeks and Romans, and you will find the Titans piling mountains on top of each other, so that they may be able to scale heaven, and attack the gods in their very seats. This lets you into the child-thought about the universe.

Now in that universe where was heaven and where was hell? and what kind of places were they?

Heaven, as I said, was just above the blue dome; and, when they came to believe in hell at all, it was a cavern just a little ways underground. And you need only to study mediæval literature, the traditions and stories of the saints, to study Dante, to go back and read Virgil and Homer, in order to come face to face with the real belief of the common people that there was a cave, if they could only find it, through which they could descend into the underworld. And they believed that the inhabitants of this underworld frequently emerged from this cave, and interfered in all sorts of ways with what was going on here among men.

This, then, is the general picture that you must have in your mind.

Now I wish to bring you face to face with something that seems to me strange, and which I have never been able to explain. Moses, it is said, being the reputed son of Pharaoh's daughter, was brought up and trained in all the learning of the Egyptians; and we know that the Egyptians believed so vividly in the other life that it was as real to them as this was. They had their hells and their heavens, their places of punishment and their places of reward; and they pictured in their "Book of the Dead" the souls just freed from the body as going before the judges, their gods, and their thoughts, their whole course of life, being estimated and weighed before they were assigned their places in the other world.

And yet, when we come to Moses as dealing with the children of Israel, we find no belief in any future life, in heaven or hell either, for the ordinary inhabitants of the earth.

Did it ever occur to you that throughout the entire Old Testament history there were only two persons ever represented as having gone to heaven? They were Enoch and Elijah, both of whom were translated and taken up into the presence of the angels, where God held his court.

Throughout the entire Old Testament history nobody else was ever thought of as having gone to heaven, in the modern sense of that word.

And what, perhaps, will surprise you even more, there is nobody throughout the Old Testament history who is ever represented as having gone to hell at all, in the modern sense of that word.

It is partly the fault of the translators, and it is partly the fact that words change their meaning; but I wish you to note what is true,— that there is not one single instance in the Old Testament, from its first word to its last, where the term "hell" means hell in the ordinary orthodox significance of that term.

What the Jews believed was something like this: At first, as I said, in the early part of their history, they had little belief in angels or spirits at all. And let me postpone what I was going to say for a moment, while I enlarge upon this idea to make it a little clearer.

You are familiar with the fact that in the New Testament the Sadducees are represented as the great typical doubters. They were the ones who had no belief in angels or spirits. What it means was that the Sadducees were really the old-fashioned conservatives among the Jews: they held to what was the old-time Mosaic belief, the belief of the Pentateuch. They rejected the later, new-fangled traditions that had sprung up, as they held, without any Scriptural authority or warrant. This means that towards the latter part of the history of the Jews they began to have a growing belief in a real and active life after death. There is no trace of any commonly-accepted ideas about angels or spirits until the time of the captivity, when they came into contact with the Persians and Babylonians, who had these beliefs fully developed.

Sheol, the old word sometimes translated "hell," sometimes "the grave,"— Sheol was simply an underground cavern in general, a place where people went when they died; but

it was not a place of conscious, active existence. The souls, if they really had souls, were supposed to be inhabiting this underground cavern in a sort of sleep,— semi-conscious or unconscious condition. There was no real active life.

Read, as bearing on this subject, certain passages in the Old Testament, which I have not time to go into an explanation of in full. The Old Testament says there is no work, there is no joy, there is no — anything — in Sheol. The inhabitants of Sheol do not praise God any more. This is the Old Testament idea in regard to the underworld.

By and by, as I said, at the time of Jesus, continued existence and places for the good and the bad were quite developed in the popular mind; but they had not got themselves written into those books which became a part of the Canonical Scriptures. So the statement I made as to the teaching of the Old Testament on this subject is literally true.

What was the belief at the time of Christ? Nobody then went to heaven, however good they might be. They believed that the souls of the dead continued to exist and were conscious; but they all went down into Hades. Hades is simply the Greek term for Sheol, meaning substantially the same thing,— a cavern under the surface of the earth.

When Jesus, for example, on the cross is represented as saying to the penitent thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," he did not mean "thou shalt be with me in heaven"; for it was not supposed that Jesus himself was going to heaven. He was going down to Hades, this underworld.

But by this time the underworld had been divided into two parts. On the one side was the place where the happy were supposed to abide,— the good; the other, the bad. One was called Paradise: the other was called Gehenna. But both of them were in this underground cavern.

When Jesus was raised from the dead,— I am now setting

forth the popular belief,— it was supposed that he broke through this prison-house where all souls had been hidden away from the beginning of the world. And in the New Testament you remember the passage where it says, "He led captivity captive." This is simply a Hebraic expression, meaning only that he led up with him, when he went into heaven, a multitude of the good who had been held captive in the underworld until that time. So that here is the first time in the history of the Hebrew or Christian thought when any of the souls of the good went to heaven. When Jesus ascended on high, he led with him these spirits that had been in prison.

Now, when we come to consider early Christian thought on this subject, we must keep this constantly in mind: Although Jesus went to heaven and took these specially selected souls,— supposed to be Abraham and other saints and noble ones of the ancient time,— when he took them with him, it did not mean at all that from that time to this all the people the minute they died were to follow him. Still, in early Christian thought, the dead went down to this underworld; and here, in accordance with the popular beliefs, they were to stay until the day of the resurrection and the last judgment.

It has been a popular teaching that, since the body has shared on the part of the sinner with his sins, and on the part of the saint with his self-denials and sufferings for truth, at death that body should share in the final suffering or the final joy.

You must remember, of course, that people, when this doctrine grew up, had no conception of the truth that each man during the course of his life wears half a dozen or ten or fifteen different bodies, and that it would be a little inconvenient to have all of them raised. They forgot all this, or they did not know it, rather. So they taught that there could be no complete misery, no complete happiness, until the soul was joined to this body again, which has

shared with it the good or the evil of this present life here on earth.

So the soul was to lie quiescent in "The Intermediate State." I think most of you remember that phrase,— whether you have ever stopped to find out what it meant or not. At the resurrection these souls were to be joined again to the body, and the evil were to be sent to their final abode, and the good were to be received into eternal felicity.

This has been a popular doctrine of the Church, varied of course by different beliefs here and different beliefs there throughout the larger part of Christian history.

The idea that most of us hold to-day,— or that most people hold to-day, let me say rather,— that the minute a man dies his soul goes either to hell or to heaven, is really a very modern idea, not the one which has been held generally in the history of the Church.

Now that you may see how real this other world has been in the thought of men, let me call your attention for a moment to that marvellous poem of Dante. I presume the most of you have read his "Inferno." It lets you into the secret of the thought of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Dante, wandering through the woods, finds a place where the mouth of the Infernal Regions may be entered. He goes through. He finds Virgil there. Virgil was one of the noblest men of the old pagan era, as he conceived him. But Virgil could not go to heaven, he was not a Christian: the atoning blood did not apply to him; and Dante could not find it in his heart to put him in the tortures of the Inferno; and so he lives in a sort of medium kind of place, neither suffering very much nor capable of the highest and finest joys. The beatific vision, the reward of the saints, could never be open to him, although he did not share the torments of those who consciously sinned against the light.

This reveals the thought of Dante concerning the heroes of the extra-Christian world.

He discovers Hades or the Inferno under the ground, its descending circles the scene of different degrees of punishment and sin, reaching down like a tunnel. At the centre, instead of the intense heat, the lake of fire, that we have been accustomed to associate with that world, he finds Satan frozen in everlasting ice. This is the culmination, and the worst thing that Dante was able to conceive. During his strange journey, the poet finds the spot where the stones of the walls had been misplaced, when Jesus broke through and escaped.

It was all so real to his imagination as this.

But, in ordinary Protestant thought, for two hundred years the belief has sometimes been that souls went directly to hell or to heaven, and then came back again to be reunited with their bodies at the time of the resurrection just preceding the general judgment, or else that they lay in this quiescent state, this intermediate condition, waiting for the resurrection of the body,—one or the other. But after that all the bad went to this place of eternal torture, hopeless, and without any end, and all the good went straight to heaven, there to be happy in the presence of God forevermore.

Let us note now a little in detail who were to be the inhabitants of these two places.

According to the Catholic creeds there is no chance for anybody to be saved who is not a Catholic. The Athanasian Creed says you must believe everything that is contained in that or, no doubt, you must perish everlastingly.

I am well aware that, if you were to talk with any intelligent priest to-day, he would tell you that possible leniency might be shown towards some who had been specially noble in the olden times, and that the mercy of God might extend to those that had been ignorant without their fault, but who had tried to do the best which they knew.

But there has been little chance of salvation from the point of view of any particular Church for any except those who belonged to that Church.

The Greek Church will tell you that you must be orthodox, which means belong to their Church, in order to be certain of salvation. And so most of the Protestant denominations have told us that only the elect, those chosen before the foundation of the world, chosen without any regard to their character or what their course of life should be, chosen from the mere good pleasure of God, chosen not because they were worth saving, but simply to illustrate the grace, the mercy, the pity, the salvation of God,—that these were the only ones who had any chance of going to heaven; and that, no matter how good people might be, unless they have been chosen, elected, they were simply to be passed by, to illustrate the justice and the wrath of God through all eternity.

And I wish to suggest to you one or two things, because, so far as my experience goes, in talking with people, there are very few who ever do any thinking on these matters. I am amazed as I talk with people, intelligent in every other direction, to see how they read their Bibles merely as a religious exercise, without any use of reason, any attempt to understand, comprehend, really what it is that they read. I talk with people almost every week, and ask them if they know that such and such things are in the creeds of the churches to which they belong; and they have never thought of it, perhaps never have read the creeds. I ask them if they know that the New Testament teaches such and such a thing: they never thought of it, they never read the New Testament to find out what it really teaches.

How many loving, tender mother hearts are there in this city of New York to-day who know that the printed and published creeds of the Presbyterian Church, for example, the Prayer Book of the Episcopal, the Anglican Church,—how many know that these both teach to-day the damnation of non-elect and unbaptized infants?

And yet this is true. And how terribly real this belief is on the part of Catholics. I can give you a personal illustra-

tion. When I was living in California, there was a man, my neighbor, one of the roughest, most profane men I ever knew, but a devout Catholic. And his little baby-girl was very ill, and he thought she was going to die; and he came to me, a Protestant, because he had no time to find a priest, frantic with anxiety, to ask that I should come and baptize his child, so that, if it died before morning, it would not go to an eternal hell. The Catholic Church allows that kind of baptism, if no other can be obtained. It will allow a nurse, anybody, to baptize an infant, if a priest cannot be found.

Why? To save that tiny infant from the flaming eternal wrath of the Almighty. Think of it!

Just consider! The father of a child like this meets with an accident on the way to a priest, or on the way to me, if he is not able to find a priest, or he is not able to find me or anybody else to act as a substitute. And this little child, if the priest had got there in time or I had arrived in time to place a little water on its forehead and say a few words over it, would have gone to heaven, and God would have loved it and cared for it forever. But, just because I am a little late in getting there, God hates and curses and torments it forever!

Friends, think of it! In this nineteenth century after Jesus, in the midst of our boasted intelligence and civilization, the prayer-books and the creeds of the greatest and most popular churches in the world still teaching an unspeakably infernal character like that, and attributing it to our Father in heaven! And intelligent, cultivated, tender-hearted, loving fathers and mothers supporting such churches, and not demanding that the infamous lie be stricken out of the books!

Who is to go to hell, then?

If you trace the history of Christendom for the last eighteen hundred years, half of the noblest men of Europe have gone there, half of the noblest men of America. Every man with manhood enough in him to do any thinking, to ask any

questions, puts himself in danger of hell. Every man clear-headed enough to have a nobler idea of God than the popular creeds taught him and brave enough to speak his thoughts has gone hopelessly to hell. The great liberators and leaders go to hell. Men like Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin go to hell. Those who help the world out of its ignorance and superstition, and up into the light, go to hell.

I said once, where Mr. Moody was conducting a revival service, that, if you would pick out the people that he was going to take with him to his particular kind of heaven, I would gladly go with the rest wherever it might be.

Consider, friends, now for a moment, what reason is there to-day why we should believe this horrible doctrine of hell, — that, unless a person is saved according to the particular method of a particular Church, he is to go there?

How is anybody to know? The Catholic Church has one way of saving, the Greek Church another. Different Protestant denominations all have their different ways. How is a poor bewildered seeker to know which one is the real way?

But what reason is there why we should believe that God has ever created any such place, or that he sends any one there, hopelessly to inhabit a prison of darkness and torture world without end? Is there any reason why you and I or any intelligent person should believe anything of the kind to-day? If there is, I for one have never been able to discover it.

What are these hells? They are simply the reflections in the other world of the cruel, ignorant, revengeful, barbaric, torturing kind of people who invented them. Visit the Bastile before it was pulled down by the indignant people of Paris, and see there a man, for no crime except that he won the enmity — perhaps because of his nobility — of some lord or king. Behold him in some loathsome dungeon, dripping with foul water, full of toads and snakes and vermin of every conceivable kind. Think of him rotting

year after year, so long as life could remain in his body, in a dungeon like that, for no crime at all; and think of the persons who put him there, dancing their butterfly existence away, utterly untroubled in their pleasures or their sleep by the memory of what he is passing through. And then you can understand how people in that stage of barbarism could invent hells in the other world, too,— the only natural expression of the kind of barbarism with which they visited those whom they regarded as their enemies in this life.

Is there any reason for our believing theological conceptions of men like that? That is two hundred years ago perhaps. Go back to the Middle Ages, come to the time of the Borgias, visit the ancient time when it was part of the pleasure of the people to see gladiatorial shows,— men killed for the delectation of gentlemen and ladies who wished for a sensation! You need not go back very far. Look at Spain to-day, the most orthodox nation of Europe, with its delectation for the lady and little child and priest in its bull fight. Go back until you come to the time of the Neros, back and down, and take their imaginings of God and of the other life, and crystallize them into creeds, and tell us that we must be bound hand and foot, brain, heart, forever, to believe their crude and cruel and horrible dreams about God and the other life!

Right in there is the birthplace of all the hells that the hideous and cruel imaginings of the world have ever invented.

Let any one point to me a text in the Bible, and say that I must accept it as teaching a doctrine of eternal torment. Friends, let me say deliberately,— and I mean every word that I speak,— if the doctrine of eternal hell was taught in large and plain letters on every page of that book from beginning to end, if every writer had signed his belief in such a doctrine in the presence of a notary of his time, I would reject it indignantly and with all my soul! No amount of human belief, no quantity of human testimony,

can make me believe that the God of this universe is a devil. No writings and no men, however numerous or great, shall make me doubt the eternal and universal Fatherhood of him who tells us to think of him as our tender Father, and of ourselves as his poor, weak, and troubled children.

There is no possible way of proving such a hideous belief as this. I brand it as a slander on God, and will trust my soul to the issue.

Now, then, let us come to the modern world. If there be no place called hell that is eternal in its nature, if there be no place called heaven that is changeless in its nature, what are we to believe concerning the destiny of souls after they leave this world?

Are all to be treated alike? Does everybody go to heaven? Does it make no difference what a man thinks or speaks, or how he conducts himself, or what kind of character he develops here?

It seems to me clear that it makes all the difference in the world. I do not claim to know in detail about that other life. I never expect to know in detail about it until I get there and study its conditions for myself; for let me ask you to note carefully one special thing. We may be able, and I believe we shall be, as I intimated to you last Sunday, to demonstrate continued existence. That, however, is entirely another thing from our being able to investigate the details of that other life. Just in so far as that other life transcends the present and is unlike it, just in so far it must remain unknown to us until we come into contact with it by our own personal experience.

Let me illustrate what I mean: You talk with a boy four years old, and you have got to keep down to the four-year-old level. You cannot put ten-year-old ideas into the four-year-old head. I am referring now, of course, to normal children. You cannot put into the ten-year-old head fifteen-year-old ideas and thoughts and comprehensions. You are limited by the person's conception and ability to think with whom you are speaking.

A boy asks you what it means to be a man. You cannot tell him. A little girl asks her mother what it means to be a woman. She cannot tell her. We know we can interpret to the child only what the child can understand.

Suppose I visit Central Africa, and come back and tell you I have made a wonderful discovery there, and you say, What is it? And I say, It is unlike anything you ever saw. What color? It is a new color. What shape? you say. Well, not the shape of anything you ever saw. How can I describe it? The only way I can describe anything to a person who has never seen it is to compare it with something which he has seen.

So that, if this life is above and beyond and entirely unlike what we have become accustomed to by experience, then it must remain in that sense unknown, because all our knowledge is limited by our experience.

I may then be able to demonstrate the fact, though I may not be able to answer any of your questions as to details,—the kind of life, the kind of country, the kind of bodies we shall possess, the kind of occupations in which we shall engage.

Where are hell and heaven in the modern and rational thought of the universe?

In the first place let me call your attention to the changed conceptions which astronomy has made us familiar with. There is no heaven just over this dome of blue. There is no dome of blue, except to our eyes. There is no hell underground; for we have found that the world is a globe, and is spinning forever through space.

Where is hell? where is heaven?

I remember sermons of Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage in which they have indulged in flights of imagination in this direction. One, I remember, located heaven on the supposed central star of the universe, around which everything else revolved. Now there may be such a central star; but nobody knows anything about it. If there is, how far

away is it? So far away that it takes light perhaps millions of years to traverse the space. How long would it take a soul to go to heaven if it were located there? It would take a train of cars somewhere between one and two hundred years, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour and twenty-four hours a day, to reach the sun of our little system.

It is idle, then, for us to speculate about heaven's being the centre of the universe.

I incline to believe that the spirit world is all about us. I do not know any reason in the world for placing it away off somewhere else, except the impulse resulting from our inherited ideas. I believe that the spirit world may coexist with this planetary system of ours, and the good and the bad be kept no further away, some of them, than people are who live in the next street or in the next State.

I have had a great many people ask me this question: Are the good and the bad going to be all together in the next world? Would it not be necessary for the happiness of the good that they should be fenced away somewhere by themselves, and the bad fenced away and kept somewhere else? And, then, I have asked them a question which never seems to occur to them, as to whether the good and the bad are any more together in this world than they want to be.

No bad people except those I wanted have ever troubled me or haunted me very much. People do not thrust themselves in the society of other people, generally, unless they find some encouragement. People in this world may pass each other on the sidewalk, one of them in hell, and the other in heaven. They may touch elbows, and yet be further apart in their thoughts, their mental states, their characters, their careers, their destinies, than the stars in space are from each other.

These spiritual facts, spiritual conditions, solve a good many of these problems for us, if we give them a little reasonable attention.

I do not see any reason for fencing the good people and the bad people away from each other. I would not like to be fenced in anywhere, if I had my way, even in heaven.

And, in the next place, I believe that one of the characteristics of heaven — the heavenly state of mind and heart — will be the eternal opportunity to help people less developed and less well off than yourself. I do not want to be fenced away from hell. I have a good deal of sympathy with that old New England deacon who had a grand Christian characteristic in his heart. When he was asked if, at the last day, he should find he had made a mistake and was not going to be saved, but was going to hell, and in that case what he should do, he said he thought he should start a little prayer-meeting.

According to his ideas, he was going to help the people there. That was Christianity. This idea of going off into a selfish heaven, and letting the rest of the universe take care of itself, is a libel on the deepest and most Christian traits of humanity. It would be a libel on paganism even. For any decent man is better than that.

Let me read you here one little word from the Buddhist literature of China,— one of the sweetest things I ever saw, and with which we may contrast some of our Puritan literature: "Never will I seek or receive private individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and ever and everywhere I will live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all the worlds."

I do not wish to be shut away from bad people, then. I believe one of the grandest things in the other life will be what has been to me, at any rate, one of the grandest things in this,— the endeavor to help somebody who does not know quite as much as I have had an opportunity to know; to lift somebody, to lead somebody, to do something to make his life a little sweeter, a little easier for him.

Heaven, then, and hell are not essentially places any-

where: they are conditions, states of heart, character. Take that verse of Omar Khayyám, the old Persian poet of the twelfth century:—

"I sent my soul into the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I myself am heaven and hell,—

"Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And hell the shadow of a soul on fire.'"

That is heaven, there is hell.

What shall be our occupations in another life? It seems to me eminently reasonable, though I do not claim to know, that I should suggest something along these lines. If a man who has been living in Northern New England moves to Southern California, there will be a good many things that he was accustomed to do in that cold and barren wintry climate that there will be no need for his doing in his new home. Changed conditions suggest a change of occupation within certain limits.

There will be a good many things that we have to do here that we shall not need to continue doing in the other life. I believe, mark you, that we shall have bodies there as real, intensely more real and alive, than our present bodies. I have not time to go into that this morning.

I see no reason why we should not continue our scientific investigations.

Socrates, while he was talking with his disciples, just before he drank the hemlock, said he thought he should be able to continue his studies in that new life on which he was entering. I do not see why scientific investigation should not be carried on there as it is not possible to carry it on here.

Old ex-President Hill, the grand Unitarian preacher and famous mathematician, when somebody asked him what he expected to do in heaven, answered that there were enough mathematical questions connected with the arc of a circle to keep him busy for several thousands of years.

Why should we not carry on our studies? Why should not art, in all its departments, and literature be developed there? Will Shakspere care no more for the drama, for the magnificent creations of character that have made him famous here? Will Liszt, Mozart, Mendelssohn, care no more for music? The great masters be no more interested in painting?

Why should not all these things that pertain to the mind, the soul, heart, find room not only, but unspeakable expansion, limitless growth beyond anything that we can comprehend here?

Such, then, it seems to me, may be our dream of the future. Not far away, not separated from the ignorant and the bad, whom we may be permitted to help. For mind you, the ignorant and the bad, those who break the laws of this universe, knowingly or unknowingly, must work out their deliverance from their conditions, whether it takes six months or a year, or a thousand years or a million. Broken law, the result of broken law, must follow us as a shadow follows the sun.

May we not, then, look forward to the fact that, when we pass through that gate, on the other side we are just what we were when we entered? There is opportunity for us to go up or down, opportunity for us to help, to study, to grow, to be all that is possible for us to achieve. There in that future, under the guidance of our Father, in that realm of spirit we may pursue the pathway that we have begun here, thinking out after him God's thoughts, rising to higher and nobler views of him, and so finding an increasing joy and peace forever and ever.

Father, we thank Thee that we may hold such inspiring thoughts concerning Thee and the to-morrow, of death,—not troubled, but believing that we take hold of Thy hand, and are led there as here, and that no harm from Thee can come to us on ocean or on shore. Amen.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

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Our Debt to the Children

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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OUR DEBT TO THE CHILDREN.

"Children are an heritage of the Lord."— PSALM cxxvii. 3.

I HAVE been musing over the memories of a small chapel on the edge of the moors in my motherland, as they came out in sharp contrast with our happy children's festival on Easter Sunday afternoon, with that wealth of flowers and the service of baptism, — memories so far away that, when I touch the earliest, I am climbing the hill on which the chapel stands, holding on to my father's hand; and, when they close, I am a well-grown boy, looking over the edge of the sweet home nest and almost ready to flutter away.

The faith and worship in the chapel was close of kin to that of the churches in New England long ago, and of one a few miles away, which was founded, as the story ran, by one of Cromwell's Ironsides, when he came home from the wars and beat his sword into a ploughshare. There was a Sunday-school also where the children were taught and trained in the faith once delivered to the saints of Calvin's school; and I am a lifelong debtor to one good man for what I learned, sitting at his feet, for he minded well the apostle's axiom,— that we must give milk to the babes and meat to the strong men. But the good man — by his lights — was of quite another make and mould who was at the head of our Sunday-school. He had the gift of speech in large measure, could not be suspected of leaving his talent unused in the napkin, and loved above all things else to tell us how thankful we should be for the blessings that had fallen to our life and lot: to God, our Father, because in his mercy he had not sent us where we richly deserved to

go for our sin in Adam first, and then for our own,—a place we call Sheol now, but he called it Hell; that we were born also in a Christian land, where we might be saved from that black doom, and not in the heathen lands, where there was no hope at all, to which we must help send the missionaries, that they might by all means save some.

How thankful we should be again for our good homes, our fathers and mothers, and the ministers who came each Sunday to preach this blessed gospel, and for the Bible we could read and for our dear native land, peerless in all the world, and the good king on his throne, who, when I first remember, was the royal George, the fourth of that name! For all these boons and blessings, we were told, we must be grateful; and, if we failed in this, it would be proof of a hard and sinful heart. But, as he grew up toward his youth, there was one boy in the old chapel who began dimly to think it was not quite fair to pile Adam's sin on our young shoulders as well as his own. And in the Christian land, my dear mother England always, they were yoking us to the spinning-frames, in the great, gaunt factory, thirteen hours a day in the early thirties. White slaves we were,—God help us!— who must help to earn bread for the family or go short. And, while there was one minister this boy was always glad to hear, a quiet, gentle soul the love of Christ and of the children constrained, the rest were, in the main, callow students from a college over the moors, who would come to try their sermons, I think, on the small congregation too poor to have a minister of their own.

So these memories have been stealing out of the mist, of the deacon's talks; but no memory remains of a time when he touched the thought that any soul on the earth or in heaven might be thankful for the children just as we were, hard hearts and all; or that God, our Father, must love us simply for our own sakes and just as we were, or how poor they would be by comparison if we had been left out of the tale in the church, the school, and the fathers

and mothers who fended for us the best they knew in those dire times.

Never intimated that, when Jesus took the children in his arms, and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven, and their angels do always behold the face of my Father," these would not be the white-washen lambs in the flock of God, but very much like ourselves, and that they must have blessed him when he blessed them, touching afresh the springs of all loving in his heart which was so human and, therefore, so divine, so that they would flow with a deep and most tender yearning for the work he came to do. There was no word in this sweet strain to touch the heart and the imagination so receptive in the early years; and so the time came, for the lad I am watching, when this talk about being grateful toward earth and heaven, out of all rhyme and reason, fell on his heart as the rain falls on granite, and there was no string in his nature that would vibrate in answer to give forth music, only a touch of revolt at last toward the people and potencies that had got us into debt, and then set men, like the good deacon, to dun us for instant payment on peril of that doom.

Still, the old man can remember across the chasm of threescore years how quick the boy's heart would be to respond when the dear mother would tell her small tribe in the home, in some heart-whole way, and simple, how God had ordained strength for her in his gift of so many of us, and how blessed it was to have such a houseful to fend for. Then all our hearts would respond; and her words would give wings to our feet to go in the way of her wise commands, while we were quite content to be what we were, mere fractions, with the father and mother for the units,—for there lay the worth. And to the boy, then, the talk in the old chapel about the debt came to be of no more account than the wind blowing across the wastes; while I have long ago concluded it was not a sign of the hardness, but the honesty rather, of the boy's heart, that he refused to respond on

those terms, and the good deacon held no right to badger us in any such fashion about such things.

I. And now, when I must ask where the debt to the children lies, I will answer, It lies first of all in the new life they bring to us, apart from any special gift or grace we love to find in their budding life in the home. Bless us by being just our children,— this, and no more,— so that, if I could imagine a life and a world empty of their presence and bare of this benediction they bring, though it was filled with the elect saints from Seth and Enos down, it would still be so dreary, so colorless, and so empty that we should be glad to get away and have done with it forever, and go where there were children, no matter where that was. I remember how I went to my old home city in the West some years ago in the depth of winter, when I must travel through a thousand miles of gray desolation; and again last spring to the funeral of a dear old friend I went over the same space when the woods and orchards were breaking forth in clouds of white and crimson through the lovely early green. I could only glance at the glory, as we swept on, and remember the desolation I had watched before, and only knew that, if I could come close to the heart of what I saw, the fragrance would match well with the beauty, as it will in a few days now on all the land, while such a sight blesses you just to look on it, as I did, and no more. It breaks out over the land, and glorifies earth and sky. The sun seems to linger over the outcome of his light and fire with a sweeter splendor, the winds to touch you with a softer wing; and all the world is the more beautiful and fragrant than it could ever hope to be, even were the wild things that bloom, as it seems to the poorest purpose, left out of the great account of May and June.

And so it is with this childhood of the world, apart, if we will, from our closer personal relation to the children in our homes and in our churches. We are all their debtors for the grace and fragrance they reveal. Their first gift to

us lies in their blooming forth, though it be but as the bloom of the wild things in the woods and the pastures. The strength and fragrance of forgotten springs come back to us in their shining eyes, their ringing laughter, and their pranks and plays. We may not care for such children. We may call them little brats, indeed, and wish them well out of the way, when they trouble us over-much. All the same, I say, we owe them a debt we can seldom pay in full, just for being here and being what they are, so that, if we could lose what they bring to us in their simple being, we should thirst for it as men in the deserts thirst for water, and long for it as we long for salt.

It is a blessing from heaven without our thinking, as it may be also without our thanks; and earth and heaven would be but deserts with the children left out. We may say, Man delights me not, or woman; but we must beware how we say this of the children, lest we sin against the Holy Ghost. I waive the question for the moment of your children or mine. It is the child world which, first of all, brings this benediction, apart from yours or mine, as the glory of the woods and orchards this May time is the prelude to the harvests which will ripen in the long summer days.

II. Still, it is when we come into the close personal relation with them, and most sacred, that we find the nobler worth, and, as we become one with them, that we can enter into their kingdom down here. In a very good and true sense, it is an atmosphere we breathe of beauty and fragrance, I have said; but, in the best and the truest sense, it is a life for a life. And we usually get the best of the benediction, let us give as we may, heaped together and running over. We come into this close personal relation as fathers and mothers, as kinsfolk and friends, as teachers and as benefactors. And there is no investment I know of beside in this world so sure of a noble return; for no man or woman wise in this loving wisdom of the heart ever

failed to draw more from the children than they could give. It is only as we try to teach them that we can learn and increase by our spending; while it is not as a cup of water we give them, then, in His name, but the mingling of two springs, — one newly spouting from the great deeps of the eternal life, and the other failing a little, it may be, and not over-clear, so blessed is the elder spring which can find this sweet and good alliance. The one blasphemy I hear or overhear now and then which makes the heart in me leap in revolt is this,— that it does not pay to marry and raise children; and I want to say, when I hear it, "I wonder if it paid your father and mother, my man, to marry, and raise you?"

So, I say, if we can enter with the children into their kingdom, the worth, the grace, and the life, in a word, flowing forth from them, will be as much or more to us than we can be to them.

I rode in the train one day with an officer in our army,— a grim, stern man to look on,— who had been out on the Plains, looking after the Indians; and, as he talked of what he had seen and done, I felt that his life out there might well turn any man into iron, so small blame to him if he was an iron man. But, as we grew more intimate through the long day's journey, he told me how, late in life, God had blessed them with a boy; and it was good beyond my telling to hear about the boy, so that, if I had not known his secret, — old as Eden and new as this May morning,— I should have been ready to believe, with my iron-gray soldier, that he was the very crown and glory of the race. The mother was not there; but, if she had told me those stories, it would have been no great wonder, while the wonder to have him tell them was as if you should see a gnarled and knotted old oak break out into a cloud of roses. The mother was not there. She was taken; and he was left to be father and mother,—the stern, iron man! And, lo! the softness of the childhood and the freshness had stolen into his heart, so

that, where he was aforetime of the steel which could break, but could not bend, the warm and subtle might of the child had penetrated through and through, and made the heart in him all sweet and pliant as the heart of the mother.

This was many years ago, and far out on the frontier of that era. So, finding I was a minister in this sort, he said: "I am of your faith; and would you kindly send me some books that may help me to teach my boy? I have been too busy about other things to give him any lessons about my faith and yours, and I do not quite like the chaplain at the fort. If you will be so kind, I will start a Sunday-school with my one scholar." And you may be sure I sent the books. There was *too much* iron, as I reckon, in the grim warrior's nature; but the child came, and he was born again in its advent and baptized into its baptism at once for the babe and the mother, for the living and the dead.

It is of all things blessed, then, to pour out blessing on the children. But we must be sure of this, I say once more: that, in the give and take, we are very apt to be the gainers, and not the losers, else the world's great life would be to-day as Baalbec away out yonder, and Palmyra; and, as my own faith stands sure, we must count nothing for gain,— no wealth, no distinction, no knowledge, no wisdom, no faith, no hope, and no kingdom of heaven — with the children left out of our reckoning.

III. And now I will dare to say that, in despite of our shortcomings in the homes of our faith and the churches, there is one thing, thank God, we will not and cannot do. We will not and cannot torment the children with the dogmas of that old chapel on the hill I know of, or with threats of what will befall them if they do not catch the fever so many still mistake for religion, or turn the poor little weans to scan their souls and watch with hectic eagerness the rise and fall of the soul's thermometer, and imagine they are near the gates of heaven when it rises into the nineties, and that down to zero is the line of despair.

This, as I take it, was the trouble with my good deacon threescore years ago. We were all lost sinners from about four, when I first remember, to fourteen, and the dear God, our Father, was angry with us every day, therefore he must gird at us on the Sunday; for why should he be better than his God? I do believe now he *was* better than the God he worshipped; but, then, he had a houseful of children of his own, and could not overrule his heart while the saint of Geneva had overruled his head. Still, it was bad for the bairns. Adam and the old serpent had made woful havoc of the world, and we were in the grip of the disaster. It was a good forty years after the revolt of the boy that I was telling my children of a marvellous serpent I had seen in London. "Yes, papa," my little maid said, "it was in the theological gardens"; and, when the laugh went down, I thought of my good deacon, and how he had also seen the serpent in the theological gardens.

We are in no such bondage in our homes and churches. The little children are to our faith as the angels that abide in innocency; and, if those in the great Raphaels and Murillos could touch us with their soft wings, we might wonder more over the vision, but we could not love them, if we are true to the charter, as we love those in our homes and churches: with no wings the pencil can trace, but with feet that will walk sooner or later in the ways of the Most High, and win by his blessing the grander eminence of the saints in light,— his blessing and our care.

Once more I take this to be a truth we cannot question, — that the church which does not care well for the children does not care well for her own life, because she is also a nursing mother; and to fail here is to fail in her motherhood. So, as your true mother gains by her giving, and is ruined only by her greed of self in the poor disguise of ease and pleasure, when a church cares more for herself than she cares for the children, she may have a name to live, but she is dying or dead to her most fruitful promise, and must

not wonder or complain if Heaven leaves her nothing to nurse some day but her own desolation. Also, as in all the homes which are true to this holy law of giving, to the greater gain, the cradle is the throne, the nursery the palace, and "Philip, my King," rules by love and loving; while, as the years come and go, the children are still our choicest care. So it must be, and will be always, in the church of the living God,— no matter about the name; and again, as in the noblest and the wisest communes, we care most generously for the hapless and the orphaned. Nay, more than this, in our great-hearted land and life we make them children of the adoption in so many homes, and know no difference, save, it may be, we are more tender toward them than we should be to our very own. So will a great-hearted church take such children in her arms, and stand to them in God's stead, making good the promise, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." I know of no trust, therefore, after the home trust, more sacred than this of the church for the children, when she hides the word of Christ in her heart, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, and their angels do always behold the face of my Father." They bring to her also the freshness and fragrance of the spring. The world to come, the new heavens and the new earth, shines in their eyes and beats in their hearts. Prophets and kings have desired to see the things they shall see, but could not see them, and to hear the things they will hear, but could not hear them. "I sorrowed," the great old dreamer cries, "because no man could break the seals and open the book." But I want to say to him, Dry your eyes, old dreamer, and go your ways to your rest: no man can open the book, but it will lie open to those children. It is the book of life, the life to come in this world, over which you are bending: they will be at home in it, and your dreams will be their realities.

IV. And I take this to be the truth, finally, touching the

relation of the church to the children and her debt, apart from the evidence those who hold the most sacred trust in our homes may offer that they have done or are doing the best they can for them as they grow up toward their manhood and womanhood. In here and there a home I am glad to think this is true; but I know, for one, that I did not do the best I could for my own children in these supreme things, because I fell short so often in myself, and so the motive power and the essential soul of my teaching could no more rise above the line of my attainment than the water in my home can rise above the high line of its departure in the tower. May I not say also that the home teaching is not what it was once, even in the best homes? Fathers here are too busy about other things, and many mothers, too; or they are not clear in their own minds about these questions, while they note how there is something lovely and too deep for tears in the child's eager glance toward the blessed heavens and the blessed earth, and the simple acceptance of so many things they hold in dubitation, and so for very love's sake they are silent.

Now it is to meet this primal need in the children that the true church opens her arms and her heart, and becomes a nursing mother to those that belong to her by their birthright or creep for succor and shelter beneath her wings. And, while we may be bewildered about these questions, your true church has no such trouble. It is her genius to make strong and clear the great truths she must hold in her heart; and, when she fails here, she is no true church of the living God. She has more faith than any man or minister within her pale, and more hope and a vaster treasure of love, because she stands for the whole sum free from the discount. We may be as so many tiny streams trickling away from the springs; but she is the ingathering of them all, the river of God. And, again, this is no mystery hard to guess at,— her relation to her children. It begins in a warm sweet welcome to all the children, and true as that we

give to those heaven sends into our homes, and in the faith that they hold also the terms of the new day of the Lord, and will help bravely to bring in the new heavens and the new earth, the kingdom of God, when we have done with earth and time; and it lies in winning the children to love the church ahead of any reason she can give them for such loving, and in her power to inspire them with the faith of God's presence and his love for them, like that of the dear Son who took the little children in his arms, to be tender and trusty and true, and to love all that is noble and good, and hate all that is mean and base.

They come into this world, these little ones, with the glory of life or the shame haunting their cradles, innocent of all evil, eager to be in the heart of all that is or will be, and knowing no more what shall befall them than the young birds trembling with delight this morning, newly fledged, on the edge of the nests. There are poets among them somewhere who may sing like Burns, and sorrow as he sorrowed, and be shamed, or be pure and high as my dear friend and yours was, our Whittier; and ministers who will be as the apostles and saints of the elder time, and artists and singers of the new Messiahs, who will count their work a sacrament. Men of the world there are among them who will hold the world to a grander purpose than we do now; and statesmen who will be able

> "Th' applause of listening senates to command,
> And read their history in a nation's eyes";

and business men who will do their part to make business holy as another gospel. These, your old optimist, dyed in the wool, can see in the good time coming, as we can see the harvest in the springing grain. This noble promise lies in the children of the homes, the church, the republic, and the world; and with those are the rough-and-ready men who will have to do the rough-and-ready work of this world, and shew forth the perseverance of the saints in blasting rocks, felling timber, pushing to the front

as pioneers, ploughing the land, manning the forges, sweeping the streets under the eye of men like our good colonel. Rough-and-ready men, all of these, making good the noble number,—

> "Ploughmen, shepherds, have I seen
> More than once, and still can find
> Sons of God and kings of men,
> In utter nobleness of mind."

Savonarola said, "God is our helper, but he loves to be helped." And now what better or more welcome work can we do than this, or, in the doing, reap a richer reward? And there is enough said always about their need of help, but too little about their helping, and hope of what they may be, but a very faint vision of their blessed ministry just as they are, while they have rights we are bound to respect, and, surely, among them the right to our thanksgiving for what they are and for what they do wherever

> "In the rich man's home of pride,
> By the poor man's fireside,
> With the noble and the mean,
> Little children may be seen.
> With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
> With their laughter and their tears,
> And their wonder so intense,
> And their small experience,
> May their angelhood in me
> Move a Christ-like sympathy!"

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ...	*20 cents.*
" " " *Doz.*	*$1.50*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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SERIES ON

RELIGION FOR TO-DAY

XIV. The Church of Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow

GEO. H. ELLIS
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THE CHURCH OF YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

My subject this morning is "The Church of Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow."

My text you may find in the third chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy, the fifteenth verse,— "The church of the living God."

Jesus founded no church. He gave no directions as to any organization whatsoever, he specified no officers or rulers, he left on record no directions as to any creed bond intended to bind his disciples together. And yet the Church, as you will see, as I go on, was a natural and necessary outgrowth of that which Jesus did. I wish, however, to begin by this perfectly outright and downright statement, because so many persons claim to trace back to the words of Jesus himself an authority, a method of organization, a system of rites or ceremonies, a creed, for which he is in no sense responsible.

Indeed, if you consider the conditions for the first twenty-five years after Jesus' death, you will see that the idea of anybody's expecting a church to be formed which should continue for the next eighteen hundred years is absurd.

If Jesus taught anything with perfect explicitness,— that is, on the supposition that he is correctly reported,— it is that he should return in the clouds of heaven, and bring the present order of affairs to an end, and set up, miraculously and suddenly, the heavenly kingdom within twenty-five years of the time when he spoke. He says explicitly, when they asked him the time for this great change to come, "Before this generation passes away," — this was the time.

If, then, the present order of affairs was to cease within

a generation, do you not see that neither Jesus nor the disciples could have expected the organization of any church that should extend its influence over the world and reach up the ages? Do you not see that such an idea could never have entered into their minds?

Jesus, then, founded no church, made no provision for its future here on earth. But, as years passed by and the expected appearance in the heavens did not take place, the disciples naturally grouped themselves together into little bodies, at first not organized at all, a mere meeting of brethren and sisters in sympathy with each other and trying to help each other, and then becoming loosely organized, in the most natural way in the world. They would wish some officers, some one to look after affairs; and so an "elder," some person who was looked upon with reverence, some one who possessed special efficiency for managing the business side of affairs, would be selected, and the church would be modelled at first very much on the synagogue, which existed all over the world wherever there were any Hebrews living.

It has been said that, if there had been no synagogue, there would have been no church. In a certain sense, this is true; but the church naturally organized itself. The people who revered Jesus and loved his memory and believed in his mission would come together on Sunday morning,— the morning when they believed he reappeared after his death,— and hold their religious and memorial services.

But these churches claimed no authority at first, and no one claimed any authority over them; and they had no fixed ritual, they had no definite ceremonies, they had no determined creed. The only condition of membership was a desire on the part of any one to do honor to their waited leader and to enter into the fellowship of this new spirit which had come into the hearts of men.

But by and by, as churches grew in influence, as they were organized in the great centres of civilization,—

Ephesus, Corinth, Antioch, Rome,— as the churches grew strong, and at last were recognized as a political power even throughout the Empire, do you not see how naturally the organization would grow? They would have their officers, elders, called "presbyters," a word which we have retained until the present day; and by and by there would be some man of commanding influence, and he would obtain the office of bishop.

But let us note how simple an office that was at the outset: the word "bishop" means merely an overseer, a superintendent, some one who has an oversight of affairs,— that is all.

By and by, just as the Methodists organized themselves in this country, there would be a group of churches each having its own officers, and then some one superintendent of this group,— some one having the charge of church extension beyond the limits of organization at that time.

And by and by, modelling themselves after the earthly governments with which they were familiar, we find men of eminence and power claiming to exercise authority over not only the individual church, but groups of churches, made up of those that existed in some one particular province or geographical locality. And, in a perfectly natural way, it came to pass at last that the bishop at Rome asserted supreme authority over other bishops and other churches.

Why? I wish you to note the naturalness of the steps by which this condition of things came about. As I said, there was no settled order of worship, there was no settled creed, there were no settled forms or ceremonies of any kind. So churches differed from each other in their methods or ideas. And by and by it would occur to somebody that there ought to be some concerted uniformity; that the churches ought to have a service of similar character in different parts of the Empire; that they ought to be united in their methods and ways; that there ought to be some one type of government. It was thus, perhaps, that the church of Ephesus

and the church of Corinth would get into a dispute as to which should have its way: Ephesus would think the Corinthian church ought to adopt its method; and the church at Corinth would think the church at Ephesus ought to adopt its method. A case like this is suggested only by way of illustration.

And by and by, perhaps, they would leave it out to be arbitrated by some man looked up to with reverence, supposed to have the interests of the whole at heart, and to have some special wisdom in settling affairs; and he would be looked up to as the one to decide these matters. Naturally, a metropolitan minister — that is, a minister who was the servant of some great church in some great city — would almost inevitably be called upon to settle such differences. And, therefore, the overseer of the church at Rome, which was the centre and capital of the Empire, would almost inevitably be chosen. He was chosen, chosen over and over again, until by and by that which had been extended to him as a matter of courtesy he began to claim as a matter of right. And the idea grew up that the first overseer of the first church in Rome had had the keys of the kingdom of heaven and of hell committed to his keeping, and that he had a right of lordship over the Church.

I feel perfectly certain — I cannot enter into the discussion this morning, giving you my reasons — that those words, conferring the keys upon Peter, are an interpolation and an after-thought, an invention of that same Church which invented the fraudulent decretals on which it based its claim to exercise temporal power; for Jesus himself says explicitly — and I do not believe he would contradict himself on a central point like this — that the kings of the earth exercise lordship, and they that are great assert authority over their fellows, but "it shall not be so among you": he that is great is simply to be servant.

But by and by, as I said, the Bishop of Rome began to assert the right to dictate to all the other churches as to

how they should conduct their affairs, as to matters of belief, as to matters of conduct, ceremony,— whatsoever concerned the organization and welfare of the Church. But Constantine removed the capital of the Empire to Constantinople, and so there was another great bishop there ; and for a long time the conflict was intense and bitter between these two bishops as to which should be recognized as the head of the Church.

There were, of course, doctrinal disputes also ; but the reason why we have a Greek church to-day and a Roman church is to be found in the fact that neither the Bishop of Rome nor the Bishop of Constantinople would bow to the other, and so they split the Church in two. And from that day to this each has claimed original authority and power and headship conferred by Jesus himself.

This, then, is the way — and you see how purely natural it is — that the Church grew from the first simple beginnings until it claimed lordship over, not only this world, but the other.

I wish you to note now a few points touching the claims that the Church has made in the past.

In the first place, you know that until within a very short time the Church has claimed — and some different parts of the Church make the claim still — that it, and it alone, stood here on earth as the mouthpiece and the arm of God. The Church has claimed that it held in its hands the destiny of human souls ; that it had divine authority to shut up heaven or to open it, to shut up hell or to open it, to shut up purgatory or to open it. The Church claimed to stand and speak and act for the Almighty. It not only made this claim concerning the other world, but it claimed to hold all the affairs of this world in its hands as well. The Church has claimed to be able to work miracles, to control natural law, to govern all the affairs of human life.

The Church has stood by the cradle, and by its magic touch has claimed to change the new-born child from an

heir of the devil to a child of God. It has claimed to direct the education of the child from the very first until it had come to be a man.

The Church has claimed the power of turning the unhealthy — and as it claimed the unholy — fires of human passion into the pure white flame of sacred love. It has claimed the power to speed the weak and faltering footsteps of the old man, as he crossed the threshold at the other confine of life, and to give him safe passage through the dark shadow and entrance into eternal felicity.

The Church has claimed and exercised the power to set up kings and overturn them. It has claimed the power to send an army out with the blessing of God upon it and the assurance of victory or to threaten it for disobedience with defeat. The Church has claimed to control the winds and the seas, so that, when the mariner started out upon his voyage, the priest behind with ceremony and prayer assured him safety upon the great deep.

The Church has claimed to control the prosperity of the agriculturist, the farmer; to be able to send drought or the needed rains; to give fertility or to blight all the promise of the crops. The Church has held the prosperity of the merchant in its hands.

There is not a single department of human life that the Church has not claimed to touch with magic, miraculous power, and to control. Not only that, it has set the limits to thought; it has absorbed music and art; it has told philosophy what subjects it might investigate, what airs might be fanned by its ambitious wings, to what safe perch it must come after its audacious flights.

The Church has claimed the right to tell people what they must think about this universe, as to when it was created, and why and how. It has claimed the right to tell men that they must accept its ideas as to the origin and the nature as well as the destiny of man. It has set the limits to all scientific investigation, saying, "You may study

as much as you please and as widely as you please; but, if you do not come back at last, and settle down contentedly within the boundaries of the creeds which I have fixed forever, then you must be looked upon in heaven and earth as anathema."

This has been the Church's claim over this world.

But the Church has not been all evil. I frankly say to you, friends, that, as I study carefully the history of the last fifteen hundred years, I find myself wondering sometimes as to whether the world would not have been better if the Church had not existed. For the Church,— note this, please,— the Church has originated and taught no ethical ideas that did not exist before, nothing higher, finer, sweeter, diviner, more human, than can be found in India, in Egypt, in China, in ancient Greece, in Rome. While the Church has asserted its sovereignty over man, it has done all it could to prevent the free growth and development of intellect. It has made it a sin to think; and those nations that have submitted to the dictation of the Church most completely have been crushed down intellectually to a level below mediocrity.

The Church has the effrontery sometimes to claim that everything in the way of modern civilization, intelligence, freedom, hope for man, is its gift. And yet I defy any man on the face of the earth to point out a single step in advance in the way of the world's thinking that has not been banned and cursed by some representative of the Church. The Church has stood in the way of every invention, every discovery. All the great names from Copernicus to Darwin have been pointed at as those who were to be avoided by those who have officially represented the Church.

And, then, the Church has done another great evil to the world: it has placed the emphasis always on belief and loyalty to its own organization, on something else than character. For, while the Church has claimed to have the keys of the kingdom of heaven, it has never proposed to let any

man in merely because he was good, never because he was Christ-like. It is the man who believes what she says he must believe; it is the man who performs her rites and ceremonies, who partakes of her sacraments; it is the man who is loyal to her authority. And these she has always found a way to admit, however black and infamous their characters might be.

These are strong statements, I know; but I believe that history will bear me out in making them.

What then? Is the Church to pass away? No, friends. the evil of the Church is right here. Do not misunderstand me. The evil of the Church is not in its aim, its intent, its spirit: it is in certain intellectual assumptions and certain political ambitions on the part of those who control its organization. The evil of the Church in the past lies in its claim to be infallible, to put limits to human growth. It has dared to imitate the fabled king who brought his chair out upon the seashore, and forbade the tides to advance beyond the limits set by his will.

So far as the Church has been able to do it, it has kept the world from growing and coming of age. There is the evil of it.

But the Church is not going to die, it is not going to pass away. A church may: this particular church, that particular church, may. Government does not die out of the world because a monarchy falls or is transformed. Literature does not perish because a school of writers which has dictated the style of an age changes or passes away. Health and the care of health does not cease because schools of medical treatment die out and become antiquated.

So religion does not pass away because a particular church becomes antiquated and outgrown.

The Church, then, is not to die out, is not to pass away. It is to remain, I believe, the grandest institution on the face of the earth.

I want to indicate the condition of the Church of to-day and what I believe it is to be in the to-morrow that awaits the future of the world.

The Church to-day is passing through a transformation compelled by the growing freedom of thinking and the grand advances of human knowledge. This is the reason that you find cries of heresy north and south and east and west. Ministers and people sitting in the pews — both are gradually outgrowing the old statements; and they are either compelling their change or showing such a practical indifference to them that they lie unused and almost forgotten. This is the condition of things through which we are passing.

I wish to indicate now — my theme is too large to admit of going deeply into the matter — a few of the things I think the Church is to stand for to-morrow.

I say the Church is not to die out and pass away. Why? Because man is essentially, necessarily, eternally, a religious being. The religious hunger of the world has been on the whole, I believe, its mightiest hunger. Hunger for bread, that hunger which we call love, and the hunger for God are the three great hungers of the world. And neither of them by any possibility can ever pass away.

Man, then, is necessarily and eternally a religious being; and religion, like art, like science, like anything else that is a permanent thought and care of man, comes of necessity to organize itself, and so you have the Church. It makes no difference what you call it. The Greek word *ekklesia*, from which our "church" is derived, means simply a company called together, a meeting, a voluntary association.

The Church, then, is based on the permanently religious nature of man,— a foundation more enduring than the eternal hills, because the earth and the visible heaven may pass away, but this will not.

Now, then, what shall this Church stand for in future? I said that the old Church stood for human salvation. It

claimed to be the power that could assure man of salvation. I believe that the Church of to-morrow is to hold in its hands, in a certain modern, free, purely rational sense, the secret and conditions of human salvation,— not salvation from the wrath of God, not salvation from any evil power in this world or the next,— any evil personal power, I mean,— not salvation in the sense of escape out of one place and admission to another. But the Church is to stand in the coming time for the highest spiritual nature of man,— for truth, for love, for mercy, pity, sympathy, human help,— for these great spiritual verities which bind society together, which make men and women what they are, and which assure their happiness in this world or any other world.

I think that there is a certain class of men who, when they give up their old ideas, get it into their heads that it does not make any special difference how they live or what they do, that they are all to be equally well off in another world. But, if you stop and think of it a moment, you will remember that salvation is not escaping one place and gaining entrance to another, but is what you become; and that you cannot be saved until you have become what you ought to be, for that is being saved; that you cannot enter heaven until you gain heaven in yourself, for that is what heaven means.

When you get this clearly in mind, you will see that it does make all the difference in the world what kind of lives you live, what kind of thoughts you think, what kind of words you speak, whether you are selfish or unselfish, whether you devote yourselves to one pursuit here on earth or to another.

If salvation meant simply voyaging from this world to another planet, and there entering into some beautiful land the outer conditions of which were desirably fine, and if it meant you were to be happy just because you were there, that would be one thing. But you may wander through this universe from planet to planet, one century after

another; but you will never find heaven except as the spiritual nature in you is cultivated and developed, unless you have learned to enter into and live in those ranges of your being which are heaven.

If you give yourselves throughout this life to the things that perish with the using, and that you cannot take with you, where will your heaven be, then?

The Church, then, stands for salvation to-day: it will stand for it to-morrow, because it insists upon this cultivation of the eternal elements in us, the spiritual nature of man, those things that link us to God and make us his children, and so of necessity heirs of eternal life.

I said that the old Church claimed to hold in its hand all human welfare and prosperity here. I believe that there is to be no agent in the future which is to render such a service in the way of solving social and industrial and monetary problems as is the Church. What other agencies are there engaged in solving these?

I do not believe that it is possible to reorganize society in such a way that everybody will be satisfied and at peace so far as their external conditions are concerned. Sometimes I hear people asking, What is to be the solution of our industrial and social problems? Why, there is to be no solution. There is never coming a time when we shall have got everything nicely arranged and fixed, and everybody is satisfied, and we are done. We are in a universe the characteristic of which is growth. We cannot fix things, and stay anywhere. We must be forever on the march.

And you never will get these things arranged by a division of property, by a reorganization of society. There are not offices enough for everybody, there are not enough high social positions for everybody, there is not money enough for everybody. The solution does not lie in that direction.

We cannot all be the head, we cannot all be the eye, we cannot all be the feet, we cannot all be this organ or that.

What we need to learn is that we each solve the problem of life for ourselves by being first noble men and women, and then filling the place where we are finely and sweetly and truly as we may.

Here is the only solution of the problem that will ever be found; and for this the Church, the true Church, the ideal Church of the future, is to stand, and no other organization on the face of the earth does stand for it.

The Church is to stand for character, to stand for righteousness; and it is to insist forever that the rich and the high shall be first just, then tender, kindly, loving, helpful. And it is to insist that the poor and the lowly shall forever be first men and women, basing themselves on character, and filling the place where they are, not cringing to the great, not envying the great, not cursing, not hating the great.

I have never seen anybody high in office yet, or very rich yet, whose happiness and contentment I felt so sure of that I knew it was perfectly safe to envy him.

Let me take the next step right here, then, and say — it is a continuation of this idea — that the Church of the future is to stand for the only tenable idea of human equality. Learning is not for everybody, knowledge of music is not for everybody, aptness in art is not for everybody, scientific investigation is not for everybody, high social positions or political offices are not for everybody. There is no such thing as equality of ability, of character, of condition, of possession, on the face of the earth; and there never will be.

The Declaration of Independence speaks of men being born free and equal. They are not born free, and they are not born equal. Freedom, if any one ever attains it, is the result of struggle, of growth, not something conferred by birth; and equality, except of rights, is never attained. There is no such thing on the face of the earth; and I question as to whether any such thing is desirable.

Suppose all the people in the world were equally rich,

suppose they were all equally great, that they all — if you can imagine such an absurdity — held equally high official positions, that they all occupied similar social stations, that there were no differences, no divergencies, in human society. In the first place, for the sake of having a little change, I would be the first one to volunteer to take a lower position. It would be insufferably monotonous.

And, then, if all the people are writing books, who are to read them? If all the people are painting pictures, who are to admire them? If all are building houses, who are to live in them? If all are to rule, who is to be governed?

You see the idea, the moment you attempt to analyze it, is absurd. There is no such thing as this kind of equality: it is impossible, it is undesirable. The only thing we have a right to demand is that we shall have an equal opportunity to become the highest and best that we may. This, I believe, God will assure to us some when and some where, if not here and now.

But the Church stands, I said, for the only obtainable idea of equality. It stands for the thought that we are God's children. You have come in here this morning, all divergencies of character, all sorts of differences in social standing and position, all sorts of diversities as to means, as to outward possessions,— different in every sort of way.

But the moment you cross that threshold you are in a house consecrated to the thought of the one God and Father of us all; and here we are brothers, here we are sisters, here we are common children of the one blessed Father in heaven, and all these earthly distinctions fade away. And, if we can let our imagination take flight for a moment, we shall find that just a few years will pass and these things that we pride ourselves on, that are creating these distinctions of high and low and rich and poor here will all be gone, and he that is first up there may be one of those who is the lowliest here, and he who is first here may find himself at the foot of the class over there; for the Church teaches that be-

neath all these superficial distinctions is the question of likeness to God, the question of love.

Paul teaches — and it is one of the finest teachings in that blessed book — that, when you have sought all sorts of distinctions and powers and possessions of every kind, you come at last to face the fact that the best gift is one that cannot be the exclusive possession of anybody, that which is open to us all,— love. Love is God, and God is love, and he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; and he that loveth stands high over there. Not he who is rich, not he who is intellectual, not he who is mighty over his fellows, but he who is likest God.

Again, the Church stands, the ideal Church — it has been already hinted in what I have said — for that which is highest and most distinguished in manhood and womanhood.

There are those who have an idea that to be interested in church affairs is not quite manly. But stop and think a moment,— I can only suggest the idea,— the Church bases itself on that which is peculiarly, characteristically, almost exclusively manly.

We are all animals: we share that with the denizens of the woods and the fields. But come up higher. The lower animals think: we distance them in thought. They share with us that. What is there that we have that makes us exclusively men? What is it that takes us up out of the animal world and sets us at the head, and declares that we are not only sharers in the earthly nature, but in the divine? Before you find that which sets us apart from the lower life around us and crowns us as human, you must come up into the realm that religion concerns itself with,— the spirit, love, the thought of God, and the possibility of our relation with God.

This is that, and this is that alone, which makes us men.

Religion, then,— the Church,— appeals to you as men, and bases itself on that which is peculiarly human.

One other thing the Church stands for,— worship. And here, again, I have met men who thought that worship was undignified, that it was somehow beneath them. They looked upon it as cringing, crawling. They perhaps had in their mind a picture of a man who bends himself in the dust before a king.

But note, friends, that worship, the possibility of worship, is the most divine thing in us all. What does it mean? It means that we are capable of cherishing an ideal; and the fact that we are capable of cherishing an ideal means that we are capable of growth. There could be no advance, no possibility of progress, on the part of creatures that do not dream. An animal will build his lair the same way year after year: he will make it a little better this year if he discovers a better place or better material or you show him a better place and better material; but no animal ever dreams out a new style of architecture for his home, no animal is ever worried over his social position and wonders as to how he can better himself. No bird ever dreams out a higher moral ideal, condemns itself for its sin, or wonders how it can become a nobler kind of creature. Man is the only one who is restlessly haunted by dreams of something better than he ever saw or knew.

And right in here let me hint at one fact,— that sin, which people tell us is a sign of our degradation, is that which characterizes us as possible children of God. If we had no sense of sin, we should have no sense of imperfection; and that would mean that we had never dreamed of being anything better.

The consciousness of sin is not a sign of degradation, then: it is a sign of uplift, of assent, of possible aspiration towards the highest.

Man, then, is forever haunted by the idea that he ought to be a better man and can be; by the idea that he ought to be surrounded by a better and higher type of civilization, that he ought to build himself a better house, that he ought

to create better industrial and social positions. And he always will be haunted by this ideal forever; and that means that he will always advance, that he has in him the possibility of endless evolution and growth. And this means — the point that I spoke of at the outset — that man is a worshipper: he does not worship that which he has attained. Man always worships something that eludes him, that haunts him, that he has not yet attained: and so he reaches on, reaching for it until as soon as he has grasped it in his hands another dream dawns upon his soul, and so he goes on and on forever.

The Church, then, is to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the mightiest, the most interesting, the most magnificent organization on the face of the earth. All we need is that there should be freedom of thought, and that the open road should never be blockaded or barred, but should stretch on, inviting our feet to advance towards something higher and finer, year after year, and age after age.

What shall be the sacraments, what shall be the rituals, what shall be the method of government, of the Church of to-morrow?

I know not, I care not. We are free to express our beliefs in any terms we choose, only we must not bind ourselves by any. We are free to arrange our music as we will, to organize our rituals and services, and make them grand and imposing as we will. We are free to organize our ecclesiastical governments according to any idea which suits us. These do not touch the essential things for which the Church stands.

I would like only to suggest one thing here that seems to me too often forgotten. Whenever the Church has set up officials over it in the past who have attained high position, ambition has been appealed to; and it has always put itself in the hands of tyrants. I wonder that in this country, where we pride ourselves upon our republicanism and democracy,

it does not appeal to us more to have a church in accordance with our governmental idea,—

> "A church without a bishop
> And a State without a king."

This is the old idea that was sung years ago in the beginning of our republic.

It seems to me that we ought to attain a free and flexible organization, that shall not be tied by any power above it that shall interfere with its free growth towards all that is highest and best. Within these limits we can make the external order of the Church what we will.

And then, living with God and for God, organizing ourselves around these spiritual ideas, trying to help each other to live the spiritual life, we shall gain glimpses of that eternal destiny for which the Church has always stood and spoken,— the idea that death is only a name, and that the career on which we have started is endless in its reach, and glowing with increasing glory day by day.

Father, let us give ourselves to the service of such a church; for it means serving Thee and serving our fellowmen, to-day and always. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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IS THE WORLD GETTING BETTER OR WORSE?

My theme this morning is an attempted, at least a partial answer to the question as to "whether the World is getting Better or Worse"; that is, as to the drift of our present civilization.

I have two texts. One is from the seventh chapter of Ecclesiastes, the tenth verse,— "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." And the other is in the eighth chapter of Romans, the first clause of the twenty-fourth verse,— "For we are saved by hope."

The worst condition into which any one can fall is one of discouragement, of despair. This is true of an individual, it is true of an organization, it is true of a state or type of society.

You will remember the Pilgrim's Progress, and how Christian on his journey from the city of Destruction to the Celestial City once fell into the hands of Giant Despair and was shut up in Doubting Castle. And then was the worst, the most serious condition into which the pilgrim ever fell. It was only when he thrust his hand into his bosom and discovered there a key called Hope that he was able to escape and continue his journey.

There are large numbers of people who are perpetually telling us that, however it may have been in the past, everything at the present time is out of joint, or gone wrong. They are reformers of a certain type, they are people who really wish to render humanity a service. They have thought out some scheme of things which they wish might

be put into operation; and they really believe that, if they could only convert the world to their ideas, the millennium would be in sight.

Sometimes, however, these reformers carry the matter so far as to produce in the public mind a state of discouragement, to get people to feel that the only remedy for present evils is revolution. I have heard, for example, temperance reformers inveigh against the present condition of affairs, and declare that there was more drunkenness to-day than ever before in the history of the world, and that everything was hurrying towards the edge of an abyss. I hear political reformers on all hands telling us that the country was never in so disastrous or hopeless a condition as it is now; and I have heard that a good many different times in my life, although I am not willing to confess to being so very old.

I hear people discussing the religious condition of affairs, and saying that infidelity, lack of faith in God and faith in man, is sweeping over the world. I hear people discussing the moral condition of affairs, and picturing it in so black a way that you would think the world is coming to be worse and worse.

There are preachers that believe in the millennium by and by; but they think we are plunging down an abyss, and that we are to be saved only by a miracle, and the new heavens and the new earth are not coming as the result of any natural progress.

Now, if I really believed any of these things, I should certainly stop preaching; and I think I should stop trying to help anybody. If, after the world has been in existence so many thousand years, and after we have had nearly twenty centuries of Christianity, things are really getting worse and worse all the time, I for one should feel like giving it up. I should see no use in hoping, if the universe, if the drift of civilization, if the march of humanity under the supposed leadership of God, is all wrong. Why, then,

the universe is bigger than I am; and I should not attempt to struggle against it any more.

It is curious to note how a certain type of man is always looking back, and discovering the blessed things in the past. Campbell says that it is distance that lends enchantment to the view. But this class of visionaries see no enchantment in the distant future, but only in the distant past.

And it is curious to note that this type of man has always existed. You open the early part of this book, and you will find it on record that "There were giants"—When? "in those days,"—somewhere away back in the past: nobody ever saw them. You read Homer, and he will tell you in his resounding verse that the men that fought the great battles around the walls of Troy, the Greeks and the Trojans, were so much larger than the people of his time that they were able to hurl boulders at their enemies that ten strong men among his contemporaries could not raise from the ground.

So you see Homer was looking back. People have always been doing it, from that day to this. You will find persons now who will tell you that people used to live a good deal longer a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago than they do now, that the average condition of the health of the world was much superior then to what it is now. They are the same kind of people who are always telling us that the country is made by God and the town is made by man, and the town is in a dreadful condition as compared with the country.

There are no end of these popular delusions. For, as a matter of fact, in spite of the stories of the patriarchs, there never was a time in the history of the world, there never was a country, where the length of life was so great as it is now and here. There never was a time when the average stature of man was so great as it is now and here.

I am not a giant. I remember going through the Tower of London, however, and examining the armor that is

supposed to have been worn by the mighty men of the Middle Ages; and I noted with astonishment that there was hardly a suit of mail there that I could get into. And it is a matter of absolute truth on that subject that not a great while ago a certain set of the young nobility determined to revive the old-time tournament; and they got out the armor that their ancestors wore, but they were not able to get it on.

Most of these ideas, if you look into them with a little care, search and sift them a bit, you find to be mere loving delusions, pleasant imaginings on the part of people who forget the evils of the past and remember only its romance, its beauty, its attractiveness.

So much by way of general introduction.

I have in mind so many points that I shall be able to deal with most of them only in a touch-and-go sort of fashion. I wish to raise a few contrasts in your minds between the good old times and the present, and ask you to note as to whether the world to-day is getting worse or whether it is getting better. The most part of what I have to say this morning, however, will concern itself with one or two points that I must deal with more at length.

I suppose nearly all persons are ready to concede that the world has made marvellous progress in its external and material civilization. We need to call up only what has been accomplished through the discovery of steam and electricity to picture to ourselves a planet that has been made over in almost every part. The conveniences of life to-day, the opportunities for travel, the ability we have to control the forces of nature and make them minister to our wants,—all this is conceded: I need only suggest it, and pass it by. This is one of the things that a person who looks back most persistently is not able to contradict.

Then when we consider the question of the intellectual advance of the world. Just think, friends, what it means. Only a few hundred years ago, and we lived on a little

flat world, with stars made only to light our little planet,—not a planet: I am misusing the word, because a planet means a "wanderer." We have discovered the world is a planet; but our ancestors did not know that. They thought it was anchored and fixed,—a tiny world.

We have now an infinite, new universe. Not only that, we have been all round this world, there is hardly a continent or an island that we have not explored. We are beating now against the icy barriers that shut from us the farthest North; but we feel perfectly sure that the gate will open to our investigations, and that we shall discover at last the secrets of all the world.

We have investigated the origin and the migrations of peoples; we have discovered the meanings and the growths of the different religions; we have begun to unlock the secrets of the world's mighty forces, though we feel that here we are only on the threshold of such advances as shall make the next century perhaps even more wonderful than the past. Our intellectual advance nobody questions.

But now I come to the point where at any rate large numbers of persons are ready to halt. They say, We grant all this material civilization, we grant the intellectual civilization; but have we made any moral advances commensurate with the material and the intellectual growth?

You will find people every morning in the week looking over their newspapers at their breakfast table, reading the accounts of thefts, of burglaries, of defalcations, murders,—of every sort of crime,—of wars in Europe and wars in different places around the world; and you find them sighing over what looks to them to be the moral degeneracy of the world. They say, We do not know whom we can trust: our next-door neighbor perhaps will be the next one to prove that he was hollow-hearted, and that his outside appearance was only a sham.

And yet, friends, it needs only the smallest and most careful thought to discover that all this is apparent only.

The world was a thousand times worse five hundred years ago, only the people then living had no way of finding it out. Now hardly a thing can be said or done anywhere on the planet but some ambitious newspaper man is not there to report it to us. The whole world is spread out before us every morning in the year.

We need only to note the condition of women. The New York *Nation* a few years ago — I do not remember the date — made the profound statement that the modern woman's drawing-room, as contrasted with the hut of the primeval barbarian, represents and sums up in itself the total results of the world's advance.

Think of the condition occupied by women to-day, and then consider it two or three or four hundred years ago, if you will. Read the world's literature; look over the world's institutions, its homes, its hospitals, its colleges, its schools of every kind, its scientific, its art associations! Look at the condition of battlefields to-day, if you wish to see a change in the moral status of the world. Prisoners used to be indiscriminately butchered. Now almost every war is accompanied by the angels of mercy who look after the wounded, and do whatever they can to assuage the pain that must accompany every great struggle of this kind.

But, in whatever direction you look, you will find that the world has made immense moral advances, until to-day the moral ideal is the mightiest power in the world. Its power over the individual, its power over nations, is such as it has never been in all the ages of the past.

Have we advanced religiously? It depends upon what you mean by religion. If you are willing to take the definition of the old prophet, and to say that "to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with God" is religion, then there was never so much religion in the world as there is to-day. There never was such a thirst for truth, there never was such a desire to find God, there never was such a worship of that which is high and fine as there is to-day.

It was my purpose to touch on these matters in this way very briefly, simply indicating my opinion and pointing out one or two directions in which, if you care, you can think or study to confirm what I have said. The main purpose I had in mind, this morning, I am coming to now.

Are we, so far as the industrial condition of the world is concerned, going up or down? What must we say, when we look at the problems of wealth and luxury, at the rich men, the corporations, the trusts?

The hour is full of outcry against these things. Those high in authority, those who claim leadership in modern thought and modern church life and work, are telling us that the poor are being ground down under the heel of the rich; are telling us that the poor are becoming restless as they look on the waste and extravagance and luxury of the rich; they are telling us that the farmers are getting to be worse and worse off year by year; they are telling us that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer; they are prophesying all sorts of evil days immediately before us unless something is done,— what they have not made clear enough, so that I for one have seen it made clear.

I shall not be able to satisfy the thinking of all of you in what I am going to say. The subject is so large that I cannot deal with it intimately and at length as perhaps its importance demands. I shall have to make large and general statements instead of going into careful and intimate detail. But I wish to give you a few of the opinions that I have come to adopt as the result of the best thinking I have been able to give the subject. I claim no infallibility for it. I speak as one whose sympathies are with the laboring men. Why? I am one of them.

And, by the way, let me say right here, in passing, that it is unfortunate that we have not a better set of terms to use in defining the present condition of affairs. I know very few who are not laboring men: there are none among my acquaintances or friends. I do not expect even to have

my hours of labor reduced. If I could have them down to ten or eight hours, I should be glad. I have never been able to reach that point yet.

It is a misuse of words to talk about the "laboring men" and the rich people — as though they were not laboring men. Most of the rich people that I know are as hard worked as any with whom I am acquainted.

I speak of this simply, in passing, to show the difficulties with which the subject is encumbered.

Now let us look for a little while at the matter of wealth, note, at any rate, a few points concerning it.

In the first place, the man who is an enemy of accumulated capital is an enemy of civilization. He may think that civilization is all wrong, and wish to destroy it; but, whether he knows it or not, he is an enemy of civilization, if he is an enemy of wealth. For wealth, and accumulated wealth, is the very first condition of civilization.

Think for a moment. If all the men and women in the world were obliged to work as many hours a day as they were able merely to furnish them food and protection from the cold, clothing, and some sort of a rough shelter; if all of them were obliged to do that,— do you not see that civilization would be impossible? Man would be an animal, working to get something to eat, something to keep himself alive, and then sleeping and waking up again simply to work once more.

Before there can be the first step taken in the way of civilization, there must be money, or capital, or wealth in some form accumulated, so that certain persons can be set free from what we technically call "working for a living." Set free for what? Why should not everybody work for a living? In that technical sense, I say it would be death to civilization if all were obliged to work. If you are going to have any books, if you are going to have any pictures, if you are going to have any statuary, any music, any science, — any of these higher things that feed the higher tastes and

needs of the race,— then somebody, some persons who have special talent or fitness in this direction, must be set free from merely "earning his living," as we say, and be allowed to do these things. For whom? Why, for us.

Do you think it would have been good political economy to have compelled Shakspere to work as a stone mason, for example? What if Michel Angelo had been compelled to keep a shop in order to earn his bread? What if Raphael had been obliged to work in the fields?

Do you not see that all these productions of the highest and finest geniuses of the world could never have been given to us until there had been accumulated capital which should set them free to engage in these pursuits, to develop these faculties and powers? until men at large had been set free sufficiently to develop a taste for these things?

Is Shakspere selfish? He is highly favored, not selfish, necessarily,— highly favored of God in making him capable of doing the work he did. But Shakspere was working, not for himself alone: he was working for the world, for you, for me, for every man who develops his intellectual power enough to have a taste for him and to enjoy the fruits of his marvellous genius.

So it is true of every man who has worked in any of these departments of life and thought.

There could be no civilization until men got released from the mere toil for bread so as to cultivate a taste for some of these things, and until the men who are capable of producing these things could be supported and set at their tasks.

If, then, we could blot out the accumulated capital of the world, and have everybody equal once more, it would be the equality, not of civilization, but the equality of barbarism, where the world began.

Now, in the next place, I want to note another fact in regard to capital. For the purpose I have in mind now I shall not consider the question as to whether a man really

owns his money or not. People tell me — of course, I have not investigated individual cases to know how true it is — that any quantity of fortunes that are in the possession of people at the present time are not theirs, that in no fair way did they earn them, in no fair way did they create them. That is a matter I cannot deal with this morning. Of course, if a man merely grasps, clutches, and holds wealth which somebody else has created, he has not benefited the world any. If, however, any man has created wealth himself, so that the world is richer for his effort, then he is a public benefactor. This, however, is a matter for the individual conscience, or, if for discussion, discussion at another time. I am not to enter it this morning. I will waive it one side.

The point I wish to make is this: The private owners of great fortunes, whether they have earned them rightly or not, whether they belong to them justly or not, in the present condition of the world's civilization are compelled to be public benefactors. It may not have been so in the days of ancient Rome. I have not time to discuss that. It is so now. And a man cannot be the possessor of a million or five or ten or fifty or a hundred millions, without being a public benefactor. I do not care how selfish he is. He may say, "The public be d —— d!" as a famous rich man is reported to have said, or whatever he pleases; but he must serve the public. Why? Simply because the conditions of our modern civilization are such that, unless he puts his money into public use, he does not get his interest, his return for it.

And another point is worth your notice: that the man who serves the public the best is the one who gets the larger return, of necessity. The men who are successful storekeepers in this city, successful merchants to-day, are placed in their positions by public ballot just as really as though they had been elected at the polls.

What do I mean? I mean this: that the merchant succeeds the best that has the largest number of customers,

other things being equal; and, when you go to one store to make your purchases instead of to another, you are voting in favor of the success of that particular merchant. The larger number of customers he has, the better his success. That means that he is selected by the people for success.

Why? Simply because for one reason or another he is able to serve a larger number of people satisfactorily than the man who is doing business on another street, that is all.

The man, then, who owns a large amount of capital to-day must be a public servant, in order to make his wealth bring him in its returns.

I am going to make another point now, with which perhaps a good many people will not agree.

All the money that there is in existence, in a large and general way, belongs to the public. So does everything else. Every time we pay a tax, every time we submit to a draft (as in time of war), we confess the fact that the public has rights over our property and over our lives. When it comes to the last resort, the right of eminent domain is supreme, and the right of society obliterates or supersedes the right of the individual. To this extent I am a Socialist.

But the point I am going to make is this: that, so far as the experience of the world has been able to tell us up to the present time, the public is better served by private ownership. If the public can be better served by public ownership, and we were sure of it, I should be in favor of it; but we have no experience up to the present time that demonstrates any such supposition. So far as human experience goes, we have reason to believe that the public welfare is best served by private ownership.

And there are two reasons why I believe that is true. In the first place, if you should take away the incentive of the personal ownership of wealth, you would cut the tap-root out of which the accumulated capital of the world grows. Men labor and strive for the accumulation, the creation, of wealth, because it means power and it means certain grand

advantages which they wish to attain. You take that motive away, and how many people would struggle and toil, even to the breaking down of their health and the shortening of their lives, for the accumulation of capital?

The other reason is this: it seems to me that, unless we can demonstrate the contrary proposition, it is mere common sense to suppose that the man who has shown ability to make money knows best how to use it. Suppose you should take the New York Central Railroad — I mention it purely by way of illustration — out of the hands of the men who have created it and put it into its present condition, and let a man be chosen by public vote in the city of New York to take care of it, to manage it, to run it. What would be the chances that he would be a competent man?

Do you know that the number of men who are capable of being what are sometimes called "captains of industry," that the number of men who have genius in this direction, are about as few as the great generals of the world? They are not found in every company. They are not discovered by popular vote. They are wrought out in the struggle of keen competition, and are brought to the front simply because they are the men who can manage and control these vast interests.

I believe, then, that up to the present time it is better for the public that the money that is in the hands of private owners should stay there as long as they are able to hold it and manage it rightly. When the time comes that they cannot manage it profitably, why, it will drop from their hands, and go into the possession and under the management of somebody else who can control it; that is all.

Now let us look at another matter. I say that men strive for the accumulation of wealth because it holds out places, advantages, to them, appeals to their ambition. But are these men who have accumulated their vast fortunes so much better off in every way than the most of us that we

can allow our lives to turn bitter and sour with envy of them?

Note one thing: to succeed in business to-day means the devotion of a man's life; and he has no time, or little time, for the cultivation of a thousand things, for the development of himself in a thousand ways that are infinitely attractive to me.

I have a friend, one of my wealthiest friends in the city of Boston, who told me, with pathos in his voice, in his old age, that he had devoted himself all his life long to the accumulation of money, and he had succeeded; and he said, I have lost my taste for music, for art, for books,— for a thousand things that people generally care for.

It means simply that you cannot pour your whole life into one channel, and have it at the same time flow in other channels.

I have no envy of the rich as a class. I have nothing to say against them this morning. I have no envy of them. I suppose, if I should find in the street $50,000, I should be likely to pick it up, and, if I did not find an owner for it, I should probably invest it, and be glad to have it; but I have no envy of these men. I have no end of sympathy with Agassiz, who, when somebody asked him if he would give a course of lectures one winter for $50,000, said, No, he was very busy with other things, and he could not stop to make money. He was doing something which he considered of more importance to him just then. And no doubt it was of more importance to him, and to the world, for that matter.

I suppose that, as we read fairy stories when we were boys, we thought, if we could suddenly come into possession of great wealth, and have houses and gardens and everything, we should be very happy. But the story of Solomon as told in that old book is that, when he achieved great wealth and built houses and had gardens and ponds, and lakes with fish in them,— surrounded himself with singers,

men singers and women singers, and all the delights of the world,—he found it very empty indeed.

I would not care to exchange places to-day with any king on any throne in this world. As I look at the difficulties which surround them these modern times, I rather extend to them my heartfelt sympathy.

As an illustration, let me tell you a story about Queen Victoria when she was a little girl, which touches the core of the whole business. We imagine that these people can do everything they please. The chances are that they are surrounded and hampered in every direction, and hindered from doing what they please. It is said that the little girl was one day visiting her aunt; and the lady, wishing her to enjoy herself, said kindly: "Now, Victoria, I want you to be perfectly happy, to do anything you please and have a good time. Now just tell us what it is you want to do." And the little girl, with a pleased expression on her face, said, "All my life I have just wished I could wash windows: I want to do that."

The people who are washing windows think that princesses are infinitely above the present occupation in which they are engaged. I remember a railroad president who was looking out of a car window, one day, and saw a man sawing wood. Turning to a friend by his side, he said, "I would give half my fortune if I could sleep to-night as that man will." And the man sawing wood, if he caught a glimpse through the window of the president, would probably go home sighing and wishing he were the president of the road.

Lowell has a poem which I advise you all to read, called "Without and Within," in which he pictures himself at a party, and his coachman looking in the windows and envying him inside; while he, in the midst of the flattest and most senseless conversation, was wishing he was outside with the coachman.

We are always envying people who are somewhere else,

while, perhaps, they are envying us because we are where we are.

The rich, then, I do not think are to be envied. They can certainly do a good many things we cannot. They have got a good many things we cannot have; but I remember here a limitation which it is well for us all to think of. There is an anecdote of Astor,— I do not know whether it is true or not; it does not matter. It is said that a friend one day in his office expressed the wish that he was as rich as he, when Astor said to him, "Would you be willing to take all my property and take care of it for your board and clothes?" He said of course he would not, he would be a fool to do that. And Astor said, "That is all I get."

The rich man, nine times out of ten, cannot eat as much as I can, because perhaps he has over-eaten in the past and injured his digestion. He can wear only one suit of clothes. He can build a finer house than I can, but I can enjoy looking at it without paying taxes. He can have pictures, which I cannot; but I notice there are loan exhibitions very often during the year. There is hardly a fine work of art in this country that any person cannot see if he will cultivate himself into fitness to see it. The finest things in the world cannot be monopolized by anybody. Love, friendship, truth, devotion, beauty, the glory of the sky, sunrise and sunset, the flowers,— all the finest things of life, God, and the service of humanity,— these all belong to everybody.

I wish to touch now on one other matter. I wish to raise a comparison between the past condition of the wage-earner and the present condition. It is constantly said, in echo of Henry George, that the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer. As a matter of fact, the poor are not growing poorer nor the rich richer. In the case of a few of them, of course, their money piles up, naturally and necessarily. There are a great many more people rich to-day than there were a hundred years ago, and I am glad of it; but the percentage of profit that goes to capital to-day is less than it

used to be, is decreasing all the time, while the percentage of profit that goes to labor is increasing all the time.

There is no use telling me that poor people work for less wages than they used to, because I have tried it. I was born and brought up on a farm in the country. I can remember my brother hiring out to another farmer. He was a great athlete, and could do an enormous amount of work. I remember his working from daylight to dark in the summer for from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. I hired out and taught school for seventeen dollars a month, and thought I was getting rich.

My mother has told me that, when she was a young woman, it was not an uncommon thing for persons to go out nursing, and take care of the sick for fifty cents a week. Now a competent nurse gets from eighteen to thirty dollars. They tell us of the poor farmer in New Hampshire, and that the farming industry is declining in New England. This is so; and it is because there are better farms in the West, and it is so easy to get there that the competition of the West has temporarily demoralized the farming in New England. Any man can go on to a farm in New England to-day, and get as good a living as a man did a hundred years ago. But he wants a better living, and I am glad of it. So he goes somewhere else to find it.

The condition of the wage-earner is unspeakably better to-day, I believe, than it ever has been in the history of the world. The price of every commodity on which people live is less to-day than it used to be in the past. There is only one exception, and that is rents; and that means the houses are better. You can rent the same kind of house as cheaply as you could fifty years ago. And you must remember that the purchasing power of money was never so great as it is at the present time. Let us also remember that there never was a time, since the world began, when the common people could have so many things — books, pictures, music — which minister to the higher life and tend

to lift men above the brute, as they can have now. The farmer's children, the workingman's children, can all have things to-day which the royal resources of kings and queens could not command three hundred years ago: so, if we have not reached the ideal, we are advancing towards it.

If I had time, I could point out to you now, touching the matter of wealth once more, how the accumulation of capital in what are called "trusts" is not always evil. Take, for example, the trust called the Associated Press. What does it mean? It means that, instead of each paper having to pay for the news that would be telegraphed from Washington or from all over the world, the Associated Press pays for this news; and each individual newspaper gets it at an unspeakably smaller price. What does that mean? It means that you and I get it more cheaply, so that to-day for five cents you can buy a newspaper that has as much good reading in it as a dollar and a half book, and, besides that, has the latest news from all over the planet.

Take the Telegraph Trust. What does it mean? It means such a reduction in the cost of telegraphing as would have been utterly impossible without it; and that means advantages for you and for me.

Take the Sugar Trust, which may or may not contain any quantity of evil in its organization. I know nothing about its management: I am simply speaking from the point of view of the public. I simply know that good sugar was never so cheap in the history of the world as it is to-day; and that means the supply of the common people.

So you may take the Standard Oil Trust. I have never read its history carefully; but I only know that oil was never so cheap, never so good in quality, as it is to-day. So you may take the most of these trusts, or great combinations of capital. I do not say that they are all just or righteous in their administration, or that they exercise rightly their powers. I only say that a great quantity of the talk that comes from the newspapers and platforms and pulpits

to-day is discouraging, disheartening, unjust, and contradicts the facts of history about our social and industrial development.

Let us find out the evils just as fast as we can, and let us try to lead the world into better ways.

One or two points now, briefly, at the end.

Rich men and rich women can do a good deal, if they will, in helping to solve these present problems. One of the first things they can do is to feel, and then confess and live as though they knew, that they have not made this money themselves. No man ever made his great fortune alone. The civilization of the world, attained through centuries of toil and thought and struggle and tears, has created a condition of things in the midst of which the rich man lives and thrives. He takes advantage of those things he did not invent and was unable to create, in order to carry on his affairs. He owes, then, all he has accumulated to humanity. He holds it in trust for humanity. He has no right to use it without any regard to these great deep-down facts of his dependence upon the civilization of which he is a part.

But that is just as true, friends, of you and me as it is of the millionaire. There are hard-hearted and selfish millionaires; and there are hard-hearted and selfish laboring men and hard-hearted and selfish tramps. Hard-heartedness and selfishness are human qualities, and are not confined to any class or type of civilization. You owe your brains, you owe your education, you owe your skill with hand or mind, to your fellow-men, to the toil and effort of all the past; and you, too, are responsible to humanity for the use of these things as much as the rich man is for the use of his money.

Let us all recognize the fact, then, that what we are and what we have and what we can do are ours merely in trust. Let us try to understand each other, then. Let the poor man try to understand the rich man, and the rich man try to understand the poor man. Let not the rich flaunt his

luxury in the face of the poor, as if in defiance and despite of his condition. Let us show to the world, whatsoever our position, that we place our manhood first, that character is more than money, that honesty is more than social position.

Let us teach the world to understand that we place manhood and womanhood first, and that we regard all these other things only as ministers and helpers to manhood and womanhood. And then let us co-operate, let us work together, trying to make the world a little better than it is to-day; but let us not delude ourselves,— and this is my last word,— let us not delude ourselves with the thought that we can get out any patent for an improved condition of humanity or society, and have it put into operation at once.

We shall never see the time when the world has got through, when we have got everything fixed; when, socially, industrially, and politically and every other way, the world is finished. We shall never see that: that is simply a dream. Humanity is on a march. The only thing we have a right to do is to expect that we can make things a little better in the next twenty-five years, that we can lift the level of those that are lowest, and we can make the world a fairer, healthier, sweeter place to live in, diminish the amount of poverty and of crime and of pain, and so take a step onward. That is all we can expect. But let us co-operate, rich and poor alike, to that end, and so help God in bringing to pass the time which we trust will come, when his kingdom shall be over all the earth.

Father, let us be glad that we can co-operate with Thee, and do something to help on the betterment of man. Let us seek for the things we can do that are practical, let us not submit to injustice, let us be sure we are not unjust ourselves, let us not fight evil with evil, but strive to overcome evil with good, so consecrating ourselves all to helping on the realization of that grand dream that haunts us of the Perfect Day. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ... *20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a [illegible]itarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot [illegible] dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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The Worth of the Bible To-day

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THE WORTH OF THE BIBLE TO-DAY.

My subject this morning is "The Worth of the Bible To-day." You may find the words which I will use as my Scripture starting-point in the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the thirty-ninth verse,—"Search the Scriptures."

I have already preached on the subject of the divine revelation during the winter; but I have been asked more than once, more than twice, if I would not give my reasons for caring for the Bible, for loving it, for reading it, apart from the idea of its being an infallible revelation.

Two things stand in the way popularly of a genuine appreciation and love for the Bible. One is the theory of infallibility; and one is the sudden loss of that theory on the part of people who have held it. If I may judge by my own experience, the belief that the Bible is infallible, that every word from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation is distinctly and definitely the word of God, stands in the way of any appreciation of the Bible merely as a book. One who holds that old idea does not look at it freely, simply, does not read it as he would read Shakspere or Dante, does not think of the beauty of words or phrases or figures of speech.

If one believed that he were in the presence chamber of God himself, and were listening to hear God speak, do you not think that he would be so overcome by awe, would feel

that his soul hung in the balance, dependent upon how he heard, so much so that he would never think of listening to those words for their own beauty? He would not dare, of course, to raise any question as to their truth. It would be on his part purely a reverent religious exercise.

In this way I was taught to listen. As I read the words of the Holy Book when I was a boy, I was not expected to understand it. I did not expect myself to comprehend it. I did not ask questions. I did not dare to ask questions. I read as a religious exercise, believing that so much good was to be expected from so much reading. I listened as the old lady is said to have listened, of whom I read in the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" some years ago. She had been to church; and she came home full of enthusiastic praise of the minister. Some one asked her what the minister preached about; and she did not know. And, when they asked her if she understood what he said, she replied, "No: it was not for the likes of me to think of understanding; but his words rolled on like the waves of the sea."

In this state of mind do we listen sometimes, and do we read sometimes, instead of trying to comprehend, instead of trying to see the beauty and the power of the words with which we are dealing.

On the other hand, if we have been trained all our life long to read the Bible as a religious duty, and if we suddenly make up our mind that it is not our duty any longer to read it, if we come to believe that it is not in every verse and word infallible, then there is danger of an unhealthy reaction. We say, then, If it is not a perfect book, if it is not an infallible book, what is the use of our bothering about it, anyway? Why should we read it any longer, if it is not the word of God? There is no end of history of an ancient people, their ideas, the sayings of some men they regarded as wise in the olden time. But we have modern science, we have modern literature, we have poets: why should we any longer take the trouble to be familiar with the Bible?

But note, friends, in passing, just one word. That attitude is hardly reasonable. Shakspere is not infallible: Milton, Dante, Bacon,— these are not infallible; and yet we have found something in them all of surpassing worth.

I do not propose to touch this morning on this question, debated so hotly in the modern world, and on which I have already had my say this winter,— as to its authority. Men of the highest scholarship, men of the freest mind and clearest speech in every department of the Church to-day, are telling us the truth about this book.

I sometimes wonder whether people are not going to find out that it is not infallible so rapidly as to make the transition in their thinking and living unhealthy and unnatural. Only within a week have I seen a notice of a new and very important book, just about being published, by Canon Farrar, one of the most reverent, one of the most scholarly, of the Church of England men, in which, so far as the authorship and authority of the book are concerned, he has taken almost precisely the ground which I myself occupy and of which I have given some expression during the past winter.

This work, then, of teaching what kind of a book the Bible is, is perhaps going on quite rapidly enough. So this morning I propose to try to give an answer to these questions which I have repeated, and which have been put to me so frequently during the past winter: —

What is the worth of the Bible to us to-day? Why should we read it?

Very likely, I may omit some reasons that you yourselves may be thinking of, and which carry a great deal of weight with you. Of course, I shall not cover the ground. I will only suggest to you a few that, possibly, you may not be so likely to think of for yourselves.

And, in the first place, every person who claims to be fairly well educated ought to be familiar with the Bible as a part of that common education. Why? The Bible is wrought into the history, the literature, the science, the art,

the music, of the English-speaking peoples, to carry our investigation no farther than that, as is true of no other one book. You cannot be well educated, in the common-school sense of that word, unless you have at least a general knowledge of the Bible.

For example, let me hint to you in matters of history. You may go back and read the struggle between Henry VIII. and the pope, and see the founding of Protestantism in England. Can you understand it if you know nothing of the Bible? The Bible, the popular estimate of the Bible, is the very centre of the whole discussion around which it rages. It is a pivot on which English history at more than one point turns. When you come to the time of Cromwell and his Roundheads and the Cavaliers, can you understand that epoch in the history of the English people if you know nothing of the Bible, if you know nothing of the teachings of the Bible, the ideas of the Bible,— how they had permeated the minds and colored the lives of the English people?

Come to a later date still, and see that little company of Pilgrims gathered in England, finding no rest, going to Holland, afraid there lest they be swallowed up by an alien people, and lose their own customs and manners and speech, and determined to find some spot on the earth where they could be free. Do you see them sailing from Leyden, where their minister, John Robinson, one of the great geniuses of the world, gives them his farewell advice, the inspiration of which comes from that Book? And they follow their tedious way across the Atlantic, and land at Plymouth at last, to be the seed of a new nation and one of the most wondrous of the world's civilizations.

If you knew nothing about the Bible, could you understand the beginnings of our own country?

You need to know the Bible, in order to read history. Suppose you were walking through one of the picture galleries of Europe. Here is a picture of Judith, a picture of

Hagar or Sarah or Naomi, of some one of the Biblical characters. I know people, who would be ashamed of their ignorance concerning one of Shakspere's heroines, who would not be ashamed to turn to a friend and ask who Hagar was. They would not like to confess their ignorance as to Ophelia if they saw a portrait of her. But the art of Europe is saturated with religion, as well it might be; for during centuries all the art there was was in the service of the Church.

If you are going to understand the world's art, you need at least to have a superficial knowledge of the Bible.

So in regard to music. You listen to the great oratorios, the "Creation," the "Messiah," and many others; and you at least need a knowledge of the Bible sufficiently so that you can answer the most elementary questions as to the meaning, the significance, of this music.

If you visit Florence and cross the river and climb the hill, until you stand in the presence of what seems to me one of the most beautiful creations of Michel Angelo, the "David," you at least want to know enough of the Bible to know what that statue means. If you are in Rome, and see his "Moses," you want to know enough about the Bible so as to interpret the significance of his art.

And so the history of our civilization everywhere is full of Biblical allusions; and we ought to be ashamed not to know the Bible sufficiently to hold in our hands the key to the meaning of these works of beauty.

There is one reason why you want to be familiar with the Bible.

Then there is another. You want to know the Bible simply because within its limits are at least a few of the literary masterpieces of the world. If you claim even a superficial knowledge of literature, you want to know the claims that certain books of the Bible put forward to being literature. I know that the way we have been accustomed to read the Bible makes it difficult for us to come to it

merely for delight in its literary beauties and qualities. Anything that has been task-work is apt to become spoiled for the æsthetic sense. I remember, for example, parsing, as a part of my school experiences, certain beautiful lines of Milton, until it is very difficult for me to-day to read those lines without the memory of the school-day and the task-work coming back to me. I find myself thinking of the structure of the sentences and how they are to be parsed instead of noting the beauty of the literary style and the figures and expressions.

So I know it is difficult for us who have been trained all our lives to read the Bible from a sense of duty to come back to it now with pure and fresh delight in the quality of its literary style.

But let me give you one or two hints. If we could discover anywhere else in the world another little book like the book of Ruth, a book written by some Persian or by some Chinese or Japanese, another exquisite little idyl like Ruth, letting us into the common life of the people at that far-off time, why, the world would be full of expressions of wonder and delight at such a marvellous discovery. But the most of you, I know, can go and make that discovery to-day as something entirely new to you, because you have never been accustomed to look at it in that way. There is one of the most beautiful little idyls that the literature of the world has to show you.

Let us come now and note just one of the Psalms, the twenty-third Psalm. How many of you ever think of that as a poem? If you read it at all, you read it in connection with some life experience of sorrow. Perhaps you hear it read as a part of the service at a funeral; and you take it as the assurance of a trustful belief on the part of the author. But how many of you ever know, ever stop to think, that, if any finest critical scholar were making a collection of six or ten of the most perfect lyric poems of the world, purely as poems, he would include the twenty-third Psalm in his

brief list? Translate it as a poem as it is, treat it purely as a poem, and it is one of the few lyric gems of the world.

Then, if you come to the book of Job. Treat that simply as literature, forget that it is a part of the Bible, forget all question of its being inspired or not inspired. A man like James Anthony Froude, not a partial critic, you would say, a thorough sceptic and unbeliever as to any specially divine significance in the book,— he has told us that, if it were translated simply as a poem and published in a little volume by itself, it would rank with Homer, with Virgil, with Dante, with Goethe, with Milton, as one of the great dramas of the world.

And it is intensely interesting as being the nearest approach to dramatic literature which has come down to us from the Hebrew people.

So there are other beautiful parts of the Bible, chapters in the Second Isaiah. There are some of the parables of Jesus, apart from their religious teaching, exquisite in their simplicity, in the beauty of their lyric form. Do you know, apart from the teachings of Gautama, the Buddha, there are no such things as these parables anywhere else in the world? There are Buddhistic parables, some of them challenging comparison with some of the very finest of Jesus; but apart from these they stand alone. Just take those parables, publish them in a little volume by themselves, forget all your criticism of them as religious writings, take them simply as illustrations of the application of the story style to the conveyance of moral truth, and they are unsurpassed.

Are they of no value to you, then, purely and simply as literature?

I speak of these simply as illustrations. There might be gathered out of this old book (or this old library, rather; for Canon Farrar has reminded us in this recent book of his that it is only by a blunder that it ever came to be called "the Book" at all, because the old name for it was plural, "the books"; and it is a little library),— if you go through that,

and pick out only those things that are beautiful as literature, when we consider their age, when we consider their far-off and old-time flavor, they certainly ought to appeal to our literary taste.

Some of us are very fond of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. It has a middle-age, twelfth-century flavor of Persia; but the book of Ecclesiastes is fully its equal, and that takes us back more than a thousand years beyond Omar Khayyám. Omar Khayyám is pessimistic, hopeless. So is Ecclesiastes. It is the work of a kindred mind; but it is marvellous for its beauty and its power.

The Bible, then, is worth at least our being familiar with for the sake of its literary value.

And now I come to another. I wonder if I can make you appreciate how important and how valuable it seems to me. To a person who cares for human growth, for the evolution of the race, one of the most important, one of the most significant, things is to get at the history of the development of an institution. The scholars of the world are gathering every fragment and hint they can discover all round the globe that throws any light on the development of marriage, for example,— to let us into the secret of how human society has changed, evolved, advanced, by what steps: because, if we can find out how a thing has grown in the past, we can prophesy, and can see which way it is going in the future, and, instead of hindering that natural development, we can help it on.

So men are discovering, or trying to discover, how the industrial systems of the world have grown; the development of government, the experiments and experiences of races in governing themselves, preserving order, and at the same time evolving as much as is practical in the way of human liberty.

Now what do we get in the Bible? We get an entirely unique expression of one great phase in the development of the human race. I do not know of any other book that

throws such light on the origin and the development of religion as the Bible throws. Why? Because, if we study the religious books of other peoples, we may get at a book which lets us into a glimpse of what kind of religious ideas they had when they were away down in the condition of barbarism. Then there may be a great gap or break; and we get a book representing some of their ideas when they were in a more highly developed condition. But here in the Bible — I wish you would note how significant it is — we have a religious autobiography of a great and wonderful race. We have a book covering in its composition at least a thousand years in this nation's history; and, when we take into account the fragments that are preserved of an older time, the relics of their older literature, their old-time traditions, we can see the religious growth of the Hebrew people for at least fifteen hundred years.

We learn in that way how it is that religion grows; and, when we learn how one religion grows, we know substantially how all religions grow, and we can comprehend the better where we are to-day and what are the next steps to be taken in religious advance.

One of the great mistakes that people make in society and industrial economy everywhere is that they are pursuing some ideal, thinking that it is progress, when it is really retrogression; and they are doing it because they do not know history, they do not know the past. People are perpetually making these mistakes, because they do not know that a certain attempt has been made over and over in the past, and has always been a failure. They keep on wasting their efforts in trying to do the impossible.

Now we have here the religious growth of a great, wonderful people. It is said that Rome had a genius for government, order, law; that Greece had a genius for beauty, art; the Hebrews had a genius for religion. And we can trace it. Where did they begin with their religion? Away down naturewards,— polytheism, belief of the time

when the gods — as the childlike period of Greece and Rome always believed — were accustomed to appear among men, as men, taking on the form of men, walking and talking with people. The period, as I said, of Polytheism.

The Hebrews believed in just as many gods as any other people did. We see the steps that have been taken, however, until they come at last to believe that their God is the God that they must worship, though they do not doubt the reality of the gods of Moab and Philistia; but they must worship their own God. He is very severe, he is cruel, he is barbaric; but by and by, as their civilization advances, the God advanced, and we see the development of righteousness and truth and love. In other words, we can see the religion grow from the time when it was a bloodthirsty, polytheistic belief up to the time of the Second Isaiah, up to the time of Jesus himself, when God becomes Spirit, not to be worshipped necessarily at any particular place or after any particular form, but in spirit and in truth.

The Bible, then, is unique in the religious literatures of the world, in giving us an insight into the way that religion grows and develops, from the lowest type up to the highest: and it is invaluable to the scholarship of the world merely for that reason, if there were no other.

Then there is another point connected intimately with this. It teaches us lessons, religious lessons, that we ought to learn, though we are very slow to learn them.

Let me hint to you one or two. If there is anything clear in the Old Testament, it is the contest that is going on always between the prophets and the priests. Who are the priests? They are the ones who care for the law and its interpretation, who care for the ritual, order, the sacrifices, the services, the whole external machinery of religion. Their life is in that; and you know it is perfectly natural, if people are devoted to some one special thing, they get thinking that that is of more importance than anything else in the world,— perfectly natural.

But the prophets,— what do they care for? They say it is all very well for you to have your sacrifices, if you want to, though God does not care much about them: he does not care for the smell of burning animals or the sight of the blood that you pour out. He does not need to be fed: if he did, he would not tell you. He is not hungry: if he is, the cattle on a thousand hills are his. He needs nothing from you. So far as you make all this devotion to the external ceremonies to mean all there is to religion, then what happens? Why, you are all the time thinking you have served God before you have begun to serve him. You think you have served him, when you have performed these external rites; and what does he want? He wants you to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with him; to be just to each other, to be charitable and kind, to help each other. He wants you to be kind to the stranger, to all the world. He wants you to be righteous, and the only thing he does care for is righteousness; and your external ceremony and ritual and service — all very beautiful in their way — are not practical, unless they help you to become more righteous. And, if they stand in the way and make you think you have served God because you have performed these outward ceremonies and have not been righteous, then they are pernicious.

That is the cry of the prophets all through the Old Testament.

The priests and the prophets,— the priests trying to hold things as they are, the prophets crying out for advance, for a higher, truer, nobler life, for the service of the heart, for the consecration of the character to God.

Is that a new lesson or an old one? Do we need that to-day or did they need it only in the time of King Ahab and the second temple? It is a lesson which we can learn from studying the Bible, a lesson that bears on the essential elements of human nature, a lesson that we need to learn over and over and over again. For, friends, note,— let me

now ask you to see another illustration of this great principle at work in the New Testament. What was it that killed Jesus? What was the crime of Jesus? Why did the Pharisees and the priests and the Levites and the worshippers of the temple all demand his blood? Merely because Jesus was the last of the line, the greatest of the prophets, and because he spoke against this hardening and fixing of religion in the ritual form.

Jesus did not say anything against offering sacrifices or the temple worship: he simply denounced those who were scrupulous in their tithing of mint and anise and cummin, but neglected the weightier matters of mercy and justice and truth. Jesus demanded this inner, higher righteousness; and he proclaimed the fact that all men who were righteous were the accepted children of God.

Do you not see that that principle, carried out, gradually undermined the priesthood, wore away the foundations of the temple, proclaimed the passing of the old order and the coming of a new and higher kingdom, in which these men who supposed that they were everything became subordinate, practically nothing? Here was the crime of Jesus.

Over and over again this lesson has been taught in the history of the world; and yet the world has not learned it yet. Men get themselves hardened and fastened and fixed in the institutions of a certain religion, and think that the world has got through. Then the disturber, the prophet, a new Messiah, comes, and proclaims a higher and grander righteousness; and he is cast out again. Over and over and over has it been done in the history of the world, until Lowell has crystallized the truth that the world has been so slow to learn in those magnificent lines of his on "The Present Crisis": —

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back;
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned

One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned."

Men burn the prophet, gather up his ashes, and then make those ashes the reason for preventing a new advance. That is the strange thing of it all.

Here comes Channing, for example, one of the grandest leaders of the world; and right after him a certain set of men calling themselves Channing Unitarians, and making Channing's name a reason for doing what Channing never did in his life and never would have done,— that is, standing still just where he was when he happened to die.

So the Bible is full, if you look for them, of religious lessons springing out of religious experiences that may teach us living words for our guidance to-day.

One other point of value in the Old Bible,— I must only touch on this. I consider it of very great importance; but I must not dwell on it. I do not know anywhere else in the world such a gallery of illustrative characters as you can find in the Bible. Take the old heroes,— Abraham; Isaac, not so much of a hero; Jacob, not a hero at all; Joseph,— take these characters, trace them all the way through,— Eli, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, David, Saul, the Prophets. The New Testament characters. They were not perfect men: they would not be half as much value to us if they were. But they were men whose characters and experiences are wrought into examples of religious experience, and so of permanent value to the world. They throw light on its problems; and humanity is sufficiently stable in its great constituent elements, so that we can find something of ourselves to-day in Elijah or Jacob or Abraham, and we can draw lessons for our practical guidance.

They tell us that education is coming to the idea that one of the most important things to do in the modern world is to teach by example. I do not know where you find any such

examples as you can find in the Bible, so varied in quality, so remarkable in character, so clear-cut, so outlined, so distinct, the lessons of which can be so easily read and so practically applied.

Two more points wait that I must speak of; and one now seems to me of great value. When Matthew Arnold was in this country, he lectured on Emerson; and he gave a characteristic description of Emerson, which seems to me unique, fitting, and beautiful. He said, "Emerson is the friend and companion of those who would live in the spirit." The friend and companion of him who would live in the spirit; that is, if there is a man who cares for the eternal verities, who cares for the higher and finer things of thought and life, who loves, at least for a little time every day, to get away from his business, to get away from his art, to get away from his family and his friendships even, to get away from himself, and to get into the presence of the great spiritual truths, the things that are at the heart of the phenomenal movements of the world, the things that remain when all the visible has passed away like a morning cloud, — if one wishes to do that, he has his Emerson.

I know, and so do you, a great many people who keep some little handbook by them, helps for daily living. No matter what its name. Maybe it is a choice collection of supreme truths, — truths that comfort, truths that inspire, truths that rest, truths that make people feel that there is something left when everything is gone, as we say. They turn to these books. Sometimes it is Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius: it is no matter who it is, — some one of these persons who care for the eternal things. They keep a book like that by them. They pick it up in the morning, and snatch a thought perhaps that buoys them up, and that they live on all the day.

Is there anything of more vital necessity, of greater use than that? It is curious what people's tastes may be. George Sand, for example, used to say that, when she got

tired, when she got all discouraged, lost the freshness of her powers, and could do nothing, she turned to some wonderful book by Dumas, and let him sweep her away out of the real world into an ideal world, into breathing another kind of air; and she came back refreshed and strengthened.

Most of us, I think, have our books of that sort. We have, if we have learned the secret of them, their lesson of refreshment, where we go to drink. They give us courage. They make us feel that there are certain things that are stable in the midst of the instability of life.

Now, do you know, I think one of the sweetest and finest books of that sort might be made by a selection from the Bible, Old Testament and New. I have sometimes wondered whether I would not have a little book of that sort printed, merely for my own use. I would not have any large one; but I would take the twenty-third Psalm, the forty-second Psalm, the ninetieth Psalm, and the ninety-first and the one hundred and thirty-ninth. I would take the sixtieth and sixty-first chapters of Isaiah. I would take a few verses from Micah. I would take all the authentic sayings of Jesus. I would take the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Those at least, and some others; and I would keep it at my elbow, treat it as manna in the wilderness.

Do you know, friends, there are sometimes housekeepers who find that plants that they are very fond of die, in spite of their care? They water them, they try to get a good soil for them; but, somehow, they will not thrive. The secret of it, I suppose, is something in the atmosphere. They lack some vital thing which is yet invisible and intangible. I think that is the trouble with the higher and finer life of many of us. We wither: the finest, sweetest things in us die. Why? There is something in the atmosphere that sucks the life out of us, or something that we lack in the way of food. We need to be saturated with thoughts, inspirations, aspirations, things that lift us out of ourselves

and above ourselves, and make us feel that, though the heaven and the earth pass away, the word of our God abideth forever.

Then there is one other point, one other grand thing about this book that I am anxious to keep it for; and that is that unique figure of the Nazarene peasant. I have had occasion to tell you that I never loved him as I do to-day, just because I do not think him God, but think him man, my brother, my friend.

It is sometimes difficult for us to be sure that we have found him. The loving but mistaken admiration of his friends covered him over and hid him away more or less from the world. Do you not know that Jesus, all the time throughout his life, was telling his disciples that they did not understand him? They constantly mistook his meaning. He would have some spiritual truth to unfold to them; and they did not know it. You remember when he said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," and they said, "What is this? has somebody been bringing him food and we not know it?" They had not the slightest idea that his words had a spiritual meaning. They misconceived him. They have covered him away, just as that famous portrait of Dante that was lost for so long, because it was hidden under the supposed improvements of the people who had been taking care of the building. But now, discovering the portrait, under their love and tender care, artistic skill has been washing the walls and wearing away the hiding decorations, until by and by the portrait has come out, one line after another; and the real Dante is discovered.

So the critics — that people are so afraid of — have been at work trying to remove the work that stands in the way of our actual real Jesus, the carpenter's son; and we are beginning to meet with conspicuous though encouraging success. We are beginning to find out a little of what the real Jesus was; and, when we find him, we find such a character, so human, so real, so tender, so loving, so

patient! He was so forgiving towards human natural sins; he burned so like lightning against pride, cruelty, oppression; so human in all his feelings and sympathies; touched with temptation, just as we are.

And did you ever think, friends, that nobody could be tempted unless there is a something in him for the temptation to appeal to? If Jesus had been God, temptation is absurd. Because he is human, just like us, he could be tempted in all points, like as we are; and yet he came out of these temptations so simply, so sweetly, so grandly, that we learn to love him and admire him and walk by his side and reach out our hands to grasp his, and ask him to help us with the same trust in the Father which he felt,— help us to be true even to the cross and the agony and the death, as he was true.

It is because I find this Jesus in the old book that I love it as I never loved it before. The time will come, friends, when we have passed through this period of criticism and folly,— the time will come when we shall be able to read the Bible just as we read Homer. I read Homer; and I find that Achilles had a spot on his heel that could be wounded, but that he was invulnerable everywhere else. Do I need to tell people that I do not believe that was literally true? I read about Hercules. Do I need to stop and explain that Hercules was a sun myth? But, if I read the Bible, we have not yet become civilized enough so that people do not ask me as to whether I believe that Balaam's ass really talked in Hebrew? I have got to explain whether I believe it is true or not. If I read about turning water into wine, I have to stop and explain as to whether I really believe it, whether I think a thing like that occurred.

The time will come when we shall get the Bible back, get it back for what it is; for it is and always has been a wonderful record book of the experiences of the ages, full of wise sayings, but full all the way through of human frailties and mistakes, and full also of guidance, of inspiration, of

comfort,—a book that we can take to our hearts and love and read for just what it is worth, but believing all the while that God has not confined his sayings to that book, but that he is speaking to us to-day in the sky, in the earth, and in all the literatures of the world.

Father, we thank Thee that we may believe that Thou art our Father, and art ever ready to give us light and truth and lead us into Thy ways; and for these great hopes, and because we can walk with Thee, we give Thee thanks this morning and always. Amen.

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HEROISMS OF COMMON LIFE.

My theme this morning I will state in the following words,— "Heroisms of Common Life"; and my text is in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, a part of the tenth verse: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

The age of heroes, as Bulfinch has set it forth and illustrated it in his well-known book, is away in the far-off past. Not only that, it is lifted out of touch with ordinary humanity. These heroes were not only human, they were demigods; and they lived in a land elevated above the common level, enveloped in mystery, and having about it a touch for us of that which is unreal. Is not this fact typical of the ordinary thought of people?

We rarely think of our neighbors, of our friends, of the people that we have familiarly seen and known, as heroic. Heroism belongs to some past age: it is far away from us in some ancient land or time.

It is curious to note that there are no sacred books except old books. The churches that impress us as venerable are those which have about them the touch of moss-grown, ivy-clad antiquity.

This simply sets us into the ordinary way of our thinking about these things.

But I am suddenly shocked into a recognition of the fact that I am not so young as I used to be, when I remember that we are already getting to be far enough away from those famous years, '61 to '65, so that we are coming to associate the heroic with at least certain of the figures which became conspicuous during those times of trial.

That has come to be with some of us an heroic age in the history of this country, and it is an age far-off in the distant past to most of those that we talk with and who walk our streets. I am suddenly reminded, now and again, by talking with young men and young women, that this is really fast becoming ancient history.

But we need, now and again, to recall what was done by some of the grand and heroic figures of that time, in order that we may lift ourselves up to the level of the possibilities which they proved belong to common humanity. I am not to discourse to you this morning of the famous, the great, the heroic in the ordinary terms; but I am to speak rather of the possibilities of the heroic in the common, the ordinary human life, of which all of us are partakers. And so I wish not only to refer to Lincoln, to Grant, to Sherman, to Sheridan,— to that group of great men that we think of as the saviors of our country,— but rather to suggest to you that these were not even the most important figures of that wonderful time.

We think of these, they have become conspicuous, they are known, their names are on every lip, their statues are in every city, they have won renown that is imperishable: but, when I think of those days and live them over once more, I find my imagination travelling far from those wondrous fields of victory, and thinking of the nameless ones, the thousands and thousands of heroes that made this public renown and this conspicuous success possible.

What could Lincoln have done, or Grant, or Sherman, or any of our leaders, had there not been hundreds of thousands ready to answer when they lifted finger or when they called, and had there not been back of these other hundreds of thousands fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, as heroic as they?

I think not only of the man conspicuous in leadership on the battlefield: I think of that father, away on a lonely farm in the country, talking it over with his boys, and telling

them to go to the front, they were needed, feeling all the time that he had much, unspeakably rather, go himself than to risk their health and their lives, but knowing that there is no other way. So, choking down his emotion, hiding his starting tears with a smile, going to his obscure, day-long toil and night-long vigil, looking after home, doing the work behind, out of which revenues and supplies might come for those who were at the front.

Here is a heroism, I think, grander than that which carried the musket and faced the bayonet.

And not the father only, the mother,— think of the thousands of mothers watching, waiting every report of a battle, picking up the newspapers with blanched faces as white as they, looking over the list, wondering if a special name was to be found there under the dead or the wounded or the prisoners, patient, faithful, feeling that she would not have the noble boy back again if she could with a wish, and yet feeling that she would gladly give her life for his own.

Is there no heroism there?

Think of the sweethearts, who, bidding those that they loved shoulder the musket and go, though they knew that it might mean for them a life of heart-sickness, heart-loneliness, a life deprived of that which is the crown and beauty, the glory, of every woman,— wifehood, motherhood, love, home,— willing to struggle in her own support, if need be, facing it all for the sake of an ideal, for freedom, for country.

Is there no heroism in cases like these?

It is the common heroism, that of the common people during the war, that impresses me more than that which was wrought out in the way of renown and glory and honor by the few great names whose owners won leadership and stood in the eyes of all the world.

Thousands of these unnamed heroes sleep: thousands more of them are left, thank God, and will be walking the

streets to-morrow and decorating the graves of the unknown. It is becoming ancient history fast enough. The ranks are a little thinner each year; and by and by it will be one lone man left out of all those hundreds of thousands, one last representative of the Grand Army of the Republic, and how proud of him we shall be, and how sad when he, too, lays down his last bunch of flowers on the grave of a comrade, and fills a grave of his own that newer hands must decorate another year.

Let us take this as starting-point and suggestion, while we come to note that this depreciated, this undervalued, this commonplace humanity of ours has in it everywhere the stuff out of which heroes and heroines are made. It is not only in time of war that there are heroines and heroes, conspicuous or unknown. In times of peace and everywhere this common humanity of ours shows the warp and woof of which it is woven, if we will only examine it for the threads of gold that run through it everywhere and make up the ordinary material of which it is composed.

Every little while,— it needs only occasion, as I shall show you in a moment, to give us illustrations,— every little while we find something occurs; and he who is common, he who is unknown, he who is just an ordinary man walking the sidewalk, or driving an engine, or standing on the deck of a ship, suddenly shows us the stuff of which he was made, as though these were angels in disguise, and only needed to fling off the rough vesture of clothes to show the celestial material of which their real garments are composed.

Only two or three years ago there was a great fire in the woods of one of the Western States; and thousands of people were in danger of being burned, as well as the homes which they had occupied and the crops which they had raised. You remember the story of the engineer who stood at his place, and drove the train straight into flames, while his clothing and his own body scorched and burned, until the struggling and frightened people could climb aboard the

cars, and then on through the fire till he took them to a place of safety.

Ten thousand other engineers would have done the same. He simply had an opportunity to show the kind of humanity that he carried under his ordinary frock.

Only the other day, here in this city,— I presume most of you noticed it,— I saw an illustration of what seems to me as fine an act of heroism as I care to look for in the history of the world. Two men down a manhole in the street: gas, which they knew nothing of, had been escaping and they had been overcome, asphyxiated. A crowd gathered around them, and could see them there, but were bewildered, frightened, hardly knowing what to do. Two men — I think connected with the road in some capacity — came along. One of them stripped off his coat, told the other one to take him by the heels, and he was lowered down head first into the manhole, seized one of the bodies, unconscious, and with the help of those on the surface dragged it to the upper air, himself almost as far gone as the one he rescued. Then he shook himself, took a fresh breath of air, and down the second time after the other. Two lives saved. He put on his coat, disappeared in the crowd. He had only done his duty,— what thousands of other people would have done just the same.

Only a little while ago an English ship with a body of soldiers on board was sinking. It was found that there was no question of saving her, she must go under; and there were not boats enough to save more than the women and children who happened to be on board. And what did the soldiers do? They showed the stuff of which men are made at times. The officer called them on deck. They were at dress parade, standing as if for show, where spectators could look on and admire them; and there, with grounded arms, they stood until the water was above their heads,— went under without a murmur, without a revolt or question.

Every little while some woman, like our Unitarian saint,

Dorothea Dix, or our other Unitarian saint, Clara Barton, when occasion comes, shows what heroines can do. And I was surprised and delighted, too,—surprised simply because I did not know she was there, not surprised at the quality of girlhood, being there,—at reading of one of my own little Boston Sunday-school girls, whom I remember from the time she was a tiny child. She finished her course of training at Smith College, and had gone to Greece for artistic and archæological studies, and suddenly danger comes, battle, imprisonment; and she, the little, tender girl, blossomed out into a heroine as noble as those who were suffering on the battlefield. And Hattie Boyd's name is added to the list of those who are not heroines and conspicuous only because their names have not been reported.

I wish you to note, then, this grand fact: that human nature is not the mean, poor stuff that we are accustomed to think it, but is capable of the grandest and noblest heroism when that heroism is called for.

Let us note now what are the conditions of heroism in the ordinary sense of that word.

In the first place, of course, there must be the heroic material in human nature; but that we will pass by merely by noting.

In the next place there must be opportunity,—an opportunity for the display of these heroic qualities. And I am one of those who believe that there have been ten thousand heroes who have never had the opportunity to display what was in them, who are really in the sight of God just as heroic as those whose names are perfectly familiar to us.

It is sometimes said, I know, that, if a man has anything in him, it will be sure to come out. I do not believe a word of it. There must be an opportunity for it to come out. Suppose there had been no war, Lincoln would probably have been no hero. He would have been recognized as an incorruptible lawyer, of rather remarkable ability, that is all. He would not have stood as one of the five or ten

greatest names that the world has ever known. Suppose there had been no war, where would Grant have appeared, or Sherman, or any of our distinguished leaders?

Gray uttered a profound truth, which has become commonplace to us from the frequency of its repetition, when he said: —

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

When he spoke of

> "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,"

and spoke of these hands as mouldering back to dust in that nameless country churchyard; when he said that

> "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,"—

was he not telling a profound truth?

There are more diamonds to-day that have never been discovered, than have ever added to the brilliancy of the crowns of all the kings that have ever lived.

There must be opportunity, then, before there can be the manifestation to the world of these heroic qualities. And not only must there be the heroic stuff and the opportunity, but there must be popular recognition. People must see, must note the fact, must tell it to each other. It must be published over the world before persons can be recognized as heroes.

But, in order from the point of view that I am taking this morning that a person should be a hero, it does not need either the public recognition or the opportunity. It needs only the stuff of which heroes are made, or, if any opportunity at all, only that quiet and unnoticed, unrecognized opportunity that comes into the lives of all of us.

I wish to suggest to you a few types of these unknown, unrecognized, unremembered heroes.

I have in mind, as I stand here this morning, a farmer. He lived on a little, hard, unproductive piece of ground in one of the New England States. He had never been educated in the sense of the schools. His wisdom — for he did have wisdom — he had picked up as he would gather wayside flowers along the country roads where he was accustomed to walk. But his was a life consecrated, unselfish. He lived only for others. He worked from the time when the morning light would permit him to see until the dusk was too thick for the continuance of his labors at night. He strove with his boys, not to see what he could get out of them, but what he could put into them, incessantly urging them to use every opportunity to develop the possibilities in them which had never been developed, although they existed in himself. He lived unknown: his story will never be written. No poet will ever embody his qualities in song. But no grander hero ever walked the earth than he.

I have in mind a woman happily married, with an apparently brilliant future before her. Her husband suddenly dies, leaving her with one boy, utterly dependent, for even the bread that she must eat and the clothes that she must wear, upon friends. At first it seemed as though her life was all crushed out of her, and there was nothing more to live for; and she grew bitter and hard, and found herself alone, shedding the hopeless tears that washed away all the beauty and sweetness of her life. Suddenly she began to think: If I lead a life like this, I am of no use to myself. I shall never be welcome to others or able to render them service. And so she faced the situation, determined at any rate to be master of all that was finest and sweetest in herself; and since that day has she been a ministering angel. Shall I use that catch phrase? I do not know much about ministering angels. If there be any in heaven or on earth, there are none sweeter, finer, nobler, than she is. A life

utterly without thought of her own happiness; a life that carries sunshine at every step, into every home she enters, to the face of every friend she meets; a life devoted to those who need, though there be no peace or joy for her except in this devotion. Find me on an old list of the famous women of the world a more heroic name than she bears, and you will find what I have never been able to discover.

Take as another illustration of what I mean, a life; and this time I will label it with a name, though no one, I suppose, ever thought of his being a hero,—the name of Charles Lamb. Gently humorous the essayist, was he heroic?

They tell me that he sometimes drank a little too much, that in a good many directions his life was not entirely blameless. Was he heroic? What did he do? He put on one side the possibility of love and companionship for his own heart and his own life, and devoted himself by the year to an insane sister and a father imbecile with age, playing simple games, in which he took no interest, merely to amuse them and help them pass away their time.

Heroism! Oh, the other kind of heroism, that gets so much of the glory of public applause, seems to me cheap and easy compared with cases like these.

Now why is it that this common heroism of every-day life is so difficult of recognition? Why is it that people so rarely think of it as heroic, or anything grand or out of the ordinary? What is it that must accompany heroism, in order that it may have this kind of public, common recognition?

In the first place, the heroes of the world, those that we recognize as heroes, must be at a certain distance from us. Familiarity seems to make it almost impossible for us to recognize them. Let me illustrate what I mean.

The first time I visited the city of London, in order to get away from hotels thronged with Americans,—of whom I could see plenty when I was at home,—I went to a little,

quiet inn just out of Fleet Street, not far from Ludgate Hill. The next morning I looked out of the window, and saw a dome. I did not know of any dome in that direction except the dome of St. Paul's, but it did not seem to me that that could be it. It was not large enough, not high enough in the air, to fill out my ideal of what St. Paul's ought to look like. I stared at it, though, and wondered; and then after breakfast I walked down Fleet Street and up to the foot of the dome of St. Paul, and looked and looked. And still it was not high enough. I was too near to it: I could not see it I was so near. But a day or two after I went several miles away, and stood on the top of Primrose Hill; and there was the dome of St. Paul's. It lifted, it rose into the air as though it was a part of the sky itself, and dominated every other building that I could see in London. I was far enough away to get the sense of its majesty and its glory; and it grew on me, and became the dome of which I had read and dreamed.

So the common people are accustomed, it seems to me, to think of anybody they are acquainted with, that they are familiar with, as unheroic,—as not having about them the qualities which they are accustomed to associate with that name. Who thought for years of Lincoln's being a hero? Those who knew him, and helped split rails with him in Illinois, who had been associated with him in law? And after he became President there were misgivings in thousands and thousands of hearts as to whether we had taken the man as to whom it was most expedient, instead of having taken the greatest man that we had. And politicians belittled him, and opponents decried him; but, as we get away from him, every year he rises and towers, until by and by he will seem to be a part of the sky with which he communes.

And it is out of just this kind of thinking and idealizing, the common processes of common minds that the deifications of men in the past have grown.

Then we are accustomed to have preconceived ideas in our heads that stand in the way of recognizing the people who are close to us. Wordsworth was the greatest poet of his time, but his time did not recognize him; and the chief lights and leaders of that time scorned him as no poet at all. Why? He set at naught all the accepted ideals and measures by which the rank of poets at that time was determined. He created and set up a new ideal; and it needed that people should get free of their preconceptions, and be able at last to see him as he was.

The same is true in another department of life, in art. Take Millet,— during his life poor, suffering sometimes for bread, the common necessaries of life; and yet to-day anything that he ever touched with his brush would bring in money enough to have made him seem rich for a lifetime.

We need, then, distance, we need to get away from people, we need to see them separated from the common ideals of our common life in order to appreciate them for what they are.

Another thing. We are so apt to ask as to whether somebody else has recognized the man or the deed before we are ready to recognize him. You remember the question asked about Jesus, when they said, Come and see this great prophet, this wonderful man, and listen to the marvellous words that fall from his lips. And they said, Where was he born? They replied, Nazareth. No prophet ever came out of Nazareth: could any good thing come out of a town like that? They did not go to see whether it was a good thing. Then they said, Who are his followers, the scribes and the Pharisees? No, his followers were the common people. Then they would have nothing to do with him.

Do you not see how it is? Take the words of Lowell, if I can quote them, from "The Present Crisis": —

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just."

Let us learn to see truth, to see beauty, glory, good, heroism, for what they are, not on account of their recognition by somebody else, or popular applause that has already begun to follow them.

I wish now to suggest to you a few reasons why we should accustom ourselves to note the common heroisms of our common life. What are the reasons for it? why should we do it? wherein lies the importance of it?

In the first place, these common faithfulnesses that heroisms grow out of are the most important parts of our daily living. For example, let me give you an illustration of what I mean.

It is much more important for the common welfare that the man who makes your shoes should use good leather and drive honest pegs and take faithful stitches; that the tailor who makes your clothes should use good material and put in good and serviceable work; that the carpenter who builds your houses should use good lumber and drive good nails into places that will hold and do good work; that these common people in their common avocations should show these fine and high and noble qualities of manhood and womanhood,— I say it is a good deal more important than that those who set themselves on high as our political leaders should be skilful or shrewd or wise, or even that our great men at Washington should be worthy of the places in which we have put them. We can get on, if need be, without the great people and the leaders. Our civilization would go to pieces in a month if it were not grounded on these fine and sure and firm foundations of common honesty and common truth.

Let us recognize these things, then, because they are the most important. Let us recognize them again because they are immensely more difficult.

It is very fine and very beautiful seeing General Sheridan riding from Winchester, twenty miles away, turning the tide of retreat of his men, leading them to a magnificent victory;

but it seems to me — I submit the statement with some modesty — that it might be comparatively easy to do that riding, when every hoof echo was to make a part of his eternal fame, — riding not only in the sunlight, but in the face of a nation looking on; riding to an army ready to respond by its trust, and wring victory out of defeat; riding to the music of Congressional approval, of being lifted into higher rank and station; riding to the echo of a nation's applause and a world-wide fame.

I say, it seems to me that that might be comparatively easy. But go and take your place by the side of a picket some cold, drizzly, rainy, or sleety, snowy night; standing alone away out on the extreme line toward the enemy, nobody looking on; knowing that his reward, if he is faithful, is simply to be absolutely forgotten. To be true, to be faithful, to be honest under conditions like those, seems to me unspeakably harder than it does in these places where the world is looking on and is ready to clap its hands.

So, also, these unknown heroisms are the most difficult of achievement, and, therefore, have about them a quality that is higher and finer and sweeter than those which attach themselves to that which wins public applause.

We ought to recognize these things, because people will be influenced by what is expected of them. You deal with a child or with a servant or with a man in your employ; and, if you take it for granted that high and fine things are going to be done by them, you appeal to all that is high and fine in them, and it is a thousand times more apt to expand and grow.

And then we need, I think, to carry about with us this ideal of human nature for the sake of our own self-respect, for the sake of lifting ourselves up to the highest plane which is possible. Think of the conception which Emerson had of humanity when he wrote those four famous lines of his, — trite because quoted so often, —

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can!*"

If we have this grand ideal of that which is possible in us, then, when manhood, womanhood, duty, nobility, God, make appeals to us, we answer, and give of our best.

Now at the end I wish to ask one more question. Perhaps you think I have outlined something difficult, something hard of attainment, an ideal not easy to be reached.

Let us note, then,— and now I come here at the end of my sermon to my text,— what is it which is of the essence of all the heroism that ever was in all the world?

It is simply faithfulness. He that is faithful in that which is little will be faithful also in much. Faithfulness, simple faithfulness, is the quality which, when occasion comes, reveals itself as heroism.

Let me illustrate what I mean: You climb to the top of some distant mountain. As you look at it, a hundred or fifty miles away, it is surrounded by a blue mantle of mystery and beauty. It seems inaccessible, poetic, conversing with the skies. Climb it until your feet tread its summit: examine what is under your feet. It is common soil, pebbles, grass, that you are perfectly familiar with in the valley. It used to be in the valley, was the same there as it is now; for it is a peculiarity of all things that God has made that they are perfect after their kind. They obey perfectly the law of God, and do the duty which is appointed. What is the difference between this same soil in the valley, which commonplace turned into a farm, a dairy, or whatever it might be, and the poetic, sky-kissing mountain top? Simply that some great upheaval of the earth has lifted that which was plain and thrust it into its prominence in the sky. It has not changed its nature.

So this same common faithfulness that we note in our every-day lives,— the readiness to do a little duty, to tell the

truth, to stand by a friend, to give yourself for some noble cause,—this, lifted by some great, world-wide, stirring movement, unchanged, becomes conspicuous, and is recognized and called heroism. That is all.

Simply be faithful, then, and you are heroes and heroines in possibility; and God knows it and sees it. Seek no other applause.

Suppose you have no opportunity. I know men, I know women, not quite content, almost imbittered, almost disappointed, because it seems to them that life offers them no opportunity of realizing their magnificent dreams. It is none of our business to be discontented over things like these. We cannot create the opportunities. It is our business to be, it is our business to cherish these dreams and be true to them, and to know that what we would be, if we had the opportunity, that we are.

And let us remember what I believe to be a profound truth: that, whether we find the opportunities for self-realization here or not, we shall find them somewhere. No good is ever lost, no dream is ever lost, no flitting, faintest aspiration is ever lost. That which we would be if we could, that God counts us as being; and some time there shall be fields, some time there shall be opportunity.

As putting this assurance into sweet and noble words, I wish to read you a verse or two from the famous poem "Abt Vogler," by Robert Browning.

Abt Vogler was the discoverer, or supposed to be the inventor, of a new type of organ. The poem represents him as playing at the organ, and musing over the question as to whether his dreams — these beautiful musical sounds — are lost in the air. And he gives utterance to his great trust in words like these: —

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard:
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

So, friends, let us never doubt that our faithfulness in the little things, the finest things we can dream or aspire after, have their counterpart in the eternal realities, and that they all shall be revealed to us in God's own time.

Father, let us learn to look with reverence upon our fellow-men, to look with reverence upon ourselves, for the God in us, and the possibility of the highest; and so let us not be discouraged or humbled by that which we know to be poor, but let us be lifted by that which we know to be grand, and let us be true to Thee in being true to ourselves. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper, per Copy, ...	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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RECREATION AND LIFE

A PRE-VACATION SERMON

GEO. H. ELLIS
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NOTE.

With this sermon *Messiah Pulpit* closes for the current year. Dr. Savage is going away for a much-needed and long rest. The issue of his sermons will be resumed in October, and will be continued to all present subscribers, unless otherwise ordered.

RECREATION AND LIFE.

THE subject on which I am to speak this morning is "Recreation and Life,"— a pre-vacation sermon.

My text I have chosen from the First Letter of Paul to the church in Corinth, the ninth chapter and twenty-fourth verse: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all,"— that is, all run,— "but one receiveth the prize. So run that ye may obtain."

The New Testament writers were accustomed to choose illustrations for the spiritual truths which they wished to impart from the commonest experiences of life. I presume that Paul, when he was a young man, like most young men, may have been intensely interested in the athletic sports of his time. At any rate, more than once he draws his illustrations from these sources. As we read him, we see the arena with the thousands and thousands of excited spectators rising tier on tier, and bending eagerly over to witness the contest that is taking place. He pictures this life of ours that we are running as a race. He calls attention to the fact that those who ran in these ancient contests ran for a perishable crown not only, but for a crown which only one of the contestants could win. They all run, he says, but only one can gain the prize. But I suggest the contrast between that and our life race in hinting the fact that we can all win the life prize if we will. And I will suggest the complement of that fact by saying that we can all lose it. There is no necessity in this life race for anybody's winning the prize: there is no necessity for anybody's losing it.

What is this life prize? What is it for which we run? In other words, what is the object of living?

You might suppose, if you judged by observing human society, that the object differed in different cases. One man seems to be running for purely selfish indulgence: another one seems to be running for a prize of gold; another one is striving after fame; another one is trying to win social distinction; another one is trying to attain political prominence or power. There seem to be a great many different objects, a large number of goals towards which the different members of the human race are striving; but, if we analyze them a little, we shall find that there is only one thing that we are all after. We may seek that one thing in different directions or different occupations or different attainments; but the one object of life is living.

We care for money only as it may contribute to the satisfaction of life. We care for power, for fame, we care for indulgence of any kind, only as these may help fill life full of satisfaction.

Enjoyment, then, or satisfaction, happiness,— whatever you choose to call it,— that which we find most attractive in life, this is the thing for which all of us live. Moralists may tell us until they are tired that it is wrong for us to desire happiness; but we cannot help it. We cannot desire that which we do not desire; and we cannot help desiring that which we wish for. The mere statement of the fact shows how inevitable it is.

The one thing, then, for which men and women live is life; and in this modern world of ours it is getting less and less to be the case that we are fixing our attention on the far distant future, the condition that we expect to be in after death. We have learned that it is all God's universe, in this world, in any other world, spiritual or material; that it is one method, one law, one order everywhere; and that by saving ourselves here we save ourselves to-morrow and forever. So we are fixing our attention, I say, less on some far-off future world, and more and more on the present world; and we are living for life.

What do we mean by life? We can look at life in two ways; and we do regard it, whether we analyze it or not, in both those respects.

Life is, first, continuous. We expect, or at any rate we desire, long life. But, if that were all, I question whether we should care for it much. Life merely as a continuous process of breathing, of eating, of sleeping,—if that were all,—would soon grow intolerably monotonous, and we should be glad to have done with it.

So it is something more than life merely as continuous. The principal thing about life we care for is that which philosophers talk about as the content of life, that which we put into it, or, to change the phrase, that which we can get out of it, that which it contains, the fulness, the high tide, the excitement, the exhilaration, the flow of life. The meaning of it to us is here.

Now I wish to raise the question with you for a little while as to what are the special contents of life that are desirable for us to seek. I am talking now for a little of the ideal life, so far as I can see it.

What ought we to desire? What, if we are in tune with the universe, with God and our fellow-men, are the things that we shall care for most in life, that we shall seek to attain as the end of this life race in which we are engaged?

You will note, of course, that the contents of life necessarily differ at different stages in the history of the world, different epochs, different periods of human civilization. Five, ten thousand years ago it was not possible for the human race to seek the same specific things which we seek to-day: it was not possible five thousand years ago nor five hundred years ago; and yet the type of things that we seek after and care for changes very little from age to age.

What are the things, then? Of course, I shall not include them all. I propose to ask your attention to a few groups of thoughts, which shall include, at any rate, the chief things that make up the value, the beauty, the glory, of life.

In the first place,— and above everything else and below everything else, at the very heart of humanity, as we analyze it,— we find that man is an affectional being. He is a creature who loves, and who seeks the companionship of those whom he loves.

In the first place, then, if we will make our life round and full and complete, we shall have a home. We shall have friends, we shall have loves.

It is interesting just here to note how much men are alike, no matter what their genius, their culture, or the land of their birth. You will all remember, perhaps, the late so much loved and so much lamented Robert Louis Stevenson, the one who has fascinated us all by his wondrous power of telling tales. He was an invalid. All his life he struggled against this invalidism, worked under difficulty and in pain, and died prematurely as the result of it.

Some one asked him one day, "Stevenson, if you could have three wishes, what would they be?" He thought a moment, and very naturally said, "First, health." "What second?" He had struggled with pecuniary difficulty, and on account of his health had been unable to win so large a share of success pecuniarily as many others. So very naturally he said, "Well, in the second place, I would wish for five hundred a year." A modest wish,— five hundred pounds, twenty-five hundred dollars a year; enough, at any rate, to assure him against positive want. Then his friend said, "What third?" "Third, friends."

Health, five hundred a year, friends.

Here, then, we see this genius, this tender, loving man, felt at the heart of him the same love-hunger which is the deepest, the highest, the sweetest thing in us all.

Now another thing that I wish to speak of, that all of us ought to seek after as one of the principal contents of our lives. That is, something in the way of a knowledge of the world's literature, the accumulated stores of the world's thinking. We may not be able to command the kind of

society that we would choose among the actual people that we talk of as living; but, if we will, we can go into our libraries,— the poorest of us are able to command enough to secure this,— we can go away with our books, and find ourselves in the very best, choicest, noblest of all good company. We can associate with the finest, sweetest, truest spirits that ever walked the earth.

I said a moment ago we might not be able to command our association with living people. Who are living, if these are not? These people we think are alive and are walking the streets are not half as alive as they,— they whose thoughts are imperishable, and whose impulses are felt thrillingly throughout civilization, and are lifting the level of millions of human lives.

We ought to be able to read something, then, of the best books of the world.

I have had thousands of people tell me during the years which I have been preaching, and whom I have been advising to read, that they had no time for it. There may be one person in a million who has not time to read the best books of the world. There are not more than this. The trouble is — and it is one of the greatest temptations and dangers of this modern time — that we waste time enough to read the best things in reading the things which are hardly worth our attention at all.

I would not suggest anything against the newspapers. I have the greatest admiration for the marvellous power, activity, genius, universality, of their work. I could criticise them in many serious directions if this were the place or the time, I am not saying anything against them; but I am saying something to you about wasting valuable time over the newspapers,— more than is necessary for you to get out of them that which is worth anything to you.

I know people who would tell you they have no time to read a book who might have read a dozen of the most famous books of the world in the time that they would waste

over newspapers in one year, or magazines that are of very little more value. Pick out of these as you go, on the run, so to speak, the news of the world,— all the great events that are happening, the things that you ought to know to be in touch with the onward and upward movement of the race. Then leave them, and give your time to reading something that is of permanent value.

No time to read a book? Do you know how long it would take? It is said that George Eliot did not write more than twenty or thirty lines, sometimes, a day in the composition of her great books; and yet there is quite a library of them. You could read at least that amount; and, if Emerson tells the truth, in the time that it would take you to read as many books as George Eliot wrote you could read all the greatest books that the world has produced.

I have been asked what these greatest books are. I do not remember just what Emerson's list comprised, but I will hint to you a few.

Suppose you were familiar with Homer; that you listened to the principal things that Plato had to say to you; that then you looked into the life of Rome through the eyes of Virgil or Horace; that you studied the Middle Ages as concentrated in Dante; that you made yourselves familiar with the principal things and thoughts of Shakspere; that you read Milton, in order to sum up the great Protestant universe as he condensed it in his epic. Read a book like Draper's "The Intellectual Development of Europe"; some history of the scientific growth of the human mind in its comprehension of the universe. Of course include the Bible,— some great text-book on the origin, the growth, the development of religion. Read Spencer's "First Principles" and Darwin's "Origin of Species."

You could do this in five years, in your leisure time, the time you waste over the papers,— most of you could; and then you would know a hundred times more about the development of this wonderful humanity of ours than most people know when they die.

Let it be one thing that you seek after,—to take out of life the satisfaction that comes from knowing something of the greatest and best thinking of the world.

In the next place, cultivate a taste for the world's beauty, for the fair, sweet things of the world. This world is not a commonplace world except to commonplace people. It is packed full of beauty and wonder, whichever way you turn. A walk of a mile on our streets, to one who has open eyes, reveals materials for hundreds of magnificent poems, lyrics, dramas, epics, hymns. Every wayside flower has in it the suggestion of the Infinite.

You remember Tennyson said, when he plucked the flower out of the crannied wall, if he could understand all that had to say to him, he would know God and humanity both.

Keep your eyes open, then, for the world's beauties. You can see fine pictures enough, you can see beautiful statues enough, as you pass through life, even if you cannot own them, to set on fire your æsthetic taste, to teach you what beautiful things are. And the principal thing we need here is not money to buy: it is eyes to see.

There are thousands of men who own statuary and own pictures, so far as the title-deeds go; but they are as completely shut out of the world which these represent as though they were beggars on the streets. You own that which you can appreciate, which you can understand, which you can enjoy, no matter who has paid for it or who pays taxes on it.

A man may build himself a beautiful house; but, if I can appreciate the fine architecture, he may have the bricks. I own the beauty. If a man has a park and beautiful grounds laid out, he has paid for them; but, if I can appreciate them more completely than he, I can own the spiritual essence, at any rate, of the beauty, and can rejoice in it every day.

Learn, then, to see the beautiful things of this world,

whether they are in books, in character, in statuary, in grass, the trees, the wayside flower, the glinting of the sun on a leaf, the magnificence of a mountain or the roll of the ocean.

Put this into your life: take this out of it.

Then the world of music, which, so far as any technical apprehension of it is concerned, I regret to say I am not able to enter. I feel sometimes as I stand outside the portals as though I were like the Peri Thomas Moore sings about, who stood at the gate of Eden disconsolate. And yet I catch the glimmer of a wing now and then, I listen to the silvery fall of a note that touches something in me that responds to it, and I rouse myself to the fact that here, too, is a great world of glory and wonder, of worship and of joy.

Learn, then, all these high and fine things that life means. Seek after them.

One more point only have I time to note; and that is the point that becomes the pivot on which my discussion turns, and leads me into entirely another side of my theme. Learn the secret inspiration and joy of unselfish service of your fellow-men. Seek the joy of doing good. If you have not found that yet, you have missed the divinest thing on the face of the earth.

The old seers tell us "God is love"; and what does love mean? Love means the lavish giving of yourself to whatever needs. That is what love means. Love means an indiscriminate, all-inclusive outpouring of yourself on humanity, as inclusive, as indiscriminating, as is the sunshine that floods the tips of your spires, the roofs of your buildings, the broken piece of glass, or the refuse in your gutters. The sunshine makes no distinction. It is sunshine, it is gold; and it gilds whatever it touches.

So this loving quality of our human nature is not defiled by coming into contact with that which defiles: it illumes it, reveals the glory latent in it. We partake of the Divine when we partake of this quality of loving, of serving, of helping.

And now note one thing right here. If I give away all my money, I may impoverish myself, so that I might not be able to help in that particular way; and, not only that, but I might put myself in a position where I might injure people by doing it. I might become a burden myself, dependent, so that some one might have to take care of me. It is possible, then, to carry this matter of pecuniary giving too far.

But the moment you leave that realm of life, and come up into the intellectual, the spiritual, the moral, there you are in the presence of a reversal of all those rules that hold in the lower regions. The more lavish you are, the more you have. The more you give away, the more you keep. Give away intelligence, give knowledge to people that need guidance, help people solve their intellectual difficulties, help them to find out a way in their bewilderment: do you lose anything by the process? Many a teacher has found that the wisest and richest and sweetest lessons have been learned in the process of trying to teach others.

So that there is no contradiction here between getting the most out of life and giving the most from life for the help of others. So, when you come into the matter of spiritual service, that inspiration which brings cheer, help, the possibility of a new life to some one, discouraged and disheartened, who has given up and is ready to faint and fall, in all this department of life, you see, that which concerns our helping other people is so related to the divine inflow, to the infinite sources of supply, that it is impossible for us to exhaust ourselves. The more we give, the richer we are.

Here, then, are some of the great things that constitute the significance and the blessedness of life, things to be lived for, things to be sought for the sake of the blessedness, the enjoyment that they may bring to us.

Now I wish to raise a question as to some of the simple conditions of our being able successfully to attain some of these grand results of living. What are they?

In the first place is that thing which Robert Louis Stevenson wished for first,— health.

Though I seem to condemn myself sometimes in the saying, I believe that the very prime moral duty of every man is to be well, just in so far as he can be. It is his first duty, because it is the condition of his being and doing and becoming and serving in every department of life. I know there are cases of people who have been year-long invalids who have wrought out wonderful results; but they would have wrought out a hundred times more wonderful results if they had been well. Invalidism is a source of weakness, and not a source of strength. And we do have this matter very largely under our own control, much more so than we are apt to imagine. We have been feeling that we have an inexhaustible bank account in the way of physical resource, — mental, moral, nervous power,— until by and by Nature, as she always will, sends us a little note telling us that we have overdrawn our account, and that we are bankrupt. And, then, we must wait until we can recuperate, and get ready to go on again.

The first thing, then, that you ought to seek after is physical health. And next is mental sanity and health. What do I mean there?

I can only suggest to you — because this is a large theme for a long sermon in itself — what is the ideal condition of mind as intellect. The one thing we need our minds for is to help us find the truth: that is the one thing,— the truth about God, about the universe, about ourselves, about our relation to our fellow-men, the actuality of things, so that we can know how we ought to live. For there are a hundred things that stand in the way of finding the truth; and most of us are prejudiced, to start with. We have all sorts of prejudices that it ought to be our year-long endeavor to get rid of. We have made up our mind without the facts being all in, and passed judgment; and ninety-nine times to a hundred the judgment is wrong. We ought to get rid of

prejudices, preconceived ideas. The mind ought to be like a piece of French plate glass, that you never look at, but through, to see what is on the other side. Or it ought to be like a perfect mirror, that reflects things just as they are, undistorted. The mind ought to be as unprejudiced as a pair of scales, so that the slightest weight of reality placed in one of them shall tip it, and cause the other side to strike the beam.

We ought, then, to cultivate a mental condition favorable to discovering the truth. How many people to-day are there willing to see things just as they are? How many people are willing to look at themselves? How many people are willing to look at their neighbors? How many people are willing to look at theological questions with the simple purpose of finding out the truth? How many people are willing to study the actual truth in politics?

The most of us are furnished with second-hand and made-up and more or less mouldy or rusty opinions. They constitute the mental furnishings of the larger part of us. We need to cultivate our minds to such an extent and in such a way that we shall see the simple truth of things, because, if we do not see things as they are, we are being the victims of misconceptions, our thoughts and impulses and actions are all wrong, and instead of helping on humanity we may be hindering it at every step.

Then we need to cultivate our æsthetic natures, to keep ourselves in such a condition that we can see the beautiful things of the world. And, then, we need to cultivate our spiritual nature, our religious nature, in such a way that we shall be in tune with God, so that we can see him when he is near us, and hear him when he speaks.

Do you remember that wonderful story of one of the old prophets, where the prophet and his companion were in the mountain, and the young man thought they were alone, and was afraid of the possible enemies that might seek out their hiding-place? And then the prophet prayed God, and asked

that the young man's eyes might be opened: and he looked and saw, and the whole mountain was full of the celestial horses and chariots, the hosts of God, ready to guard and care for those who had faith in him.

This is a poem, a figure, if you please: but it teaches a lesson of the greatest truth in the world. God is present with us, and is speaking, and is reaching out his hand to feed us and touch us and love us. So we need to be in such relation to him that we can be conscious of this, and find in it strength and power for life.

Now I come to the last division of my theme. The object of life, I have said, is living. In order to attain the great, the grandest end of living, we need to be physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, in condition. But now we front the fact where our subject touches this matter of the rhythm of life, "a time to work and a time to play," the vacation time.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has suggested to us the curious fact, which becomes apparent the moment we think of it, that walking is only a series of partial falls and recoveries. Every time you take a step you lean over a little beyond the perpendicular; and, if you did not put your foot out to balance yourself and recover your position, you would fall. As we walk, then, we are all the time falling down and getting up again. That is what walking means.

So, as we live, we are all the time dying. Dying is a part of the process of life. Physically, for example, our bodies are no more stable and constant than is the cataract of Niagara. You may go and look at the cataract to-day, and then you go in a week or a year, and it seems the same cataract; but there is not a particle of the same water there. Constant flux and change.

So our bodies are in constant change. None of us have the same body we had ten years ago. I do not know what the figures of the last scientist may be as to the time it takes us to get rid of an old body and get a new: but we

are in as constant flux and change as a cataract. Every muscular effort means the death of some cells, the production of waste material that must be gotten rid of. Every time you think it means that the brain is more or less worn and wasted.

So, every time we try to help anybody, we have put ourselves in a process of decay, we are verging towards death. We sacrifice ourselves, literally, every time we do anything to help anybody else. So that constantly we are wasting: we get weary, worn out; and, unless there was a process of re-creation going on all the time, it would be only a little while before we should be like a bit of worn-out machinery in a factory, which is thrown into the lumber-room as no longer useful.

Now I wish to notice the significance and meaning of this matter of recreation. We call it recreation. I wonder how many of you ever thought that, by putting a hyphen after the first two letters, you change the significance of it completely. Re-creation,—that is what it ought to be. And re-creation, or recreation, is quite as necessary to us as work.

Let me say right here a few things in regard to the supposed dignity of work. I am of New England ancestry. The Pilgrim Fathers and Puritans came over to this country, and found a wilderness filled with snow and wild Indians and bears. They began a year-long contest with these wild forces, in order to conquer them, and make a place where they could stand and live. It was absolutely necessary for them to toil day after day, week after week, year after year, their whole lives long. And, as a natural and necessary result of the law of inheritance, it has come to be a Puritan idea that there is something sacred in the idea of work. Get that out of your heads as quick as you can. There is not a particle of virtue in work for its own sake, any more than there is in play for its own sake.

I have had people talk to me sometimes and speak of it

as though it was a special virtue, telling me they had worked hard since they were boys, and kept it up long after there was any necessity for it. They say to me that they have not taken a vacation of a week or two weeks in forty years.

Now it does not impress me at all when a man says that to me. I want to tell him that it is all very well, he can have my sympathy and pity if he cannot help it; but, if he can, he ought to be ashamed of himself.

There is not a particle of virtue in working for its own sake. Thousands of business men, it seems to me, have got intoxicated with work. They have got into such a state of mind that they do not know how to do or how to enjoy anything else. They spend their whole life long in getting ready to live; and they never live at all. They are simply accumulating the means to live, they are going to begin some time; and by the time they are ready to begin you see the notice of their sudden death in the papers.

There is no virtue in any working simply for its own sake. If we lived in a country where nature would furnish us all we needed for the necessities of life, I can imagine how working would become a pleasure simply for the sake of exercise; but there would be no virtue in it for anything else.

Now what are the things we need, in order to rely on the process of re-creation?

I am going to speak of a very commonplace matter, on which the pulpit very rarely touches,— it would be better if it touched on it oftener,— the simple matter of eating, food.

The only way we can repair the waste of the body is by the process of eating. What ought we to eat, then? We ought to study and know our condition, and, so far as possible, eat those things which the body calls for in the way of repair, in the way of building up that which is lacking.

If a man were building a house, and needed a certain

kind of materials to go into its walls and to finish its roof and to ornament it, you would think it absurd if he simply piled in indiscriminately every kind of material which came to hand, expecting the carpenters and masons to use it.

That is largely the way we treat the body. And sometimes we develop abnormal tastes, so that we eat things which are of no sort of use at all, but are a positive injury to us.

Remember, friends, this is not only a question of physiology: it is a question of religion, it is a question of morals. If physical health is necessary for us to play our part in life as the sons of God and the helpers of our brother men, then it is a question of morals whether we eat rightly, whether we do the best we can to put and keep our bodies in perfect condition.

Do you know, friends, I am going to make a statement now that, unless I guard it, you would be sure to misunderstand,— perhaps you will, anyway. I believe that as much harm is wrought in these United States in the course of any particular year by bad eating as is wrought by drinking.

Let me make one careful statement. The man who eats wrongly or the woman who eats wrongly does not go wild like a person who has become insane from the use of whiskey. The person who has wasted and worn his body by bad eating does not break furniture, perhaps does not knock down his wife or beat his children. But it is quite possible for a person's nerves by dyspepsia to be wrought into such condition, for a person's head to be got into such condition, that the life is depressed, the life is miserable, the life is unhappy, the life is blue, the life is nagging, fault-finding, complaining. And it is quite possible, through processes like these, that as much unhappiness may be created in the course of a year as there may be in the indulgence of drink. Quite possible. Think of it a little.

The first thing, then, to do is to feed ourselves as well as we know how; and the next thing is sleep. I want to

read you those lovely lines of Shakspere about sleep; but I am afraid I cannot remember them, so I will read: —

> "Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast."

And, then, that line of Young's, from his "Night Thoughts," —

> "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

How much shall we sleep? There are wonderful stories of Littré, the great French lexicographer, who said he could work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four: and he lived to be a very old man. Rev. Edward Everett Hale says he wants at least ten hours' sleep. How much sleep do we need? Just enough; and it is foolish for us to lay down any rules for other people.

I remember Timothy Titcomb says in one of his papers —you know he was the first editor of *Scribner's Magazine* — that it used to be a saying that six hours' sleep was a proper quantity for a man, seven hours' for a woman, and eight for a fool. And, after quoting it, he adds that, in his opinion, the author of it ought to have slept the last-named number of hours himself. And I agree with him.

I know people — I was brought up in that way myself — who have the insane idea that it is a virtue in itself to get up early in the morning. There is no virtue in getting up early in the morning unless you have slept enough. It depends entirely on what time you went to bed at night.

Sleep enough; and, if you do not get it one time during the twenty-four hours, get it at some other time, if you can.

Then comes the question of play, recreation, in the ordinary sense of that word. How much shall we play? What kind of play?

There is, as you know, friends, a kind of recreation that is really not re-creation, but dissipation. You see it on

every hand. You have been through it as an experience yourself. People go off for a day or two on an excursion or a picnic, and come back not rested, not re-created, not in better condition for work, but dragged, weary, worn, depleted, unfit for work.

How much of that kind of recreation shall we have? None at all. How much of the other kind? All we need, if we can get it: as much as we can get of the amount that we need. Too much play, of course, is evil. The man who plays all the time,— what shall I say about him? There are men, a certain number that are called the "upper class" in England, born titled and wealthy, whose life is given simply to a search for means of enjoyment, who are always hunting after a new sensation. There are certain people in this country born into affluence, and who lead similar kind of lives.

What shall we say about these people? Let me speak with all calmness and simplicity. Let me enunciate the principle, too, before I say it. I do not know whether I have told you — I have spoken of it in public more than once — that we are all the time within two or three years of starvation,— the inhabitants of this little planet. If we should stop the process of production, the world would starve in two or three years. The accumulated means of sustenance, then, is very small. Now what do you say to a man who takes out of that accumulation all that he wants, all that he can get for himself, and puts nothing back into it?

It is the duty of every man to return an equivalent to this little accumulated fund of the world's wealth, to return, by way of equivalent, something that the world needs and wants, and is willing to take as an equivalent. It may not be corn or potatoes or grain: it may not be gold or silver. It may be a thought, a poem, a song, a statue: it may be cheer, it may be inspiration, it may be teaching, it may be something which will build up the world and help it to be better. But return something he must. If he does not,—

what do you call the man if he takes things without paying for them?

Of recreation, then, in the way of play, let us get all that we need or we can get.

And, then, at the last, one thing more,— trust in God, that trust, born of life's experience and of personal relation with God, which takes from the weary and heavy-laden the great burden of carrying the universe, and gives that peace which comes to one who feels perfectly certain that

"God's in his heaven: all's well with the world."

You remember old Dr. Beecher. When some one asked him in his old age how he was getting along, he said, "Oh, I am doing a thousand times better than I used to, because I have made up my mind to let God manage his own universe."

Let us make up our mind that we cannot do a great deal to help the world on, but that it is our duty to do what we can; that it is better not to fret, not to worry, but to find out the divine drift of things, and put ourselves into line with it,— try to chime in with God's purpose, and help on the accomplishment of that which he is reaching forth after through the ages.

If we can do that, we shall find it true which the prophet Isaiah has written for us at the close of his fortieth chapter, where he says, "Even the youths shall be faint and weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Father, let us be aware of Thy presence, let us be conscious of Thy love, let us feel Thy care, let us be so glad that we can co-operate with Thee in doing Thy work, and let us be patient and faithful, doing all that we can, knowing that the victory shall come in Thine own good time. Amen.